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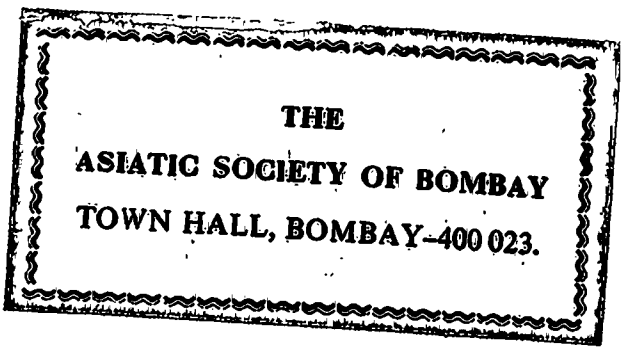

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POLITICAL BALLADS

VOL. II.

POLITICAL BALLADS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

ANNOTATED

BY W. WALKER WILKINS

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"*More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels*"—Selden's Table-Talk

In Two Vols.

VOLUME THE SECOND

LONDON
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS
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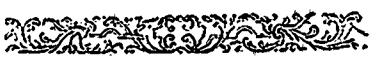

POLITICAL BALLADS

WILLIAM III.

ROME IN AN UPROAR;

OR,

THE POPE'S BULLS

BROUGHT TO THE BAITING-STAKE

BY OLD FATHER PETRE'S.

[The object of this ſtreet ballad is too obvious to need comment. It was written ſhortly after the final flight of James II., and is a *pæan* upon the downfall of that ſovereign and his jeſuitical adviſers, who had ſyſtematically labored to bring this kingdom once more under ſubjection to the See of Rome.]

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

WHEN England half-ruin'd had cauſe to be ſad,
The Pope's bloody Bulls they begun to run mad;
Becauſe we had given them paſture awhile,
They ran about ranging all over the Iſle;
Theſe mercileſs Beaſts, their rage for to feaſt,
They gored and had like to have murder'd our Teſt;
But juſt in the interim there came in a Friend,
Who did the poor Teſt from their fury defend.

Theſe Bulls they were kept by that Bear in the Tower *,
And chiefly were nouriſh'd by Diſpenſing Power;
But ſometimes to feaſt their devouring jaws,
Their Keeper would give them ſome ſcraps of the laws:
Theſe Bulls have been found in other men's ground,
But now we have put them in *Packington's Pound;*
O never were bulls ſo baited about,
For certain, as theſe will be, e'er they come out.

Thus in our Nation a great many fools
Endeavor'd to fatten his Holineſs' Bulls;
The Judges almoſt out of every cauſe
Allow'd them a penſion of Penal Laws;
Theſe Bulls had ſuch power, they'd like to devour
Our Church and our laws, but they now are brought lower:
Was ever ſuch impudent Bulls ever known,
To toſs ſacred Majeſty out of the throne!

Their Keeper who was no leſs man than a Lord,
Was by theſe mad Bulls moſt notoriouſly gor'd;
They had on their heads ſuch a Sampſon-like power,
They caſt him at one clever toſs in the Tower:
And ſome they are jealous that he and his fellows
Will be toſt from the Tower to a ſcaffold or gallows—
O what a ſad ſight would it be for to ſee
So many bleſt martyrs to ſwing on a tree!

* The brutal Jeffreys.

We've done with the Keeper, and now for the driver,
Who valued Religion no more than a ſtiver:
Theſe Bulls being wanton, and at no command,
They toſt their poor driver quite out of the land;
This is a ſad matter to loſe *Obſervator* *
Who has a *ſtrange* name, but is ſtranger by nature:
'Twould be a ſad thing, ſhould he dance the long jig
For making diviſion 'twixt Tory and Whig.

Theſe Bulls were ſo wanton and maſterleſs grown,
They broke into paſtures that lay nigh the throne;
They fatted themſelves, and they ranged about,
And undid the owner before they came out;
He was forc'd out of hand, to leave all his land,
(Such damn'd Popiſh Bulls deſerve all to be hang'd,)
More miſchief they did which muſt not be expreſt,
I'll leave you alone to imagine the reſt.

But now theſe ſad beaſts for the miſchief they'd done,
Will be to the ſlaughter brought every one;

* Alluding to Sir Roger L'Eſtrange, the originator of a paper ſo called, the deſign of which was to vindicate the meaſures of the court of Charles II. and the character of that king from the charge of being popiſhly affected. L'Eſtrange had alſo ſtrenuouſly defended the diſpenſing power claimed by James II., for which reaſon he was adjudged, on the acceſſion of William and Mary, to be "a diſaffected perſon." Queen Mary ſhowed her contempt of him by the following indifferent anagram ſhe made (or rather attempted) on his name:—

Roger L'Eſtrange,
Lying ſtrange Roger!

And if that they were but well order'd and dreſt,
'Twould make Pope and Devil a delicate feaſt;
Their Bulls nor their Bears ſhall breed no more fears,
Nor ſet us together again by the ears,
We'll out of our land quickly drive out ſuch beaſts,
As popular rogues and diſquieted prieſts.

You that are minded to purchaſe a hide,
Pray lay by your coin while the Bulls they are tried,
For then at the gallows you'll ſee ſuch a heap,
An excellent pennyworth's ſold very cheap:
Stay but while Seſſions, you'll hear ſuch confeſſions,
As ſubtle as ere was the Old Declarations;
But we ſhall have now a much honeſter ſtate,
And be no more Bull'd at ſo ſimple a rate.

PANDORA'S BOX;

OR,

THE MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF THE WORD "ABDICATE."

[On the 28th January, 1689, the Commons reſolved "That King James II. having endeavored to ſubvert the Conſtitution, by breaking the original contract between king and people, and by the advice of Jeſuits and other wicked perſons, having violated the fundamental laws, and withdrawn himſelf out of the kingdom, hath *abdicated* the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant." This memorable reſolution was carried up to the Lords by Mr. Hampden, and occaſioned long and warm altercations between the two Houſes. The writer of the following ballad exhibits the Jacobite view of the diſpute, as well as expoſes the tergiverſation of the clerical and other parties in the State.]

I HAVE often admired what ſhould be the cauſe,
That ſome of all Sects have deſerved the laws;
Their reaſon, religion, nay, everything,
That good and juſt is, as well as their King;
I thought 'twas a plot,
By a Jeſuit begot
On an Amſterdam wench, or other Court trot,

At length hard ſcratching brou't into my pate,
'Twas the Devil wrapt up in the word "*abdicate.*"

For ſince this d—d word has grown into faſhion,
It has ſtrangely bewitch'd a great part of the nation;
Made ſtateſmen turn rebels, judges rank traitors,
Common fools and grand knaves commence legiſlators:
King James is undone,
And robb'd of his Crown,
The Queen and Prince baniſht for what none dares own,
Unleſs for the racking and ruin o' the ſtate,
By tyrants that taught us the word "*abdicate.*"

'Twas this made the double-tongued rooks that take fees,
To cheat all they trade with for honor and eaſe,
So ſuddenly ſilent, then loudly did bawl
For the rights of King James in Weſtminſter Hall;
'Twas their common theme,
That he was ſupreme;
But when traitors ſucceeded, 'twas all but a dream;
They helpt to dethrone him, and laws abrogate,
To ſet up a Dutch Fop on the word "*abdicate.*"

Swearing clergy (God bleſs us!) came in for their ſhare,
In depoſing their King, their Church, and their Pray'r,
A ſin ne'er heard of till thoſe ſhow'd their feats,
And ruin'd the nation by ſanctified cheats;

What they preach'd up of yore
They have lately forſwore,
And inſtead of God their new idol adore:
Perjured apoſtates! who keep their eſtate
Have ſwallow'd damnation with the word "*abdicate.*"

Jack Preſbyter promiſed King James to defend,
And in Addreſſes moſt wretchedly penn'd,
Serv'd up their cant, gave thanks with non-ſenſe,
For the exploded makebate called Liberty o' Conſcience;
But when the Dutch Fray
Had wrought his decay,
They turn'd to th' Uſurper and for him did pray,
Whence, my dear friends, this uſe we may gather,—
Had he ſtay'd, he'd been ſerved as they ſerved his father.

The brethren, too, of the Independent perſuaſion,
When flatt'ring the King was too much in faſhion,
Show'd a zeal for James and his royal line,
But his extirpation was the Court deſign;
For in a few weeks
They ſhow'd him their old tricks
And play'd the devil on Medea's two sticks;
A new league they formed, and did jointly create
An hook-noſed new Nothing* from the word "*abdicate.*"

* An alluſion to the Roman noſe of William of Orange.

An Engliſh Jeſuit firſt ſtarted the word,
And fanatics have giv'n't the pow'r o' th' ſword;
Nay, more than divine, it all ills can do,
Make treaſon allegiance, contradictions true;
Would you have a wench,
Or be judge on the bench,
Be lord, duke, or knight, or beat Scotch or French;
All are your own, Hell itſelf can't gainſay it,
If you faſt and pronounce the word "*abdicate.*"

This made convention 'gainſt Scripture and Law,
Unmade their King, and ſet up Jack Straw;
Which bold undertaking he to requite
Lick'd into Parliament by the ſame Right,
A Communion Prayer,
An eternal lord Mayor,
And hungry Dutchmen to keep the land bare,
Were all forc'd upon us, as we ſee too late,
Legions of devils in the word "*abdicate.*"

But when the curſt word had worried the loyal,
Upon their own party it 'gan to make trial,
Schomberg and Deering and Grafton it kill'd,
And a hundred thouſand men's blood it has ſpill'd,
For the ſake of a few
Of the factious crew
That God, nor religion, nor honeſty knew,

Poor ſouls, I lament their deluſion and fate,
To periſh like fools for the word "*abdicate.*"

Cornbury and Churchill have had a diſaſter,
Who, like cowardly villains, betray'd their maſter,
Delamere's frowned upon, and Norfolk's unpaid;
* * * * * *†
Danby looks back,
Nottingham ſlack,
Forſeeing their Babel muſt needs go to rack;
Old Wiltſhire and Bath, too, as ſtories relate,
Are ſick o' the new king, and the word "*abdicate.*"

Ruſſell's unhanged, and grown very poor,
The rogue can't advance 'bove one tattered wh—,
Commonwealth Wildman is Jack out of office,
Sidney and Norfolk are grown very snuffiſh;
Jackboots is blamed,
By Tillotſon ſhamed,
And mock-biſhop Burnet lives but to be damned,
For pimping and plotting for Will and his mate,
And blaſpheming God with the word "*abdicate.*"

Now curſt be the word! and no leſs the knaves
That ruin our traffick to render us ſlaves,

† A line here has been omitted, unfortunately, by the tranſcriber.

That ſend Engliſh money to Holland by barrels,
And ſpill Engliſh blood in foreigner's quarrels;
May they all repent 'um,
And to Holland be ſent home,
On condition we loſe all the money we lent 'um;
May King James return to his primitive ſtate,
In ſpite of the Devil, and the word "*abdicate!*"

A LITANY RECOMMENDED TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS.

[In 1686, James II. revived the terrible Court of High Commiſſion, from which the nation had been freed by the Long Parliament. The Commiſſioners whom he appointed were the brutal Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, Sancroft, Archbiſhop of Canterbury (who declined to act), the Biſhops of Durham and Rocheſter, the Lord Treaſurer, the Lord Preſident, and the Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench. The whole government of the Church was committed to them. At the inſtigation of Sancroft, in 1688, the infatuated King conſented to aboliſh the Commiſſion; but the conceſſion was made too late to ſave his throne. It was formally done after the acceſſion of King William and Queen Mary.]

ROM impudent Town that was ever unjuſt,
From Rebellion and Perjury, and Betrayers of Truſt,
And from our new Reformation that's as bad as the worſt,
Libera nos, Domine.

From Treaſon, pretended for ſelf-preſervation,
From his Honor * that at firſt infected the nation,
But above all from a Dutch preſervation,
Libera, &c.

* The Earl of Shafteſbury, who had ſo obſtinately conteſted James II.'s right to the throne.

From undutiful children, and ſubjects ungrateful,
From Wildman and Churchill's * crews equally hateful,
And from the outlaw'd biſhop†, who hath his patefull,
Libera, &c.

From a credulous Houſe of Commons and Peers,
From a clergy that well deſerve loſing their ears,
And from his new-made Lordſhip ‡, whom his maſter fears,
Libera, &c.

From Commiſſions containing a ſtrange apprehenſion,
From thoſe that promoted his Grace's § ſuſpenſion,
And from the uſeful gentleman ‖ with the liberal penſion,
Libera, &c.

* John Wildman, the noted republican and opponent of the Stuarts, a man of whom it was ſaid, that he "had a wonderful ſkill in grazing the edge of treaſon;" and Lord Churchill, ſubſequently Duke of Marlborough.

† Dr. Henry Compton, Biſhop of London, who was ſuſpended from his ſpiritual functions for refuſing to comply with James's unconſtitutional beheſts.

‡ Vice-Admiral Arthur Herbert, who was, in this year, created Earl of Torrington.

§ Dr. Wm. Sancroft, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, who, for refuſing to take the oaths to the new government, was ſuſpended and deprived.

‖ Titus Oates, who, for his pretended diſcovery of a Popiſh plot, in the time of Charles II., was rewarded with a penſion of 1,200*l.* a year, a fourth of which was renewed to him upon the acceſſion of William III.

From undoing of biſhops, and ſenates uncivil,
From a Kirk and a Covenant that are equally evil,
And from a Country enacting to go the Devil,
Libera, &c.

From the loſs of our Surplice, and Mitre, and Croſs,
From the loſs of our liturgy (an incurable loſs),
And from the loſs of our King, which is certainly worſe,
Libera, &c.

From being the ſhame of all ages to come,
From robbers abroad, and worſe thieves at home,
And from being by friends and relations undone,
Libera, &c.

From our preſent confuſions, and proſpects of more,
And thoſe that commanded the King out of door,
From a Dutchman that ſerves inſtead of a wh—,
Libera, &c.

From the French, the Dane, and the naſty Myn-heer,
From Bob-tail his fro, that ſo long hath been here,
And from all the worſt evils we have juſt cauſe to fear,
Libera, &c.

THE TRIMMER.

BY TOM D'URFEY.

[The word "Trimmer" was a political term in uſe in the reign of Charles II. and William III. "The party of Trimmers (remarks Scott), properly ſo called, only comprehended the followers of Halifax; but our author (*i. e.* Dryden) ſeems to include all thoſe who, profeſſing to be friends of monarchy, were enemies to the Duke of York, and who were as odious to the Court as the fanatical republicans. Much wit and more virulence was unchained againſt them." According to Macaulay, inſtead of quarrelling with this nickname, Lord Halifax aſſumed it as a title of honor, and vindicated, with great vivacity, the dignity of the appellation. It came at laſt, as in this ballad, to be applied excluſively to the moſt profligate of time-ſervers.]

PRAY lend me your ear, if you've any to ſpare,
You that love Commonwealth as you hate Common Pray'r,
Which can in a breath, pray, diſſemble, and ſwear;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

I'm firſt on the wrong ſide, and then on the right,
To-day I'm a Jack*, and to-morrow a mite,
I for either King pray, but for neither dare fight;
Which, &c.

* In the political ſlang of the day the Jacobites, as well as the Tories who ſympathiſed with the ex-royal family, were thus deſignated.

Sometimes I'm a rebel, sometimes I'm a ſaint;
Sometimes I can preach, and at other times cant;
There is nothing but grace I thank God that I want;
Which, &c.

Old Babylon's whore, I cannot endure her;
I'm a ſanctified ſaint, there's none can be purer,
For ſwearing I hate like any non-juror;
Which, &c.

Of our gracious King William I am a great lover,
Yet I ſide with a party that prays for another;
I'd drink the King's health, take it one way or t'other;
Which, &c.

Preciſely I creep like a ſnail to the Meeting,
Where ſighing I ſit; and ſuch ſorrowful greeting
Makes me hate a long prayer and two hours' prating;
Which, &c.

Andthe n I ſing pſalms as if never weary,
Yet I muſt confeſs when I'm frolic and merry,
More muſic I find in *A Boat to the Ferry;*
Which, &c.

I can pledge ev'ry health my companions drink round;
I can ſay "*Heaven bleſs,*" or "*the Devil confound;*"
I can hold with the hare and run with the hound;
Which, &c.

I can pray for a biſhop, and curſe an archdeacon;
I can ſeem very ſorry that Charleroi's taken;
I can ſay anything to ſave my own bacon;
Which, &c.

Sometimes for a good Commonwealth I am wiſhing—
O Oliver, Oliver, give us thy bleſſing!
For in troubled waters now I love fiſhing;
Which, &c.

The times are ſo tickliſh I vow and profeſs,
I know not which party or cauſe to embrace,
I'll ſide with thoſe to be ſure that are leaſt in diſtreſs;
Which, &c.

With the Jacks I rejoice that Savoy's defeated *;
With the Whigs I ſeem pleaſed he ſo bravely retreated;
Friends and foes are by me both equally treated;
Which, &c.

Each party, you ſee, is thus full of great hope,
There are ſome for the Devil and ſome for the Pope,
And I am for anything — but for a rope;
Which nobody can deny.

* Alluding to the defeat of the Duke of Savoy at Marſiglia. The victory of the French marſhal, Catinat, was attributed to the undaunted conduct of his Iriſh mercenaries, particularly the men of Limerick.

THE WEASEL UNCASED;

OR,

THE IN AND THE OUTSIDE OF A PRIEST DRAWN TO THE LIFE.

[" In conſequence (ſays Macaulay) of the elevation of Tillotſon to the ſee of Canterbury, the deanery of St. Paul's became vacant. As ſoon as the name of the new dean became known, a clamour broke forth, ſuch as perhaps no eccleſiaſtical appointment has ever produced, a clamour made up of yells of hatred, of hiſſes of contempt, and of ſhouts of triumphant and half-inſulting welcome: for the new dean was William Sherlock." At the Revolution, Dr. Sherlock not only refuſed to take the oaths to the new government, but influenced others to follow his example. He was therefore deprived, and diſcontinued preaching from Aug. 1, 1689 to Feb. 3, 1690-1, when he ſuddenly reſumed his labors, pleading that he had permiſſion to do ſo from "his ſuperiors;" hence the extraordinary clamour to which Lord Macaulay refers. Calamy ſays that when Ireland was ſubdued the doctor took the oaths, and that the convincing argument was the battle of the Boyne. Be that as it may, the contemporary ſatiriſts, to a man, choſe to attribute Dr. Sherlock's final reſolution to the perſuaſions of his wife. Thus, in *The Weeſils, a Satirical Fable* (4to. Lond. 1691), the doctor's wife is repreſented arguing the point; and the argument of the firſt ſection explains its character:

"Huſband and wife at variance are
About the oaths, till female art
Informs his conſcience he muſt ſwear,
And brings him over to her part."

The doctor is repreſented as arguing againſt the oaths on the ground

of character. She then alludes to certain of his writings, which, ſhe contends, favor her view. To this he replies:

"Opinions variouſly the wife indite;
Ne'er build too much on what I write:
Thou art my own, and I may boldly ſay,
My pen can travel this and t'other way."

Ultimately the lady prevails, and the doctor's palliation of his trimming conduct is found in the argument of the ſecond ſection of the *fable*:

"A weeſil of his former flock
Our convert's double-dealing ſhows;
Who patiently receives the ſhock,
And lays the fault upon his ſpouſe."]

PROTESTANT Priest, a man of great fame,
To be rich and great was his only aim,
It was Doctor Weaſel the very ſame;
Which nobody can deny.

This weaſel at firſt to get him ſome grub,
A little ſmall girl, and a little good bub,
Diogenes-like he preached in a tub;
Which, &c.

Yet in thoſe days he was very fickle,
And tho' he was head of a great conventicle,
Yet he had a month's mind to be higher a little;
Which, &c.

And finding ambition to grow with his pride,
And if he'd be great, he muſt change his ſide,
He left all his flock, and his firſt faith denied;
Which, &c.

By which they perceiv'd his heart was grown evil,
They put forth a book, which he thought uncivil,
The title was *Weaſel's Diſpute with the Devil**;
Which, &c.

In which learned piece, they there did diſcover
That, like unto Judas, he was a falſe brother,
And of a full bag he is a great lover;
Which, &c.

To which bloody charge he anſwered in ſeaſon,
And why he left them, told 'em his reaſon,
And prov'd all their tenets border'd on treaſon;
Which, &c.

And then, like a hero, he did lay about,
And ſwore he would preach all their tub-bottoms out,
And prove them to be a phanatical rout;
Which, &c.

* Alluding to a ſcurrilous pamphlet entitled *A Friendly Debate between Satan and Sherlock*, written by Thomas Danſon in 1677.

And truly he was as good as his word,
And writ a fine book, tho' by them abhor'd
The Caſe of Reſiſtance *, which ſtands on record;
Which, &c.

In that loyal piece, againſt the preciſe,
He prov'd by all the grave, learned, and wiſe,
Obedience is better than all Sacrifice;
Which, &c.

And then he proceeded by Scripture and reaſon,
To prove non-Reſiſtance always in ſeaſon,
And its oppoſite doctrine no leſs than treaſon;
Which, &c.

And having obſerv'd the laws o' th' nation,
With thoſe of the Goſpel, had a relation,
Said, thoſe that reſiſt would receive juſt damnation;
Which, &c.

To ſtrengthen this point he quoted St. Paul,
St. Peter, St. Jude, our Saviour and all,
Proving none could be ſaved who from that faith did fall;
Which, &c.

* *The Caſe of Reſiſtance of the Supreme Powers ſtated and defended.* 8vo. Lond. 1684.

But what will you ſay of this Weaſel ſtout,
If after all this he ſhould face about,
And in print tell the world in truth he was out;
Which, &c.

Yet Reaſon and Conſcience a war did begin,
And ſtruggled with Pride and Ambition within,
To take the new oaths he long thought a ſin;
Which, &c.

His ſpouſe, like Job's wife, to eaſe his heart-aching,
Did preſs him to ſwear that he was miſtaken,
Though ſome think it was for to ſave his bacon;
Which, &c.

At firſt he did doubt, and therefore did pray,
That heaven would inſtruct him in the right way,
Whether Jemmy or William he ought to obey;
Which, &c.

The Paſs at the Boyne determin'd that caſe,
And Precept to Providence then did give place,
To change his opinion he thought no diſgrace;
Which, &c.

For tho' he had done the ſame thing before,
Yet now for his comfort he need change no more,
For his *Caſe of Allegiance* * will ſerve for a ſcore;
Which, &c.

For there he has plainly made it appear
That ſtrength gives a right, therefore we may ſwear
To him in poſſeſſion, though not the right heir;
Which, &c.

And ſhould a fray happen betwixt Father and Son,
If the boy beat his father, and ſo make him run,
Providence has appointed that thing to be done;
Which, &c.

Beſides he has prov'd the mighty convenience
Of ſubjects tranſferring their faith and allegiance
To thoſe that can cruſh 'em all into obedience;
Which, &c.

So let O. P.† or P. O.† be King,
Or any one elſe, it is the ſame thing,
For only Heaven does that bleſſing bring;
Which, &c.

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* *The Caſe of Allegiance due to Sovereign Powers.* 4to. Lond. 1690. And its *Vindication*, publiſhed in the ſame year.

† Initials referring to Oliver Protector, and Prince of Orange.

But this with the Scripture can never agree,
As *Hoſea* the *eighth* and the *fourth* you may ſee,
"They have ſet up Kings, but yet not by me;"
Which, &c.

Now what need the prophet there to complain,
If the people's Anointed and God's were the ſame,
If ſo, David's friends they all were to blame;
Which, &c.

For though God permitted the people to bring
Good David's ſon forth, and proclaim him King,
Yet all the world knows how he puniſht the King;
Which, &c.

And may all ſuch ſons enjoy the ſame fate,
That dethrone their father, and him abdicate,
No doubt it will happen in time, ſoon or late;
Which, &c.

With one remark more I'll end this dull ſong,
And his fulſome Republican arguments ſtrong,
Which make *wrong* to be *right*, and *right* to be *wrong*;
Which, &c.

That famous old prieſt, the Vicar of Bray,
Who in all change of times knew how to obey,
Was an aſs to the Weaſel, if I may ſo ſay;
Which, &c.

And truly I think no more need be ſaid,
By a penny we know how a ſhilling is made,
For Prieſt and prieſt-craft is all but a trade,
Which, &c.

And thus I in little have drawn to the life
His fleſh and his ſpirit alway at ſtrife,
But the fleſh did prevail by the help of his wife;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

LAY BY YOUR REASON.

[The Jacobite author of this ballad, whilſt ſatiriſing the government of William, affects a ſympathy for the non-jurors, whoſe clamour upon the appointment of biſhops to the vacant ſees revived for a ſeaſon the expiring hopes of James's adherents.]

To the tune of "Love lies Bleeding."

LAY by your reaſon,
Truth's out of ſeaſon,
Rebellion now is loyalty, and loyalty is treaſon;
Now forty-one, Sir,
Is quite undone, Sir.
A ſubject then depoſed a King, but now 'tis by a Son, Sir.
The Nation's ſalvation
From mal-adminiſtration
Was then pretenc'd by the Saints, but now 'tis abdication.

And now the caſe, Sir,
Bears another face, Sir;
Billy had a mind to reign, and Jemmy muſt give place, Sir.

Raiſ'd Inſurrections,
With baſe Reflections,
And labour'd tooth and nail to perfect his projections.
Rebellion in faſhion,
Declar'd throughout the nation,
Then turn'd his father out, and call'd it abdication.

A Declaration *
For ſelf-preſervation
Was ſpread abroad, wherein he prov'd a father's no relation.
Monarchy haters,
With Abdicators,
Did ſwell into a league of Dutchmen, Whigs, and traitors:
They enter indenture,
Soul and body venture,
Whilſt at royal Jemmy's head their malice ſtill did center.

What have we gain'd?
Grievances retain'd,
The Government is ſtill the ſame, the King is only chang'd.
Was ever ſuch a bargain!
What boots it a farthing,

* Alluding to the famous Declaration of William, which was publiſhed a few hours only before his deſcent upon our ſhores.

Whether Father Petre rules, or Bentinck * and Carmarthen *:
Diſtreſſed, oppreſſed,
With empty hopes careſſed,
We ſtill remain in *ſtatu quo*, there's nothing yet redreſſed.

The bill for Treaſon †
Now's out of ſeaſon,
And judges muſt be courtiers, ſtill 'gainſt all right and reaſon;

---

* Bentinck, the firſt Earl of Portland, and the Earl of Carmarthen, ſubſequently Duke of Leeds. The former ſtood higheſt in William's favor, and, being a foreigner, excited the jealouſy of the Engliſh nobility. His influence over the King may be judged from the following contemporary epigram, entitled a "Deſcription of a Hampton Court life:"—

"Man and wife are both one
In fleſh and bone;
From hence you may gueſs what they mean;
The Queen drinks chocolate
To make the King fat,
The King hunts to make the Queen lean.

Mr. Dean, he ſays grace,
With a reverend face—
'Make room,' cries Sir Thomas Duppa:
Then Bentinck uplocks
The King in a box,
And you ſee him no more till ſupper!"

† Alluding to the clauſe in the bill for regulating trials in caſes of high treaſon, which enacted that no perſon ſhould be convicted of that crime committed more than three years before the indictment was found.

Nay more I'll mention,
The Senate has a penſion,
Which overthrows the Contract made with the bleſt Convention.
Thus we, you ſee, Sir,
Come off by the lee, Sir,
And gave our money to be ſlaves, inſtead of being free, Sir.

Was ever beetle
Blind as his people,
To think that God will own a Church with a Soci'an ſteeple*:
Of wits bereav'd,
By prieſts deceiv'd,
Who've bro't themſelves unto that paſs ne'er more to be believ'd.
They lear, Sir,
For fear, Sir,
And then they'll all repent that e'er they took the ſwear, Sir.

---

* Archbiſhop Tillotſon, who ſucceeded the nonjuring Sancroft in the archbiſhopric of Canterbury, was moſt unjuſtly ſuſpected, on account of his friendſhip for and correspondence with Locke, Limborck, Le Clerc, and others, of entertaining Socinian views. "All conſiderate inquiſitive men," as he once obſerved in his own defence, "that are above fancy and enthuſiaſm, muſt be either Socinians or atheiſts," in the eſtimation of men of his own day.

'Las! what's conſcience
In Sherlock's own ſenſe *,
Where intereſt lies at ſtake, and oaths with him are nonſenſe.
The Temple's maſter
Fears no diſaſter,
He can take a hundred oaths and yet be ne'er the faſter;
He'll wrangle and brangle,
And all the cauſe entangle,
Nothing now can ſerve the wretch except the old triangle.

For holy cauſe, Sir,
You may break laws, Sir,
Not treaſon then, nor perjury, will ſignify two ſtraws, Sir.
So ſad our fate is,
Worſer far than papiſts,
For Socinus rules the Church, and is ruled by an Atheiſt.
The Nation's damnation
Was this laſt Reformation,
For you muſt either take the ſwear, or ſtarve, or loſe your ſtation.

* See the preceding ballad.

THE POLL ACT.

[This ballad was ſuggeſted by the following extraordinary reſolution of the Commons, 20th Oct. 1696: "That the ſupplies for the ſervice of 1697 ſhould be raiſed within the year;" which was effected by a land-tax of three ſhillings in the pound, and a heavy capitation tax, in addition to the exiſting burthens. A contemporary wit thus lampoons both King and Commons for their extravagance in connection with the perpetual wars of the former:

"Six winter months our Senate ſits
Five millions for to raiſe;
And all the while they wrack their wits
To find out means and ways.
Six ſummer months our hero ſpends,
In what you'd pleaſe to ſay,
In finding out of ways and means
To ſquander all away."]

POLL and Land Tax are now coming forth
For our deliverance, they travel in birth,
But 'tis hard to pay more for a thing than 'tis worth;
Which nobody can deny.

To pay our juſt taxes was once thought too much,
But now extraordinary charity is ſuch,
We bankrupt ourſelves for maintaining the Dutch;
Which, &c.

A Tax for the land, and a Poll for the head,
In this both the Houſes are juſtly agreed,
For our eſtates and our heads are all forfeited;
Which, &c.

If we tax and poll on for a year or two more,
The French, I dare ſwear, will ne'er touch on our ſhore,
For fear of the charge of maintaining our poor;
Which, &c.

Seeing nothing is done for't, a quarterly Poll
Is like taking ill phyſic which gives one no ſtool,
Makes the doctor a knave, and the patient a fool;
Which, &c.

Since 'tis for Religion we make ſuch a-do,
There's no way to prove our pretenſions are true,
Like parting with our goods and conſciences too;
Which, &c.

ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH FOR HER CONQUEST IN FLANDERS.

BY TOM BROWN.

[In theſe ſarcaſtic ſtanzas, the author celebrates the two moſt unfortunate continental expeditions undertaken by William III. — the firſt, in 1692, when the Britiſh and their allies not only failed to relieve the maiden fortreſs of Namur, which was beſieged by Louis XIV. in perſon, but alſo ſuffered a ſignal defeat in the battle of Steinkirk: the ſecond, in 1694, when an attempt was made to ſurpriſe the harbour of Breſt, and the Engliſh commander for his temerity paid the penalty of his life.]

HEN people find their money ſpent,
They recollect which way it went,
The like in order to prevent
For future.

That money's ſpent, I need not tell,
The French King's tyranny to quell;
I'm ſure we muſt remember well,
'Tis true, Sir.

But leſt that we ſhould think it vain,
Our Engliſh fleet I will proclaim;
And what we did the laſt campaign
In Flanders.

With money flush'd, and arms good store,
We'd touch the French to th' quick, we swore,
With that in haste we hurried o'er
Commanders.

But scarce they'd set their foot on shore,
But news was brought that Luxembour'
Had actually besieged Namour,
'Nigh Liege, Sir.

This action put 'em in amaze,
And yet if they should make delays,
They thought they hardly e'er should raise
The Siege, Sir.

With that they summon all their force,
Full four-score thousand foot and horse,
That never flinch, nor think of loss;
When fighting.

But yet all this did prove in vain,
They not an inch of ground cou'd gain,
There was such storms of thunder, rain,
And light'ning.*

* The rain (says Macaulay) fell in torrents. The Sambre rose and covered many square miles on which the harvest was green. The Mehaigne whirled down its bridges to the Meuse. All the roads became swamps. The trenches were so deep in water and mire that it was the business of three days to move a gun from one battery to another.

The ſeaſon bad did make 'em fret,
Not that they fear'd the French a bit,
But that it was ſuch curſed wet
Raw weather.

And raiſe the ſiege they cou'd not do't,
It was ſo dirty under foot;
The French were ſtrong intrench'd to boot,
Together.

On this they frequent councils call,
In which they voted, one and all,
That leſt the French ſhou'd chance to maul
The army,

'Twas better let the town be taken,
Provided they could ſave their bacon;
The weather, too, in time might happen
Leſs ſtormy.*

Thus being, as you hear, diſtreſt,
They think it now high time to reſt,
And full two months they took at leaſt,
To do it.

* The town of Namur ſurrendered on the eighth day of the ſiege, the citadel about three weeks later.

When thus refreſh'd, then up they roſe,
And ſwore if none did them oppoſe,
They'd be reveng'd, and make their foes
To rue it.

Away they march, with full intent
To pay theſe French a compliment,
And drub them to their heart's content,
But mark, Sir.

The French their coming underſtood,
And therefore lin'd a little wood,
Where they their party did make good
Till dark, Sir.

Theſe cunning rogues had manag'd ſo,
That we receiv'd another blow *,
Which might have prov'd our overthrow,
Pray mind it.

Here our poor Engliſh go to pot,
Becauſe, forſooth, it is their lot
To undergo all ſervice hot,
We find it.

* At the battle of Steinkirk, where the Engliſh and their allies, led by William in perſon, were ſignally defeated by the Duke of Luxembourg.

We had about ſeven thouſand ſlain,
But that is nothing in the main,
Conſidering what we hope to gain
Next battle.

Then we'll recover all agen,
For one of ours we'll kill them ten,
Till we have waſted all their men,
Mere rattle.

But now tho' this attempt did fail,
We had ſtill a trick that wou'd prevail,
And make *Monſieur* his ſtars bewail
With ſorrow.

We had a project under hand,
That ſoon wou'd make him underſtand,
He muſt not longer keep the land
He'd borrowed.

This noble whim to execute,
A mighty fleet was fitted out,
And Talmaſh * is the man muſt do't,
Or no man.

* Lieut.-Gen. Thos. Talmaſh, who was mortally wounded in Camaret Bay, whilſt attempting a deſcent upon the harbour of Breſt.

Away he goes with might and main,
To try if he could footing gain,
But there the gallant man is ſlain—
Brave Roman!

Namur we ſaw to France ſubmit;
At Steinkirk w' had enough of it;
And the deſcent ſhow'd leſs of wit
Than ever.

Our conqueſt thus at length you view,
And how the French we did ſubdue;
Our triumphs next I will to you
Diſcover.

The Tower-guns were all prepar'd,
And fire-works on lighters rear'd;
But what came on 'em I ne'er heard
A *verbum.*

In houſes all folks ſet up lights,
Only ſome ſaucy Jacobites,
Who were all put to mortal plights
To curb 'um.

Firſt came the guards to clear the way,
And next a ſquire in boots of hay,
Upon a nag moſt miſerably
Jaded.

Maſons and bricklayers, with their rules,
Join with the other rout of fools,
Who were to be the party's tools
Perſuaded.

Next thoſe, in droves the rabble come,
In one hand club, in t'other ſtone,
Thoſe windows that had candles none
To batter.

Laſt came a coach, in which there ſat
Four lords, who went, as people prate,
The general to congratulate
And flatter.

But after all, it muſt be ſaid,
Our conqueſt was not quite ſo bad,
But they theſe triumphs merited,
And more, Sir.

For never yet, as I preſume,
Was Britiſh Prince, or Emp'ror of Rome,
With farthing candles lighted home
Before, Sir.

BALLAD ON THE CAPITATION.

BY J. HOW.

[This ballad was ſuggeſted by the impoſition of the moſt obnoxious of all taxes, namely a Poll-tax, in 1694, to meet, in part, the extraordinary deficiency in the revenue of that year. The author of the ballad was the celebrated "Jack Howe," who had formerly held the office of Vice-Chamberlain in the Court of William and Mary. "Howe (ſays Macaulay), latterly the moſt virulent of the Whigs, had been, by the loſs of his place, turned into one of the moſt virulent of the Tories. The deſerter brought to the party which he had joined no weight of character, no capacity or ſemblance of capacity for great affairs, but much parliamentary ability of a low kind, much ſpite, and much impudence. No ſpeaker of that time ſeems to have had, in ſuch large meaſure, both the power and the inclination to give pain."]

LAST year in the Spring
The life of the King
Was threaten'd with aſſaſſination;
This year they'll bring down
The life o' the Kingdom
By a curſed De-capitation.

France with England combin'd,
And were plaguily join'd,
That ſingle king's death to ſecure;
But England alone
Does to all the world own,
That none but herſelf ſhall undo her.

When a Nation ſubmits
To be govern'd by chits,
If ſhe looks for wiſe acts ſhe's miſtaken;
If the Parliament Houſe
Muſt be ruled by a mouſe,
Who the devil can ſave his bacon!

The projects they advance
To ſave us from France,—
But can France have more than *all*, Sir;
If we muſt be undone,
I think it all one,
Into what lion's paws we fall, Sir.

O James! were thy party
As wiſe as they're hearty,
And thou thyſelf fit to be truſted;
What a bleſt occaſion
Gives this Capitation
For matters to be rightly adjuſted.

But ſince thou'rt not he
Whom we took thee to be,
  Whom nor age, nor experience has mended,
Let us look once more
To ſome foreign ſhore
  For a prince who has never offended.

THE BELGIC BOAR.

[From internal evidence it would appear that this Jacobite Jeremiad was immediately occaſioned by the ſevere taxation of this country to ſupport the interminable foreign wars of King William. The author inſinuates, rather than draws, a compariſon between the reſpective governments of William and his predeceſſor, and not very flattering, of courſe, to the firſt-named.]

A new Song, to the old tune of "Chevy Chace."

GOD proſper long our noble King,
Our hopes and wiſhes all;
A fatal landing late there did
In Devonſhire befall.

To drive our Monarch from his throne,
Prince Naſo * took his way;
The babe may rue that's newly born
The landing at Torbay.

The ſtubborn Tarquin void of grace
A vow to Hell does make,
To force his father abdicate,
And then his crown to take.

* An alluſion to the moſt prominent feature of King William's face.

And eke the royal infant prince
To ſeize or drive away;
Theſe tidings to our Sovereign came,
In Whitehall where he lay.

Who, unconcern'd at the report,
At firſt would not believe
That any of his royal race
Such miſchiefs could conceive.

The Time, which ripens all things, did
The villany diſcloſe;
And of a nephew and a ſon
Forg'd out the worſt of foes.

Who, by infernal inſtinct led,
A mighty fleet prepares,
His father's kingdom to invade,
And fill his heart with cares.

Our gracious King deſires to know
What his pretenſions were;
And how, without his leave, he durſt
Preſume on landing here.

Declaring what was deem'd amiſs,
Should ſoon amended be,
And whatſoe'er ſhould be deſired
He would thereto agree.

And for a ſpeedy Parl'ament
He doth forthwith declare;
The *Surly Brute* not minding this
Does to our coaſt repair.

With ſeveral thouſand Belgic Boars,
All choſen rogues for ſpight,
Join'd with ſome rebels who from hence
And juſtice had ta'en flight.

Who, arm'd with malice and with hopes,
Soon threw themſelves on ſhore,
Crying our religion and our laws
They came for to reſtore.

Then Declarations flew about
As thick as any hail,
Which, tho' no word was e'er made good,
Did mightily prevail.

We muſt be Papiſts or be Slaves,
Was then the gen'ral cry;
But we'll do anything to ſave
Our darling Liberty.

We'll all join with a foreign Prince
Againſt our lawful King,
For he from all our fancied fears
Deliverance doth bring.

And if what he declares proves true,
As who knows but it may;
Were he the Devil of a Prince,
We'll rather him obey.

Then our allegiance let's caſt off,
James ſhall no longer guide us;
And though the French would bridle us,
None but the Dutch ſhall ride us.

And thoſe who will not join with us
In this deſign ſo brave,
Their houſes we'll pull down or burn,
And ſeize on what they have.

Theſe growing evils to prevent,
Our King his force does bend;
But amongſt thoſe he moſt did truſt
He ſcarce had left one friend.

O how my very heart does bleed,
To think how baſely they
Who long had eaten royal bread
Their maſter did betray!

And thoſe to whom he's been moſt kind,
And greateſt favours ſhown,
Appear'd to be the very firſt
Who ſought him to dethrone.

O Compton * ! Langſton ! and the reſt
Who baſely from him ran,
Your names for ever be accurſt
By every Engliſh man.

Proud *Tarquin* he purſues his game,
And quickly makes it plain,
He came not to redreſs our wrongs,
But England's crown to gain.

And o'er his Father's mangled fame
His chariot proudly drives,
Whilſt he, good man, altho' in vain,
To pacify him ſtrives.

But he, ungrateful, would not hear
His offers though ſo kind,
But cauſ'd the noble meſſenger †
Forthwith to be confin'd.

* Dr. Henry Compton, Biſhop of London, who was moſt unjuſtly ſuſpended by James II., in 1686, for refuſing to proceed againſt one of his clergy by command of the king. At the Revolution, Compton was one of the two biſhops who made up the majority in the Houſe of Lords "for filling the vacant throne by a king." Langſton was a colonel of a royal regiment of horſe, and went over to the Prince of Orange whilſt the latter was advancing from Exeter.

† The Earl of Feverſham.

He brings his naſty croaking crew
Unto his Father's gate,
Diſmiſt his own, makes them his guard —
O diſmal turn of Fate!

Alſo at midnight drives him thence —
O horrid, impious thing!
Were ſuch affronts e'er offered to
A *Father* and a *King!*

A King ſo great, ſo good, ſo juſt,
So merciful to all,
His Virtue was his only fault,
And that which cauſ'd his fall.

Who now is forc'd his life to ſave,
To fly his native land,
And leave his ſceptre to be graſpt
By an ungracious hand.

Hell's journeymen are ſtraight conven'd,
Who rob God of his pow'r,
Set up themſelves a Stork-like King,
The ſubjects to devour.

And to ſecure his lawleſs throne,
Now give him all we have,
And make each free-born Engliſh heart
Become a Belgic ſlave.

The Bar, the Pulpit, and the Preſs
Nefariouſly combine,
To cry up an uſurped pow'r,
And ſtamp it right divine.

Our loyalty we muſt melt down,
And have it coin'd anew,
For what was current heretofore
Will now no longer do.

Our fetters we ourſelves put on,
Ourſelves, ourſelves do bubble;
Our conſcience a mere pack-horſe make,
Which now muſt carry double.

O England! when to future times
Thy ſtory ſhall be known,
How will they bluſh to think what crimes
Their anceſtors have done!

But after all, what have we got
By this our dear-bought King?
Why that our ſcandal and reproach
Throughout the world does ring.

That our religion, liberties,
And laws we hold ſo dear,
Are more invaded ſince this change
Than ever yet they were.

Our coffers drain'd, our Coin impair'd,
That little that remains;
Our *perſon ſeized*, nay, *thoughts arraign'd*,
Our freedom now is — chains.

Our traffic ruin'd, ſhipping loſt,
Our traders moſt undone;
Our braveſt heroes ſacrificed,
Our ancient glory gone.

A fatal coſtly war entail'd
On this unhappy Iſle,
Unleſs, above what we deſerve,
Kind Heav'n at laſt does ſmile;

And bring our injur'd Monarch home,
And place him on his throne,
And to confuſion bring his foes,
Which *God grant may be ſoon!*

A NEW BALLAD ON THE LATE HORRID CONSPIRACY.

[In this Jacobite production the author ridicules the well-known plot, hatched in the Court of St. Germain's, to aſſaſſinate William, and to invade this country with a French army. The firſt deſign of the conſpirators was to waylay the King on his return from hunting in Richmond Park. It was fruſtrated by a timely communication from a Roman Catholic gentleman named Pendergraſs.]

HEN William the Wiſe
Was inform'd by his ſpies
That the Houſe a Remonſtrance would draw;
He ſaid to the crew,
Zounds! what ſhall we do,
Theſe turbulent members to awe?

If we have not a care,
They'll finiſh the war,
And ſtop the new coin's * exportation;
And will rudely demand
That the tax upon land
Shall circulate now in the nation.

* Alluding to the coin ſubſtituted, at a coſt of 2,000,000*l.* to the nation, for that which had been fraudulently "clipt."

So that all our deſign
Of new-making the coin
Thus quite diſappointed will be;
For had I not meant
It abroad ſhould be ſent,
The devil would mind it for me!

Some way muſt be found
Their device to confound,
What think you of ſtarting a plot?
That trick will prevail,
The Engliſh ne'er fail
To be frighted they know not for what.

Full ſixty ſhall join
In a horrid deſign
Againſt our own Perſon and Crown;
And then we will find
Four amongſt them ſo kind,
To make the black villany known.*

* Authentic hiſtory relates that *three*, and not four, of the perſons privy to the Aſſaſſination-Plot betrayed their fellows to the government of William; theſe were Fiſher, a buſy Papiſt, who ſuggeſted the mode by which the King was to be deſpatched, Mr. Pendergraſs, a gentleman of known probity and courage, and De la Rue, a French gambler and bully.

In the Plot men of three
Religions ſhall be,
And the ſcum of four ſeveral nations:
A pretty conceit,
Engliſh idiots to cheat,
Shall be join'd in our Aſſaſſination.

Then a foreign expreſs
Shall increaſe our diſtreſs,
With accounts of the French coming over,
That Bouffler will ſoon
(That bloody dragoon)
Bring his fire and faggots to Dover.

This terrible news
The crowd will amuſe,
And will buſy the politic mimics;
Each ignorant ſoul,
With diſcovery full,
Will forget what he loſes by guineas.

The Commons will ceaſe
From their project of peace,
And, alarm'd by this Aſſaſſination,
Their fortunes will ſtake,
And lives for my ſake,
Still ready on ſuch an occaſion.

Then, under pretence
Of the kingdom's defence,
Since daily men's humours grow worſe,
Freſh troops we will call,
Of foreigners all,
And ſettle our empire by force.

Thus William the Third,
All the minions that heard
The great depth of his wiſdom commended;
And ſtraight undertook
For villains to look,
That would witneſs what ne'er was intended.

For converts and bullys,
And play-ruin'd cullys,
And Iriſh on purpoſe brought over;
A miſcreant crew,
That nothing e'er knew,
But whatſoever you pleaſe to diſcover.

Then about Warrants flew,
And all to light drew
That abſconded, whate'er was the reaſon;
None ill of the p—
Could enjoy his flux,
But ſweating was conſtrued into high-treaſon.

The Commons did more
Than was hoped for before,
For who would have thought 'em ſo ſilly,
To make, in deſpite
Of Reaſon and Right,
A lawful Vicegerent of Billy!

Nay, in heat of their paſſion,
An Aſſociation
Was drawn and ſubſcrib'd to by many;
Who thereby were loath
To truſt to an Oath,
Becauſe they had never kept any.*

Thus everything went
To William's content,
Who now with his able commanders,
With our men and our treaſure,
May follow his pleaſure,
And ſail to no purpoſe to Flanders.

* Upon the diſcovery of the plôt the Commons not only ſuſpended the Habeas Corpus Act, and provided that the Parliament ſhould not be diſſolved in the event of William's life being ſhortened by violence, but alſo, at the inſtigation of Sir Rowland Gwynn, entered into an Aſſociation for the defence of their ſovereign and country, and for the ſupport of the order of ſucceſſion as ſettled by the Bill of Rights.

A BALLAD ON THE TAXES.

BY EDWARD WARD.

[The following extracts from John Evelyn's Diary not only repreſent the inconveniences which the Engliſh public ſuffered at this period from a defective coinage, but more than confirm the juſtice of Edward Ward's complaint of oppreſſive taxation in this ballad. "June 11, 1696.—Want of current money to carry on the ſmalleſt concerns, even for daily proviſions in the markets. Guineas lowered to twenty-two ſhillings, and great ſums tranſported to Holland, where it yields more, with other treaſure ſent to pay the armies, and nothing conſiderable coined of the new and now only current ſtamp, cauſe ſuch a ſcarcity that tumults are every day feared, nobody paying or receiving money; ſo imprudent was the late Parliament to condemn the old, though clipt and corrupted, till they had provided ſupplies.

"July 26.—So little money in the nation that exchequer tallies, of which I had for 2000*l.* on the beſt fund in England, the Poſt-office, nobody would take at 30 per cent diſcount.

"Aug. 3.—The Bank lending the 200,000*l.* to pay the army in Flanders, that had done nothing againſt the enemy, had ſo exhauſted the treaſure of the nation, that one could not have borrowed money under 14 or 15 per cent on bills, or on exchequer tallies under 30 per cent."]

GOOD people, what will you of all be bereft—
Will you never learn wit while a penny is left?
You are all like the dog in the fable betray'd,
To let go the ſubſtance and ſnatch at the ſhade;

With ſpecious pretences, and Foreign expenſes,
We war for Religion, and waſte all our chink,
'Tis nipt, and 'tis clipt, 'tis lent, and 'tis spent,
Till 'tis gone, 'tis gone to the Devil I think.

We pay for our new-born, we pay for our dead,
We pay if we're ſingle, we pay if we're wed;
To ſhow that our merciful ſenate don't fail,
They begin at the head and tax down to the tail.
We pay through the noſe by ſubjecting foes,
Yet for all our expenſes get nothing but blows;
At home we are cheated, abroad we're defeated,
But the end on't, the end on't—the Lord above knows!

We parted with all our old money, to ſhew
We fooliſhly hope for a plenty of new;
But might have remember'd, when we came to the puſh,
That a bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh:
We now like poor wretches are kept under hatches,
At rack and at manger like beaſts in the ark,
Since our burgeſſes and knights make us pay for our lights-
Why ſhould we, why ſhould we be kept in the dark?

ANNE

QUEEN ANNE;

OR,

THE AULD GRAY MARE.

[This humorous allegorical ballad indicates the popular feeling north of the Tweed at the period of the legiſlative union of England and Scotland. That famous meaſure was approved by a great majority, firſt in the Houſe of Commons, and afterwards by the Peers, in July, 1706; was ratified by the Scottiſh Parliament 16th January, 1707; and became a law on the 1ſt May in the ſame year.

The abhorrence of the Jacobites to the Act of Union is diſplayed in many of their ſongs, of which the following is an admirable ſpecimen:—

"It was in old times, when trees compoſed rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow;
It was in a field that various did yield,
A Roſe and a Thiſtle did grow.
In a ſunſhiny day, the Roſe chanced to ſay,
'Friend Thiſtle, I'll with you be plain;
And if you wou'd be but united with me,
You wou'd ne'er be a Thiſtle again.'

"Says the Thiſtle: 'My ſpears ſhield mortals from fears,
Whilſt thou doſt unguarded remain;
And I do ſuppoſe, though I were a Roſe,
I'd wiſh to turn Thiſtle again.'
'O my friend (ſays the Roſe) you falſely ſuppoſe—
Bear witneſs, ye flowers of the plain!
You would take ſo much pleaſure in beauty's vaſt treaſure,
You would ne'er be a Thiſtle again.'

"The Thiſtle at length, preferring the Roſe
To all the gay flowers of the plain,
Throws off all her points, herſelf ſhe anoints,
And now are united the twain.
But one cold ſtormy day, while helpleſs ſhe lay,
Nor longer could ſorrow refrain,
She fetch'd a deep groan, with many an ohone!
'Oh, were I a Thiſtle again!

"'For then I did ſtand, on yon heath-cover'd land,
Admir'd by each nymph and each ſwain;
And free as the air, I flouriſhed there,
The terror and pride of the plain.
But now I'm the mock of Flora's fair flock,
Nor dare I preſume to complain;
Then remember that I do ruefully cry,
O were I a Thiſtle again!'"]

YOU'RE right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
You've tow'd us into your hand,
Let them tow out wha can.
You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
You're right, Queen Anne, my dow,
You've curried the auld mare's * hide,
She'll funk nae mair at you.
I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
A tale of truth ye'ſe hear;
It's of a wiſe auld man †,
That had a good gray mare.

* Scotland.
† The ſovereign of Britain.

He'd twa mares * on the hill,
And ane † into the ſta',
But this auld thrawart jade,
She was the beſt of a'.
This auld mare's head was ſtiff,
But nane ſo weel cou'd pu';
Yet ſhe had a will o' her ain
Was unco ill to bow.
Whene'er he touch'd her flank,
Then ſhe begoud to glowr;
And ſhe'd pu' up her foot,
And ding the auld man owre.

And when he graith'd the yaud,
Or curried her hide fu' clean,
Then ſhe wad fidge and wince,
And ſhaw twa glancing e'en.
Whene'er her tail play'd whiſk,
Or when her look grew ſkeigh,
It's then the wife auld man
Was blithe to ſtand abeigh.
"The deil take that auld brute,"
Quo' he, "and me to boot,
But I ſall hae amends,
Though I ſhould dearly rue't."

* Ireland and Wales.

† England, which the author concludes enjoyed the principal fruits of the Union.

He hired a farrier ſtout *
Frae out the weſt countrye,
A crafty ſelfiſh loon,
That lo'ed the white moneye:
That lo'ed the white moneye,
The white luit and the red;
And he hath ta'en an aith
That he wad do the deed.
And he brought a' his ſmiths †,
I wat he paid them weel,
And they hae ſeiz'd the yaud,
And tied her head and heel.

They tow'd her to a bauk,
On pulleys gart her ſwing,
Until the good auld yaud
Could neither funk nor fling.
Ane rippit her wi' a ſpur,
Ane daudit her wi' a flail,
Ane proddit her in the liſk,
Anither aneath the tail.

* The Duke of Queenſberry, commonly called the "proto-rebel," becauſe he was the firſt Scotchman that recogniſed and took part in the great revolution of 1688. He was the principal agent in bringing about the legiſlative union of England and Scotland, and on that account rendered himſelf doubly obnoxious to his countrymen.

† Lords Seafield, Mar, Leven, Wemyſs, Glaſgow, and the other Commiſſioners for the treaty of Union.

The auld wife man he leugh,
And wow but he was fain!
And bade them prod eneugh,
And fkelp her owre again.

The mare was hard befted,
And graned and raufted fair *;
And aye her tail play'd whifk,
When fhe dought do nae mair.
And aye they bor'd her ribs,
And ga'e her the tither fwitch;
"We'll learn ye to be douce,
Ye auld wanfonfy b—ch!"
The mare right piteous ftood,
And bore it patiently;
She deem'd it a' for good,
Some good fhe couldna fee.

* No fooner was the 1ft of May, 1707, paft than the miniftry fent down from England (remarks Lockhart) "vaft numbers of furveyors, collectors, waiters, and, in fhort, all or moft of the officers of the cuftoms and excife, and thefe, generally fpeaking, the very fcum and canalia of that country; which remembers me of a good ftory. Sometime thereafter a Scots merchant travelling in England, and fhowing fome apprehenfion of being robbed, his landlady told him he was in no hazard, for all the highwaymen were gone: and upon his inquiring how that came about, 'Why truly,' replied fhe, 'they are all gone to your country to get places.' Thefe fellows treated the natives with all the contempt, and executed the new laws with all the rigour imaginable; fo that before the firft three months were expired there were too apparent proofs of the truth of what had been often afferted in relation to the bad bargain Scotland had made."]

But deſperation's force
Will drive a wiſe man mad;
And deſperation's force
Has rouſ'd the good auld yaud.
And whan ane deſperate graws,
I'll tell ye true, Queen Anne,
Nane kens what they will do,
Be it a beaſt or man.
And firſt ſhe ſhook her lugs,
And then ſhe ga'e a ſnore,
And then ſhe ga'e a reirde
Made all the ſmiths to glowre.

The auld wiſe man grew baugh,
And turn'd to ſhank away;
"If that auld deil get looſe,"
Quo' he, "we'll rue the day."
The thought was hardly thought,
The word was hardly ſped,
When down came a' the houſe
Aboon the auld man's head.
For the yaud ſhe made a brooſt,
Wi' ten yauds ſtrength and mair,
Made a' the kipples to craſh,
And a' the ſmiths to rair.

The ſmiths were ſmoor'd ilk ane,
The wiſe auld man was ſlain;

The laſt word e'er he ſaid
Was, wi' a waefu' mane,
" O wae be to the yaud
And a' her hale countrye!
I wiſh I had letten her rin
As wild as wild could be."
The yaud ſhe 'ſcap'd away
Frae 'mang the deadly ſtoure,
And chap'd away hame to him
That aught her ance afore.

Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow;
The auld gray mare's ourſel',
The wiſe auld man is you.

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

[The writer of this ballad does not exaggerate in the leaſt the extraordinary excitement produced in the public mind by the total diſruption of the Whig miniſtry, and the conſequent diſſolution of the Parliament, in the ſummer of 1710. The elections which followed were greatly in favour of the Tory or High Church party. The canvaſſings were ſaid to have been carried on with ſuch feuds and violence as had never before been known in England. Boyer, the annaliſt, remarks: — "The mobility, whoſe tumultuous riſings in favour of Dr. Sacheverell ſeemed, if not allowed, at leaſt connived at, by the impunity of their leaders; and whoſe ſpirits had wonderfully been inflamed by a multitude of licentious writings, in which the Whigs were repreſented as *atheiſts* and *republicans*; appeared now with unuſual confidence, and, as it were, arm'd with authority, at the elections on the ſide of the Church and Monarchy; and not only by reproachful language, and odious epithets, but even by blows, deterr'd thoſe who came to vote contrary to the *voice of the people*: inſomuch that if the Whigs had not on this occaſion practiſed what they ever pretended to, *moderation*, theſe new elections might have ended in, what was by many apprehended, a civil war."]

To the tune of "Chevy Chaſe."

THE Year of wonders is arriv'd,
The Devil has learn'd to dance;
The Church from danger juſt retriev'd
By help brought in by France.

Nature's run mad, and madmen rule,
The world's turn'd upſide down;
Tumult puts in to keep the peace,
And Popery the Crown.

In all ages of the world
Such wonders ne'er were ſeen;
Papiſts cry out for th' Engliſh Church,
And rabbles for the Queen.

The pulpit thunders death and war,
To heal the bleeding Nation;
And ſends Diſſenters to the Dev'l,
To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church clergy, mounted high,
Like ſons of Jehu drive;
And over true religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

The furioſas of the Church
Come foremoſt like the wind;
And Moderation, out of breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm from danger to ſecure,
To foreign aid we cry;
With Papiſts and non-jurors join,
To keep out Popery.

King William on our knees we curſe,
And damn the Revolution;
And to preſerve the Nation's peace
We ſtudy its confuſion.

With treacherous heart and double tongue
Both parties we adhere to;
Pray for the ſide we ſwear againſt,
And curſe the ſide we ſwear to.

To Heaven we for our Sov'reign pray,
And take the Abjuration;
But take it *hocus pocus* way,
With juggling reſervation.

Sachev'rel like, with double face,
We pray for our Defender;
To good Queen Anne make vile grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

With Preſbyterians we unite,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion;
But, if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free poſſeſſion.

Our ſcheme of politics is wiſe,
Good Lord! that you'd but read it;
'T pulls Marlbro' down to beat the French,
And the Bank to keep our credit.

Becauſe our Treaſurer was juſt
And Houſe of Commons hearty,
And neither would betray their truſt
Or ſell us to a party,

Our buſineſs is that neither may
Their places long abide in,
But get ſuch choſen in their room
As no man can confide in;

Who ſhall deſerve your mighty praiſe
For Fund and eke for Loan,
And may the Nation's credit raiſe,
But never can their own.

Becauſe declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have put in;
We'll have the Queen that claim diſown,
For one that's more uncertain.

The Reſtoration to make plain,
That Perkin * mayn't miſcarry,
We've wiſely wheedl'd up the Queen
To Right Hereditary.

The dignity of Parliaments
The ſtronger to imprint in 's;

* The Pretender.

We hug the prieſt* whom they condemn,
And ridicule their ſentence.

In order to diſcourage mobs,
And keep the people quiet,
The rabblers we condemn for form,
But not a rogue ſhall die yet.

The Duke of Marlborough to requite,
For retrieving Engliſh honor;
His Ducheſs ſhall have all the ſpite
That fools can put upon her.

For battles fought, and towns reduc'd,
And popiſh armies broken,
And that our Engliſh gratitude
May t' future times be ſpoken;

While fighting for the Nation he
Looks danger in the face,
We ſtrive t' inſult his family,
And load him with diſgrace.

Becauſe he's crown'd with victory,
And all the people love him;
We hate the man for the ſucceſs,
And therefore will remove him.

* Sacheverell.

And now we're ſtirring up the mob
Againſt a new Election,
That High-Church members may be choſe
By our moſt wiſe direction.

That Queens may Parliaments diſſolve,
No doubt 'tis right and juſt;
But we have found it out that now
Becauſe ſhe may, ſhe muſt.

The bankrupt nation to reſtore,
And pay the millions lent;
We'll at one daſh wipe out the ſcore,
With ſponge of Parliament.

Then we can carry on the war
With neither fund nor debit;
And Banks ſhall eat us up no more,
Upon pretence of credit.

If not, we'll cloſe with terms of peace,
Preſcrib'd by France and Rome;
That war, being huddl'd up abroad,
May then break out at home.

A NEW BALLAD.

[The chief perſon here ſo bitterly ſatiriſed was the Queen's bed-chamber-woman, Abigail Maſham, who, notwithſtanding the meanneſs of her origin and parts, ſucceeded in ſupplanting her kinswoman and benefactreſs, the imperious Ducheſs of Marlborough, in the affection and confidence of Anne, of whom Swift ſaid, that ſhe "had not a ſtock of amity to ſerve above one object at a time." In a curious pamphlet of the day attributed to Ralph the Hiſtorian, and entitled *The other ſide of the Queſtion; or, an Attempt to reſcue the Characters of the two Royal Siſters Queen Mary and Queen Anne*, which was publiſhed in anſwer to the Ducheſs's Account of her Conduct, the writer ſays that it was the regular plan of the Whig faction "to encloſe the Queen from acceſs by planting around her none but ſuch as were the creatures of the Marlborough family." Of this number was Mrs. Maſham, "and (adds the pamphleteer) to anſwer this very purpoſe was ſhe preferred, though the affair is ſet forth in ſo different a light by your grace: it was impoſſible for you to be always upon duty: it was neceſſary for the Queen to be always obſerved: Mrs. Maſham you had taken out of the duſt; and you was not, it ſeems, enough acquainted with yourſelf to reflect or apprehend that the creature would ever preſume to rival its maker. It was not, therefore, the effects of your confidence in Mrs. Maſham, but the preſumption of your own ſtrength and importance, lulled you into ſecurity ſo long." Mrs. Maſham's intriguing reſulted in the diſſolution of the Godolphin cabinet, and the termination of the war which had ravaged the Continent during the whole of Anne's reign.]

To the tune of "Fair Roſamond."

HEN as Queen Anne of great renown
Great Britain's ſceptre ſway'd,
Beſides the Church, ſhe dearly lov'd
A dirty chamber-maid.*

O! Abigail, that was her name,
She ſtarch'd and ſtitch'd full well;
But how ſhe pierc'd this royal heart
No mortal man can tell.

However, for ſweet ſervice done,
And cauſes of great weight,
Her royal miſtreſs made her, oh!
A Miniſter of State.

Her Secretary ſhe was not,
Becauſe ſhe could not write;
But had the conduct and the care
Of ſome dark deeds at night.

* Abigail Hill, before her marriage with Mr. Maſham, had been a ſervant-maid in the family of the Lady Rivers, of Chapford, in Kent, and prior to her appointment in the houſehold of the Queen, when Princeſs Anne.

Th' important paſs of the back-ſtairs
Was put into her hand,
And up ſhe brought the greateſt Rogue *
Grew in this fruitful land.

And what am I to do, quoth he,
O! for this favor great?
You are to teach me how, quoth ſhe,
To be a ſlave of State.

My diſpoſitions they are good,
Miſchievous and a liar;
A ſaucy, proud, ungrateful one,
And for the Church entire.

Great qualities, quoth Machiavel!
And ſoon the world ſhall ſee,
What you can for your miſtreſs do,
With one ſmall daſh of me.

In counſel ſweet, oh! then they ſat,
Where ſhe did griefs unfold
Had long her grateful heart oppreſſ'd,
And thus her tale ſhe told:

* Robert Harley, firſt Earl of Oxford, whoſe Tory friends made no ſecret of his conſtantly going up the back-ſtairs under the eſcort of Abigail; but, on the contrary, juſtified this clandeſtine conduct, in order, as they ſaid, to reſcue the Queen from the thraldom in which ſhe had been ſo long held by the Marlborough faction.

From ſhreds and dirt in low degree,
From ſcorn in piteous ſtate,
A ducheſs bountiful has made
Of me a Lady great.

Some favors ſhe has heap'd upon
This undeſerving head,
That for to eaſe me from their weight,
Good God, that ſhe were dead!

Oh! let me then ſome means find out
This teaſing debt to pay.
I think, quoth he, to get her place
Would be the only way.

For leſs than you ſhe muſt be brought,
Or I can never ſee
How you can pay the boons receiv'd,
When you are leſs than ſhe.

My argument lies in few words,
Yet not the leſs in weight;
And oft with good ſucceſs we uſe
Such in affairs of State.

Quoth ſhe, 'tis not to be withſtood,
I'll puſh it from this hour;
I will be grateful, or at leaſt
I'll have it in my power.

Quoth he, ſince my poor counſel gains
Such favor in your eye,
I have a ſmall requeſt to make
I hope you won't deny.

Some bounties I like you have had
From one that bears the wand *,
And very fain I would, like you,
Repay them, if I can.

Witneſs, ye heavens! how I wiſh
To ſlide into his place;
Only to ſhow him countenance,
Whenhe is in diſgrace.

Oh! would you uſe your intereſt great
With our moſt gracious Queen,
Such things I'd quickly bring about,
This land hath never ſeen.

Give me but once her royal ear,
Such notes I'll in it ſound,
As from her ſweet repoſe ſhall make
Her royal head turn round.

He ſpoke, and ſtraitway it was done,
She gain'd him free acceſs;
God long preſerve our gracious Queen,
The Parliament no leſs!

* Lord Godolphin.

Now from this hour it was remark'd,
That there was ſuch reſort
Of many great and high divines
Unto the Queen's fair court.

Myſterious things that long were hid
Began to come to light,
And many of the Church's ſons
Were in a zealous fright.

'Twas ſaid, with ſighs and anxious looks,
A General abroad
Had won more battles than their friends
The French could well afford.

That ſo much money had been ſent,
Such needleſs things t' advance,
It ſure was time, as in reigns paſſ'd,
Some now ſhould come from France.

At laſt they ſpoke it out, and ſaid,
'Twas of the laſt import,
That there ſhould be a thorough change
In Army, Fleet, and Court.

For wicked Johnny Marlborough
So madly puſh'd things on,

That, ſhould he unto Paris go,
The Church was quite undone.

The wiſe and pious Queen gave ear
To this devout advice,
And honeſt ſturdy Sunderland *
Was whipt up in a trice.

Avaſt! cry'd out the Admiral †,
No-near, you rogues, no-near;
Your ſhip will be amongſt the rocks,
If at this rate you ſteer!

With that the man that kept the caſh ‡
Slipt in a word or two,
Which made an old acquaintance ſhrink,
This game would never do.

---

* Upon the earl's ſudden diſmiſſal from office, 14th June, 1710, the Queen propoſed to compenſate him for the loſs of his ſecretary-ſhip with a penſion of 3000*l.* per ann., which he declined in theſe terms: — "He was glad her Majeſty was ſatiſfied he had done his duty; but if he could not have the honor to ſerve his country, he would not plunder it."

† George Churchill, brother to the duke, and repreſentative of Portſmouth.

‡ Harley had juſt been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the ſatiriſt in this and the following ſtanzas taunts him with being a Whig at heart, although the leader of the Tories.

He but one eye had in his head,
  But with that one he ſaw
Theſe prieſts might bring about his ears
  A thing we call club-law.

He on his pillow laid his head,
  And on mature debate,
With that, and what his wife reſolv'd,
  To play a trick of ſtate.

Like Dr. Burgeſs * much renown'd,
  Of one he did take care;
Then ſlipt his cloak, and left the reſt
  All in moſt ſad deſpair.

The conſequence of this was ſuch,
  Our good and gracious Queen,
Not knowing why ſhe e'er went wrong,
  Came quickly right again.

* Daniel Burgeſs, the facetious divine and tutor of Bolingbroke. Like his father, the Doctor quitted the Eſtabliſhed Church, and was re-ordained as a Preſbyterian miniſter. His ſtyle of preaching may be judged from the following extract from his ſermon on "The Robe of Righteouſneſs:" — "If any of you would have a good and cheap ſuit, you will go to Monmouth Street; if you want a ſuit for life, you will go to the Court of Chancery; but if you wiſh for a ſuit that will laſt for eternity, you muſt put on the robe of righteouſneſs."

However, taking safe advice
From thoſe that knew her well,
She Abigail turn'd out of doors,
And hang'd up Machiavel.*

* The wiſh here is father to the thought: neither Abigail nor Harley was *ſuſpended*; but, on the contrary, both were, ſhortly after the publication of this ſatire, ennobled and advanced to higher offices, the firſt ſucceeding the Ducheſs of Marlborough as Lady Privy Purſe, and the ſecond as one of the Commiſſioners for the execution of the office of Treaſurer, from which Godolphin was driven.

THE AGE OF MAD FOLKS.

[The extraordinary reſults produced by the intemperate zeal of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, when he preached before the Lord Mayor and citizens of London, in the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 5th Nov. 1709, are thus terſely ſummed up by the greateſt of our modern eſſayiſts:—"A fooliſh parſon had preached a fooliſh ſermon againſt the principles of the Revolution. The wiſeſt members of the Government were for letting the man alone. But Godolphin, inflamed with all the zeal of a new-made Whig, and exaſperated by a nick-name which was applied to him in this unfortunate diſcourſe, inſiſted that the preacher ſhould be impeached. . . The impeachment was brought; the doctor was convicted; and the accuſers were ruined. The clergy came to the reſcue of the perſecuted clergyman. The country gentlemen came to the reſcue of the clergy. A diſplay of Tory feelings, ſuch as England had not witneſſed ſince the cloſing years of Charles II.'s reign, appalled the miniſters and gave boldneſs to the Queen. She turned out the Whigs, called Harley and St. John to power, and diſſolved the Parliament." The writer of this ballad remarks the conduct of the mob, which looked upon the perſecuted doctor as the champion of the Church, and ſhouted round the chair or carriage of the Queen, as often as her Majeſty appeared in public, "God bleſs your Majeſty; we hope you're for Sacheverell!" The popular feeling is well expreſſed in the following contemporary lines:—

"Invidious Whigs, ſince you have made your boaſt,
That you a Church of England prieſt will roaſt,
Blame not the mob for having a deſire
With Preſbyterian tubs to light the fire."]

THESE nations had always ſome token
Of madneſs, by turns and by fits,
Their ſenſes were ſhatter'd and broken,
But now they're quite out of their wits.

Can any man ſay the Lord Mayor *,
Of Parliament likewiſe a member,
Did wiſely to ſet up a bear
To preach on the fifth of November.

Was the Doctor leſs touch'd in his brain
To ſtuff his harangue with gun-powder;
Or Dolben † who fired the train,
And made it crack louder and louder.

---

* Alderman Sir Samuel Garrard, at whoſe requeſt Sacheverell both preached and printed his inflammatory ſermon.

† John Dolben (ſon of the Archbiſhop of York), who moved the impeachment of Sacheverell in the Commons, and carried the bill up to the Lords. For the active part he played in theſe memorable proceedings, he became the common butt of the wits of the age, one of whom penned the following epitaph upon him: —

"Under this marble lies the duſt
Of Dolben John, the chaſte and juſt:
Reader, tread ſoftly, I beſeech ye,
For, if he wakes, he'll ſtraight *impeach* ye!"

Even He *, who wrought all underhand,
So thinking to ſave his own bacon;
Some doubt, if for all his white wand,
For a conj'rer he ought to be taken.

But our Senate hath outdone 'em all
By their ſolemn and grave proceeding
On a pageant in Weſtminſter Hall,
When the Nation lies almoſt a-bleeding.

In ſuch a nice and critical ſtate,
When of weighty affairs there were ſeveral,
To ſpend their ſweet lungs in debate
About Hoadley † and Henry Sacheverell;

Of the danger that threaten'd the nation
From the ſcandalous term of Volpone ‡,

* Alluding to the Lord Treaſurer, Godolphin, who had inſtigated the proſecution of the High Church doctor.

† The ſame day on which the Commons voted the impeachment of Sacheverell, they alſo reſolved "That the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Hoadley, Rector of St. Peter's Poor, London, for having often ſtrenuouſly juſtified the principles on which her Majeſty and nation proceeded in the late happy Revolution, hath greatly merited the favor and recommendation of this Houſe." Accordingly an addreſs was preſented to the Queen, praying her Majeſty "to beſtow ſome dignity in the Church on the ſaid Mr. Hoadley for his ſervices to the Church and State!"

‡ It is aſſerted by Swift that Sacheverell's real offence, in the eye of the Whig miniſtry, was his having, in one of his two diſcourſes, pointed, as was conceived, at the Lord Treaſurer, Godolphin, in a paſſage about "the crafty inſidiouſneſs of ſuch wily *Volpones*." Volpone was the popular nickname of Godolphin.

Thrown on the man of high ſtation,
Who ſo freely ſupplies us with money.

So as the rare frolic went round,
It ſeiz'd at laſt upon the people;
Who ſwore they would pull to the ground
The churches that wanted a ſteeple.

They rebell'd in the Doctor's defence,
Who ſo boldly had cry'd their pow'r down,
And freely gave up their pretence
To fight for the Church and the Crown.

On the folks who ſo zealouſly ſtrive
For their pow'r they outrageouſly fell,
And by force of arms fain would they prove
They had no right to rebel.

The Commons by arguments keen,
From the ſenſe of the Doctor's expreſſions,
Prov'd ſome words that nothing could mean
To be damnable crimes and transgreſſions.

The Peers, having all things regarded,
Affirm'd he had highly offended;
Then vote he ought to be rewarded*,
And ſo the rare farce was ended.

* The mild ſentence (namely deprivation for three years) paſſed upon Sacheverell by the Lords was regarded by the populace as tantamount to an acquittal.

Thus I've prov'd that the Mayor who invited,
And the zealous Doctor who preached,
The men whom the Commons incited,
And thoſe that the Doctor impeached,

All thoſe who the queſtion did handle,
The mob, and all ſuch who did gainſay;
The Peers (be it ſaid without ſcandal)
To be all in a deſperate phrenzy.

What remedy then in the nation
For this madneſs that really ſo much is,
But ſome ſober and wiſe application
From Sunderland and the wiſe Ducheſs.*

* Sarah, Ducheſs of Marlborough.

THE WESTMINSTER COMBAT.

[This, like the preceding ballad, refers to the ill-adviſed impeachment of Sacheverell.]

IS odd to conceive what a war has been wag'd
Among the late Commons of Britain,
Where Whig and Law plyers ſo hotly engaged,
Good principles ſoon to get rid on.

They fought and did battle a certain divine
So furious in Weſtminſter Hall,
That the trophies and triumphs from Danube and Rhine
Hung ſhatter'd and ready to fall.

He preach'd, as 'tis ſaid, at the City's St. Paul,
With a wicked and vicious intent,
To ſtir up the people to break down the wall
Of peace and juſt government.

For not to reſiſt you know is the way
To deſtroy the peace of the nation;
And not to rebel is truly to ſay
You ſpurn at *true moderation.*

Therefore to prevent ſuch a miſchievous blunder,
Which the parſons ſo often commit,
The *poſſe* is raiſ'd, and the Commons out-thunder
New votes to guard the pulpit.

The Doctor's arraign'd of high crimes and tranſgreſſions,
For preaching ſuch damnable things,
And the reſt of the Order muſt hate all expreſſions
Which encourage obedience to Kings.

And quite to ſuppreſs ſuch a peſtilent notion,
Which ſcandals the rights of the people,
Their armies are marſhall'd, and now upon *motion*,
To pull down the churches with ſteeples.

The firſt that aſſaulted was valiant Sir James *,
A warrior of famous renown;
Who fir'd a volley of words without mean,
Then trembling ſat himſelf down.

* Sir James Montague, Attorney-General.

Then Dolben, his ſecond, quite out of his reaſon,
To ſee the chief attorney ſuch a buffle,
With lion-like rage, endeavours to ſeize on,
The Doctor and 's cauſe in the ſcuffle.

The next that appear'd was the learned Sir Peter *,
In antiquity ſkilful and great,
Who pour'd ſuch charges that wounded much deeper,
But yet he was woundily beat.

Then him to relieve does Lechmere † aſpire,
With Jekyll‡, a judge in the Weſt,
Who bluſter'd and rav'd, and ſwore they would fire
The doctrine as well as the prieſt.

Lord William § comes next, moſt nicely equipt,
With muſket and ball in his hand;
But, alas! of his powder and flint he was ſtript,
And therefore was put to a ſtand.

Stanhope ‖ impatient, no longer could bear
To ſee his own troops diſappointed,
But ſtorms, and diſcharges, and rattles in th' air
Againſt Kings and all that's anointed.

* Sir Peter King, Recorder of London.

† Nicholas Lechmere, afterwards Lord Lechmere, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaſter.

‡ Sir Joſeph Jekyll, who, in the ſucceeding reign, was made Maſter of the Rolls, and ably supported the power and independence of his office againſt the Lord Chancellor King.

§ Lord William Paulet

‖ General Stanhope.

Then comes Mr. Cowper*, as part of the rout,
Well known in an eminent cauſe,
And fights with his friends moſt brave and moſt STOUT,
Againſt loyalty paſſive and laws.

But the fierceſt and keeneſt of all the commanders
Was truſty Sir Thomas of Derby †,
Whoſe proweſs and courage ſurpriſed the byſtanders,
Becauſe a Chief Juſtice was hard by.

For Walpole ‡ and Smith ‡, and the reſt of the clan,
Who the Doctor ſo bravely accoſted,
Their exploits were ſo mean, and their actions ſo vain,
That they all deſerve to be poſted.

---

* Wm. (afterwards Lord Chancellor) Cowper, brother to Spencer Cowper, who was honorably acquitted of the charge of having murdered a beautiful and opulent quakereſs named Sarah Stout, to whom he had been paying his addreſſes. The future Chancellor greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in defending his brother in the "appeal of murder," ſued out, ſubſequently to his trial, by the heir-at-law of the unfortunate quakereſs.

† Serjeant Sir Thos. Parker, M.P. for Derby. Lord Chief Juſtice Holt having died whilſt the impeachment of Sacheverell was pending, Serjeant Parker was inſtantly appointed by Godolphin to ſucceed him—both the Attorney and Solicitor-General, who had ſhowed leſs zeal in the proſecution of the Doctor, being paſſed over.

‡ Robt. Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford), Treaſurer of the Navy, and John Smith, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

To theſe may be added another brigade,
Of Biſhops and Temporal Lords,
Whoſe weapons were ready, whoſe ſpeeches were made,
Full charg'd, not with ſenſe but with words.

Theſe all, with a fury becoming their zeal
For Liberty and Moderation,
Did fight, and were beat, their arguments fail,
To the pleaſure and joy of the nation.

The Doctor whoſe army was ſmall, but ſurpriſing,
Did totally them overthrow;
They ſmote him behind, but ſtill his upriſing
Is owing to that lucky blow.

The Mob of his ſide, the Ladies appear
All over the town in his favor;
Which galls the poor Miniſters, hanging their ear,
Like Garrard *, or a falſe brother.

* Sir Samuel Garrard, Lord Mayor of London, being a member of the Houſe, was aſked whether he had encouraged the publication of Sacheverell's ſermon, to which he anſwered "No;" and the Houſe deemed it prudent to give him credit for ſincerity, notwithſtanding the reiterated aſſertions of the Doctor to the contrary.

"He's frighten'd when th' others in cuſtody taken,
The *orders* he gave, has wiſely forſaken,
So the Doctor was lurch'd, and the May'r ſaved his bacon;
Which nobody dares deny."

Dejected and ſcorn'd they wander about,
Poor wretches! forlorn and forſaken,
Upbraided and banter'd with jeer and with flout,
Becauſe they were haply miſtaken.

And may all the Miniſters meet with ſuch chance,
And be laught at in country and town,
Who ſo baſely intend, and ſo rudely advance,
To beat loyal principles down.

SALISBURY STEEPLE REVERSED;

OR,

THE TURN-SPIT BISHOPS.

[This ballad alſo relates to the celebrated Sacheverell impeachment. The writer of it ſatiriſes the Low-Church or moderate party, of which Burnet, Biſhop of Saliſbury, was undoubtedly the moſt conſiſtent as well as the moſt diſtinguiſhed member. The following lines, addreſſed "To the Right Reverend the ſeven guilty Biſhops," as they were deſignated by the High-Church party, for diſcountenancing the vulgar pretenſions of Sacheverell, and voting for his condemnation in the Lords, afford another ſpecimen of the temper of the times:—

"For ſhame, ye doating fools, for ſhame be wiſe,
Shake off your lethargy, and ope your eyes:
What! will you calmly ſit, and tamely ſee
Hell's engineers ſubvert your prelacy?
The Church's danger, though you will not own,
Nor fear the ſecond part of "Forty-one,"
Yet let your own ſecurity prevail,
Which loudly calls for timely help of all;
For the ſame pow'r that pulls Sachev'rell down
Will firſt your mitres ſeize, and then the Crown.
But why, alas! why do I ſpeak to you,
Half to your God and to yourſelves untrue.
Go,—bravely break your ſacerdotal Teſt,
And all turn chaplains to the Calves-Head Feaſt;

See poor Sacheverell ſacrificed through hate,
The certain harbinger of your own fate;
Like Laud, the dire forerunner he's become
Of your own ruin, and the Sovereign's doom."]

HEN the twenty brave pleaders, cull'd out of the throng,
For their quickneſs of parts and their voluble tongue,
Had read all their ſpeeches and rehearſ'd all their wit,
And left their wiſe Lordſhips in judgment to ſit:
A Prelate * adroit
At text or debate
Summon'd eight truſty brethren in Council to meet,
They whipt on their cloaks and to Hockley † they go,
To know what his kirkſhip wou'd have 'em to do.

When they came all the waiters were order'd away,
And they drank to Low Church in a gallon of tea;
Quoth he, I've long wiſh'd to ſee you all here,
For matters of moment require your care:
The godly Lay-Five,
Who all methods contrive
That the Proteſtant Church may ſtill flouriſh and thrive,
By me their ſure nuncio do ſend you this greeting,
And pray'd me to tell you how to vote the next meeting.

* Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Biſhop of Saliſbury.

† Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell, where originally were bear, and afterwards tea, gardens.

Our friends have now routed this prieſt and his cauſe,
In ſpite of his homilies, lawyers, and laws;
Strong Lechmere ſhow'd art, gentle Dolben had grace,
And oil on his tongue, and a bluſh in his face;
Stanhope *, ſoft as a dove,
Form'd for arms and for love,
With ſweeteſt perſuaſion the Ladies did move;
But, oh! what a ſpirit, what a rhetoric divine,
In lofty Sir James † and Lord William † did ſhine!

Let us then, my good lords, to each other be true,
And ſhow in Church matters what biſhops ſhould do;
I'll tell what by me and great William was done,
And prove him a traitor that calls folks Volpone;
I'll tell them a tale,
That to meet 'em ſhan't fail,
Of a Dame made a victim to high-flying zeal:
'Twould move fleſh and blood to ſee her undreſt,
And hack'd all to pieces by a hot-headed prieſt.

For us 'twould be ſhameful in ſilence to ſit,
When a prieſt is a-roaſting, and we turn the ſpit,

* The famous general and miniſter (ſubſequently known as Earl Stanhope), who was no leſs diſtinguiſhed for the iraſcibility of his temper than for his great adminiſtrative talents.

† Attorney-General Montague and Lord Wm. Paulet, the Commons' managers of the Sacheverell impeachment.

Do you, my Lord Oxford*, againſt monarchs be keen,
But as you love Worceſter, except the good Queen;
This perhaps, by the bye,
In your way may not lie,
But my Weſt and the Hoadleys will matters ſupply;
That you're for a gentle mild ſentence give out,
When the Queſtion is put you'll know how to vote.

On you, brother Norwich†, we chiefly depend,
The right of our Puritan friends to defend;
Now ſtrive to excel both your patrons' renown,
Be as juſt as the father, and as wiſe as the ſon;
From you, honeſt Chitch ‡
We ſhould claim a fine ſpeech
On this ranting high-ſermon the Commons impeach:
But, now Eaſter's at hand, we expect not a word,
Since the pariſh bids more than we can afford.

Of the reſt here the Junto § no queſtions do make,
For on this only card their *all* lies at ſtake;
Some ſay, Peers they doubt not will be apt for to flinch,
But are ſure that your Lordſhips will budge not an inch:

* Dr. Bagot.
† Dr. Trimnell.
‡ Dr. Mainwaring, Biſhop of Chicheſter.
§ A term uſed to deſignate the principal leaders of the Whig party, namely, Lords Somers, Godolphin, Somerſet, Wharton, Sunderland, and Halifax.

What though we all once
Did Reſiſtance renounce,
And for not being Paſſive, poor Julian did trounce;
Sure we never took up our opinions for life,
For better or worſe, as a man takes his wife.

Thus incenſ'd at the Doctor, theſe reverend fathers
Vow'd they'd make him a warning to all High-Church preachers;
But oh! how they look'd when their friends fail'd, alas!
And their deep-plotted Tragedy turn'd to a Farce!
With amazement they found
Their cauſe at a ground,
And the Hall with loud echoes of joy to reſound;
Then ſlunk to their coaches, the Doctor did follow,
They went off with a whoop, and *he* with a hollow.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

[This ballad, obviouſly penned by a tool of the lately diſcomfited *Junto*, reviews, as the firſt ſtanza in it intimates, the initiatory acts of the new Miniſtry, preſided over by Robert Harley, in the capacity of a joint Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.]

To the tune of "Which nobody can Deny."

COME, all ye brave boys, and High Churchmen draw near,
I'll tell you a ſtory will delight you to hear,
'Tis of Miniſter's changes, trade, peace, and war,
Which nobody can deny.

Some two years ago, the poor Church, ſick at heart,
Look'd as wan as if ſhe and her friends were to part,
Till a pulpit-phyſician * gave a caſt of his art,
Which, &c.

"My brethren," quoth he, "I think 'tis no wonder
The Church is in ſuch a ſad caſe (blood and thunder!)
The Whigs are triumphant, and we are kept under,
Which, &c.

* Sacheverell.

"Now I do affirm t'ye theſe men do deſign
To un-king the Queen and keep out the Right Line,
Damn paſſive obedience, and our dear right divine,
Which, &c.

"Should their damnable doctrines be once underſtood
That Princes and Prieſts are mere fleſh and blood,
You will be apt to obey them but juſt while they're good,
Which, &c.

"Whereas a good ſubject and Chriſtian, ye know,
The more he's abuſ'd the more loving ſhould grow,
As the cuff-and-cloak text moſt fully does ſhow,
Which, &c.

"Then let us all join with heart and with voice
To cry down theſe rogues, and cry up a new choice,
So we ſhall have all the new places, brave boys,
Which, &c."

When the people had heard the doctrine ſo ſound,
Which the Doctor on proof and good profit did found,
They reſolv'd one and all the Whigs to confound,
Which, &c.

How this Doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What feats he did ſince, and were done elſewhere,
No mortal that had ears that could, but did hear,
Which, &c.

Now as ſoon as the true ſons of the Church got ground,
You cannot think how much better all things were found,
For mother and ſons look'd freſh, briſk, plump, and ſound,
Which, &c.

Now to prove our dear mother is out of her pain,
To miracle-working ſhe's taken again,
She never wrought ſuch in the late Whiggiſh reign,
Which, &c.

You muſt know, with a debt of ten millions at leaſt,
They found the poor nation moſt ſadly oppreſt,
And if they could pay't without money the beſt,
Which, &c.

For this end they gave them a rich South-Sea trade*,
And told them by that twice as much might be paid,
For who could e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had,
Which, &c.

* Alluding to Harley's ſcheme "to ſatisfy all public and national debts and deficiencies, by allowing the proprietors of thoſe debts and deficiencies an intereſt of 6 per cent per annum, redeemable by parliament, and incorporating them to carry on the trade to the South Seas"—a ſcheme that led to unparalleled gambling and ruin in the ſucceeding reign.

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This coming from one ne'er thought a deceiver,
Made the faithful all think the project was clearer,
And ſurely 'tis payment to every believer,
Which, &c.

In another point, too, we all ſettled have been,
That by paſſive obedience and right divine,
King James was turn'd out, and King William brought in,
Which, &c.

But ſince in true Catholic paths we have trod,
There's another poſition of Caſe given in mode,
As true as the reſt, tho' it ſeems ſomething odd,
Which, &c.

That a certain great Duke*, we have reaſon to fear,
Has a deviliſh deſign to prolong this ſad war,
As by beating our foes does moſt plainly appear,
Which, &c.

For this very reaſon brave Hill † and Argyle †
Have done nothing yet, tho' abroad a great while,
Since projects of peace all fighting does spoil,
Which, &c.

* Marlborough.

† General Hill, better known as "Jack Hill," brother to the Queen's favorite Abigail, Lady Maſham: he commanded the unfortunate expedition to Canada in this year. The Duke of Argyle was the companion in arms of Marlborough, and commander and ambaſſador in Spain.

However if any more conqueſts we need,
Each hero no doubt to Quebec and Madrid
With equal deſpatch and ſucceſs will proceed,
Which, &c.

But now (God be thank'd!) the war's near an end,
If on what great ones ſay little ones may depend,
For old Louis himſelf is grown our faſt friend,
Which, &c.

For whatever notions ſome people maintain,
King Charles and his allies are gainers, 'tis plain,
For we give poor Phil nought but Indies and Spain,
Which, &c.

May all quarrels at home and abroad then ceaſe,
May High-Church flouriſh and Low-Church decreaſe,
For the Abbott has brought a good Proteſtant peace!
Which, &c.

May we all wiſh the Queen may enliven our hearts,
By giving our friends their proper deſerts!
We know who'd enjoy axes, halters, and carts,
Which nobody can deny.

THE THANKSGIVING:

A NEW PROTESTANT BALLAD.

[In his journal to Stella (17th Nov. 1711) Swift writes: "This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, uſually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs deſigned a mighty proceſſion by midnight, and had laid out a thouſand pounds to dreſs up the Pope, Devil, Cardinals, Sacheverell, &c., and carry them with torches about and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were ſeized laſt night by order from the Secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the ſtreets already. They had ſome very fooliſh and miſchievous deſigns; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon aſſaulting the Lord Treaſurer's houſe and the Secretary's, and other violences. The militia [*i. e.* the London train-bands] was raiſed to prevent it, and now, I ſuppoſe, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the Secretary's office at Whitehall."

This ſcheme ſeems to have been the revival of one which Shaftesbury's party played off with great effect againſt the court party in 1682. The miniſterial organ, *The Poſt Boy*, of 22nd Nov. 1711, charged the Kit-Cat Club, which contained the moſt diſtinguiſhed of the Whig party, with "a conſpiracy to raiſe a mob, to confront the beſt of queens and her miniſtry, pull down the houſes of ſeveral honeſt, true, worthy Engliſh gentlemen, having had money diſtributed to them ſome time before for that purpoſe by G. G. G. S. S. S. W. H. M. [*i. e.* Grafton, Godolphin, Dr. Garth, Somerſet, Sunderland, Somers, Wharton, Halifax, and Montague], an inſatiable *junto cum multis aliis*, who made the ſubſcription, and gave out that the queen was very ill, if not dead, in order to have acted their trea-

ſons with greater freedom!" Such were the excuſes which the Tory government put forth for ſpoiling the ſhow. Their arbitrary proceedings created no little ſpeculation and ill-feeling in the public mind, no ſimilar interference with the pageants of the people having been attempted ſince the days of James II.]

ET'S ſing the new Miniſtry's praiſe,
With hearts moſt thankful and glad,
For the ſtatesmen of theſe our days
Are the wiſeſt that ever we had.

But not to wander too far
In the maze of their endleſs merit,
I'll give you an inſtance moſt rare
Of their vigilance, wiſdom, and ſpirit.

They heard, on Queen Beſs's birthday,
The 'prentices had an intent
Th' old Proteſtant gambol to play,
Which Churchmen, they thought, ſhould prevent.

The frolic, it ſeems, was no leſs
Than to carry about in proceſſion,
A Pope in ridiculous dreſs,
And to burn it by way of diverſion.

Beſides theſe turbulent folk
(Than their anceſtors much more uncivil)
To their pageant had added the joke
Of a Perkin, and eke of a Devil.

With Cardinals, Jeſuits, Friars,
A cart-load together at leaſt,
Intended to crown their bonfires,
A very unſeaſ'nable jeſt.

For ſure there could be no ſenſe,
When a Peace is coming upon us *,
T' affront ſuch a powerful Prince
As the Pope—why, it might have undone us.

Then if the moſt Chriſtian King
Should have taken it ill at our hand,
Such a very unmannerly thing
Might have put the Peace to a ſtand.

The Jacobites next, to be ſure,
Would have riſ'n to defend their Maſter
And who could have told where a cure
Could be found for ſuch a diſaſter?

Beſides it would bear a doubt,
Whether burning the Pope and the Devil,
Might not be deſign'd to flout
At High-Church and Doctor Sachev'rell.

* Alluding to the anticipated peace by which Spain and the Weſt Indies ſhould be left in the hands of a prince of the houſe of Bourbon.

Furthermore, in theſe days of ſin,
'Twas fear'd by folks that were hearty,
A numerous mob might have been
E'en raiſ'd for the Devil and 's party!

'Twas therefore expedient found
To ſend the Foot-Guards on the ſcout;
To ſearch all the ſuburbs round,
And find the bold Pageant out.

They took it, and, as it was fit,
A magiſtrate wiſe and great
The criminals ſtraight did commit,
That the Law might determine their fate.

Then for fear of a reſcue by night,
At which we ſhould all ha' been troubl'd,
'Twas order'd (and ſure that was right)
That the Guards ſhould be ev'rywhere doubl'd.

Beſides that no harm might come nigh us,
The bands ſo well train'd were drawn out,
And as long as thoſe heroes ſtand by us,
The Devil himſelf we may rout.

What though ſome people did ſneer,
And call'd 'em the Pope's Life-guard,
They ſtood to their arms and their beer
All night, and kept watch and ward.

So God ſave our gracious Queen,
And her miniſters every one;
And he that don't ſay *Amen*
Is a churl—and may let it alone.

The Hanover Houſe God preſerve,
And blaſt the Pretender's hope;
The Proteſtant cauſe let's ſerve,
And give to the Devil the Pope!

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

[It having been publicly announced that a treaty of peace with France had been agreed upon by the Queen and her allies, all claſſes became naturally anxious to know what were the preciſe terms of it, and more particularly how the ſucceſſion in Spain and the diſpoſition of the Indies were propoſed to be ſettled; but when the parliament, which met on the 10th July, was prorogued on the following day to the 21ſt Auguſt, and again to the 9th of October, and finally to the 7th of December; ſo many prorogations at ſo critical a conjuncture, and ſo late in the year, occaſioned no little ſuſpicion regarding the real intentions of the anti-Hanoverian miniſtry.]

To the memorable tune of Lillibullero.

I.

H! Brother Tom, doſt know the intent,
Lillibullero Bullen a la,
Why they prorogue the Parliament?
Lillibullero Bullen a la.
Lero, lero, lero, lero, &c.

II.

I think it is plain to be underſtood,
Lillibullero, &c.
That by that ſame they mean us no good.
Lillibullero, &c.

III.

For what can they mean who do not take care,
Lillibullero, &c.
In time preparations to make for the war?
Lillibullero, &c.

IV.

And how without money can we in the Spring,
Lillibullero, &c.
Get early to Flanders, and drub the French King?
Lillibullero, &c.

V.

Then is it not pity when Marlboro' ſo far is,
Lillibullero, &c.
To ſtop his career, and not let him take Paris?
Lillibullero, &c.

VI.

Now all theſe delays came not from town-takers,
Lillibullero, &c.
But oh! what is worſe, they come from Peace-makers.
Lillibullero, &c.

VII.

If Spain and the Indies they yield unto France,
Lillibullero, &c.

Then we may go whiſtle, and eke alſo dance.*
Lillibullero, &c.

VIII.

And then poor old England muſt loſe all her trade,
Lillibullero, &c.
Whene'er ſuch a ſcandalous peace ſhall be made.
Lillibullero, &c.

IX.

Oh lack and a day! I am ready to cry,
Lillibullero, &c.
To think how it ſavours of Popery.
Lillibullero, &c.

X.

'Tis not come to that already, I hope,
Lillibullero, &c.
Tho' we might not burn the Pretender and Pope.†
Lillibullero, &c.

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* Biſhop Burnet gravely relates, that when the Queen aſked his candid ſentiments on the propoſed peace, he told her "that it was his opinion that any treaty by which Spain and the Indies were left to King Philip muſt, in a little while, deliver up *all Europe into the hands of France*; and if any ſuch peace were made ſhe was betrayed, and we were *all ruined*: in leſs than three years ſhe would be murdered, and the fires would be again kindled in Smithfield"!

† See the preceding ballad.

XI.

Therefore let it be our particular care,
Lillibullero, &c.
For Spain and the Indies to keep on the war.
Lillibullero, &c.

XII.

Which, if we do roundly, I cannot but think,
Lillibullero, &c.
John Marlboro' at laſt will make Lewis ſtink.
Lillibullero, &c.

XIII.

So God bleſs the Queen and the Houſe of Hanover,
Lillibullero, &c.
And never may Pope or Pretender come over.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

A NEW SONG.

[This, like the preceding ballad, refers to the celebrated treaty of peace ſubſequently ratified at Utrecht. It exhibits the temper of a large part of the nation, when it became convinced that the Tory miniſtry was reſolved to conclude a peace with France upon any terms.]

TREATY'S on foot, look about, Engliſh boys,
Stop a bad peace as ſoon as you can;
A Peace which our Hanover's title deſtroys,
And ſhakes the high Throne of our glorious Queen Anne.
Over, over, Hanover, over,
Haſte and aſſiſt our Queen and our State;
Haſte over, Hanover, faſt as you can over,
Put in your claims, before 'tis too late.

A bargain our Queen made with her good friends,
The States, to uphold the Proteſtant line;
If a bad Peace is made, that bargain then ends,
And ſpoils her good Majeſty's gallant deſign.
Over, over, &c.

A creature there is, that goes by more names
Than ever an honeſt man could, ſhould, or would;
And I wiſh we don't find him an arrant King James*,
Whene'er he peeps out from under his hood.
Over, over, &c.

The Dauphin of France to a monaſt'ry went
To viſit the mother of him aforeſaid;
He wiſh'd her much joy, and he left her content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may gueſs,
So welcome muſt be to her and her lad:
And let any man ſay it, if we can do leſs
Than be very ſorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

Who'er is in place, I care not a fig,
Nor will I decide betwixt High Church and Low;
'Tis now no diſpute between Tory and Whig,
But whether a Popiſh ſucceſſor, or no.
Over, over, &c.

Our honeſt Allies this Peace do explain,
Of which our French foes ſo loudly do boaſt;

* James Frederick Edward Stuart, the only ſon of James II. by his ſecond wife, Mary of Modena.

But I hope, if they reckon on India and Spain,
They reckon without conſulting their hoſt.
Over, over, &c.

Or elſe we muſt bid farewell to our trade,
Whatever fine tales ſome people have told;
For whene'er a Peace of that nature is made,
We ſhall ſend out no wool, nor bring home no gold.
Over, over, &c.

Then wage on the war, boys, with all your might,
Our taxes are great, but our danger's not ſmall;
We'd better be half undone, than be quite—
As half a loaf's better than no bread at all.
Over, over, &c.

ON GUISCARD'S STABBING ROBIN.

[The Count or Abbé de Guiſcard, a malcontent Frenchman, was taken into ſome favor during the miniſtry of Lord Godolphin, had a foreign regiment in Britiſh pay, and a penſion from the Queen. But having fallen into indigence, partly from his own prodigality, and partly from being neglected by the new adminiſtration, he reſolved to improve his finances by opening a treaſonable correſpondence with France. Being detected, apprehended for high treaſon, and brought before the Privy Council for examination, he ſtabbed Mr. Secretary Harley with a penknife in a fit of deſpair, and received himſelf ſo many wounds and bruiſes from the councillors preſent, and the meſſengers who ruſhed in to apprehend him, that he died in Newgate, whither he had been conveyed, a few days afterwards. As another inſtance, remarks Scott, of the power of faction at this time in perverting and ridiculing whatever makes againſt her cauſe, and as a juſtification of the charge brought by Swift againſt the Whigs (*vide* his *Examiner*, No. 33), which we may in vain look for in their more formal publications, the following ballad is worth preſerving.]

TTEND, good people, give an eär,
Liſten awhile, and you ſhall hear
What ſtrange account Guiſcard's affair
Will make in future ſtory;
How he was taken up and tried;
And how he all the facts denied;
How he was wounded, how he died,
To Britain's endleſs glory.

If fame be not miſtaken, he
Taking a turn, one, two, or three,
By order of the Miniſtry,
Was ſeized in the Park, Sir;
And thence convey'd to a room of ſtate,
Where Privy Councillors debate
The grand affairs of Church and State,
As ſome make their remark, Sir.

Young Cato firſt a letter ſhows,
Of correſpondence with our foes,
Which by experience he well knows
Will no ſmall profit bring, Sir;
In this the proverb true, we ſee,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
For Guiſcard was no more than he,
A ſpy to the French king, Sir.

The Abbot ſaw himſelf betray'd
By thoſe who all the ſcheme had laid,
Whoſe tool he all along was made,
To ſerve young Perkin's ends, Sir;
And, therefore, boldly out he drew
A knife, whoſe metal prov'd untrue,
And at good Robin's breaſt he flew,
Reſolv'd to fall with friends, Sir.

As ſoon as the noble Harley found
The knife in his breaſt had made a wound,
The Council did to battle ſound
Like claps of ſummer thunder:
Chairs and ſtandiſh, inks and pen,
To fly about the room were ſeen,
But valiant St. John he ſtept in,
And made the Count knock under.

In the article of danger he
Was ſo compoſ'd, that all agree,
For preſence of mind and bravery,
He could be out-done by no man:
And by the greatneſs of his ſoul,
Which did the paſſion of fear controul,
And kept his ſpirit ſound and whole,
He ſure muſt be a Roman.

A noble and a valiant peer *,
Prompted by reaſon more than fear,
Thought fit ſome time to diſappear
Under the council-board, Sir;

* The Duke of Ormond, who, out of reſpect for the aſſaſſin's brother, had befriended the former, and therefore abſtained from taking a more active part in the fray.

And reaſon for his elopement gave,
That ſure no perſon that was brave
A hand in ſuch a fray would have,
Or draw his ruſty ſword, Sir.

Another duke*, to ſee fair play,
Which he had never done, ſome ſay,
Thought it the moſt convenient way,
To mount upon the table:
And when their ſafeties he had ſeen,
Put up your ſwords (cried) gentlemen,
For what can one man do to ten?
To hurt you he's not able.

And now, my friends, I ſhould do wrong,
Could I forget in this my ſong
To tell t' which ſide he did belong,
Before I end my ſtory:
Some ſay he was a Whig, but I,
By 's being bred in popery,
And being call'd Monſieur L'Abbe,
Declare him a rank Tory.

* The Duke of Newcaſtle.

PLOT UPON PLOT.

[The following ballad (ſays Scott), which enumerates all the various charges of plots againſt the miniſtry, ſeems worthy of preſervation. It enumerates firſt what was called the ſcrew-plot, being the withdrawing of certain ſcrew-bolts from the timbers of St. Paul's, from which was inferred an intention of deſtroying the Queen and Miniſtry, who were to attend ſervice there on the thankſgiving day for the peace. This proved to have ariſen from the neglect of ſome of the workmen. The third ſtanza refers to the intended pope-burning on Queen Elizabeth's night; and the fourth to the ravages of Mohocks, which the Tories interpreted as a thing deviſed by the enemy. Laſtly, there was the band-box plot, which, after all, ſeems either to have been the work of a madman, or deſigned for a jeſt. From conſidering theſe various alarms, the reader will probably be ſatisfied that the era of ſham plots did not conclude with the reign of Charles II., although in that of Queen Anne they were not driven to the ſame ſanguinary concluſions.]

To the tune of "Hey, boys, up go we!"

WICKED Whigs! what can you mean —
When will your plotting ceaſe
Againſt our moſt renowned Queen,
Her Miniſtry and Peace?
Your Proteſtant ſucceſſion's ſafe,
As our great men agree;
Bourbon has Spain, the Tories laugh:
Then hey, boys, up go we!

Some of your Matchi-villian crew,
From heavy roof of Paul,
Moſt trait'rouſly ſtole ev'ry ſcrew,
To make that fabric fall:
And ſo to catch her Majeſty,
And all her friends beguile;
As birds are trapt by boys moſt ſly,
In pitfall with a tile.

You for your bonfires mawkins dreſſ'd
On good Queen Beſs's day,
Whereby much treaſon was expreſſ'd,
As all true Churchmen ſay,
Againſt the Devil and the Pope,
The French, our new ally,
And Perkin, too, that youth of hope,
On whom we all rely.

You ſent your Mohocks * next abroad,
With razors arm'd, and knives;
Who on night-walkers made inroad,
And ſcar'd our maids and wives:
They ſcour'd the watch, and windows broke,
But 'twas their true intent,
(As our wiſe miniſtry did ſmoke)
T' o'erturn the Government.

* A club of diſſolute young men, who paraded the public ſtreets by night, and attacked indiſcriminately men and women.

But now your laſt and blackeſt deed,
What mortal can rehearſe?
The thought of't makes my heart to bleed—
O Muſe, aſſiſt my verſe!
A plot it was ſo deeply laid,
So diabolical,
Had not the ſecret been betray'd,
In *one* 't had ſlain us all.

Two inkhorn tops your Whigs did fill
With gunpowder and lead;
Which, with two ſerpents made of quill,
You in a band-box laid:
A tinder-box there was beſide,
Which had a trigger to't,
To which the very ſtring was tied,
That was deſign'd to do't.

As traitors ſpare not care nor coſt,
Theſe crackers dire were ſent,
To th' Treaſurer, per penny-poſt,
And ſafely ſo they went:
And if my lord had pull'd the thread,
Then up had blown the train,
And th' inkhorns muſt have ſhot him dead,
Or elſe have burſt in twain.

But fortune ſpar'd that precious life,
And ſo ſav'd Church and Queen;
Good Swift was by and had a knife,
For corn or pen made keen:
Stand off, my Lord! cried he, this thread
To cut I will not doubt;
He cut—then op'd the band-box lid,
And ſo the plot came out!

Now God preſerve our gracious Queen,
And for this glorious deed,
May ſhe the Doctor make a Dean,
With all convenient ſpeed!
What though the *Tub* * has hinder'd him,
As common ſtory tells,
Yet ſurely now the *band-box whim*
Will help him down to *Wells*.

* The Queen's objections to Swift's religious principles, as indicated in his celebrated *Tale of a Tub*, were inſurmountable. It is almoſt ſuperfluous to add that he never got the Deanery of Wells here referred to, or any other high eccleſiaſtical preferment in this country.

SOLDIERS' LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR GENERAL.

IN A LETTER
FROM THE RECRUITERS IN LONDON TO
THEIR FRIENDS IN FLANDERS.

[The Tory miniſtry, after vainly endeavouring for ſome time to obtain the Duke of Marlborough's recognition of their foreign policy, at length perſuaded the Queen (Dec. 30, 1711) to diſmiſs from all his employments the moſt illuſtrious man in her realm, with every circumſtance of indignity and contempt. As a pretext for this diſgraceful proceeding, an information was laid againſt the Duke by the Commiſſioners for Public Accounts, touching his receiving five or ſix thouſand pounds yearly from the contractor for furniſhing bread to the army in Flanders.]

To the tune of "To you, fair Ladies, &c."

O you, dear Brothers, who in vain
Have curb'd the pride of France,
And over Flanders' fruitful plain
Made *Monſieurs* ſkip and dance;
We ſend the news of grief and woe,
You've loſt your gallant Marlboro',
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Reſolv'd to conquer once again,
We came to raiſe recruits,
But to what purpoſe ſerve our pains,
If theſe be all the fruits?
Since Marlboro' muſt no more command,
We can't do better than diſband.
With a fa, la, &c.

Ambitious Lewis thought by war
All Europe to enſlave,
But Heaven, with indulgent care,
To us great Marlboro' gave;
To fight againſt Popiſh tyranny,
For Laws, Religion, Liberty.
With a fa, la, &c.

Near ſtrong Nimeguen's well-wall'd town
We firſt heard war's alarms,
And there we made the Frenchmen own
The force of Engliſh arms.
No town, no caſtle, could withſtand
Where valiant Marlboro' did command.
With a fa, la, &c.

When falſe as proud Bavaria, grown
By thriving treaſon great,
The Roman Eagles had o'erthrown
And forc'd them to retreat;

The ſinking Empire's hopes were loſt
Till Marlboro' brought his conq'ring hoſt.
With a fa, la, &c.

Firſt Schellenberg in blood embru'd
His eager valor try'd,
Where they who Eagles had ſubdu'd
By Lion's fury dy'd:
French and Bavarians all did yield,
In fatal Blenheim's glorious field.
With a fa, la, &c.

In Flanders then the traitor Duke,
By ſpite alone made brave,
A valiant reſolution took,
And fairly battle gave:
But flight once more his honor ſtains
In fam'd Ramily's bloody plains.
With a fa, la, &c.

Altho' brave Marlboro's generous care
His faithful ſoldiers ſpar'd;
Yet all the ſtrongeſt towns of war
In vain 'gainſt him were barr'd:
In thrice three days he forc'd Oſtend,
Which Spain could ſcarce at three years' end.
With a fa, la, &c.

Hereat the grand Monarch perplext,
By force not like to thrive,
With treacherous Ghent and Bruges next
A project did contrive:
But all their great deſigns were marr'd
By meeting him at Oudenard.
With a fa, la, &c.

Bruſſels to ſave, both fair and faſt,
From baſe Bavaria's might,
The guarded Scheld was to be paſſ'd
Ev'n in their army's ſight:
But ſoon the Frenchmen all were flown,
When noble Marlboro' led us on.
With a fa, la, &c.

But oh! the wonders which were ſeen
At Blangeis drench'd in blood,
Where men entrench'd up to the chin
As in a caſtle ſtood:
Led on by Marlboro' the Great,
Ev'n there the Briton ſtorm'd and beat.
With a fa, la, &c.

Behind their ſtronger lines they got
Laſt year encamp'd again,
But there he paſſ'd without a ſhot,
And took the ſtrong Bouchain:

So would he beat them o'er and o'er,
Could Villars ſtand at every door.
With a fa, la, &c.

Brave leader, with ſuch vaſt ſucceſs
By bounteous Heaven crown'd,
Who can your valiant acts rehearſe,
Or praiſes juſtly found?
Who ne'er your back turn'd to your foes,
Nor from a town untaken roſe.
With a fa, la, &c.

But who for Britiſh honor will,
Or ſafety, more take heed,
Since he who goes French blood to ſpill,
Himſelf at home muſt bleed?
Who popiſh Lewis has undone,
By Jews and Turks is overthrown.
With a fa, la, &c.

Ungrateful England ſav'd from harms
By heroes moſt renown'd,
Who for their matchleſs deeds of arms
Have with affronts been crown'd:
So fared it once with great Naſſau,
So fares it now with Marlboro'.
With a fa, la, &c.

Should Anjou now his crown forego,
We ſtill ſhould loſers be,
Yea, ſhould he give the Indies too,
Still more than that was he;
If neither, then in him we muſt
Have more than twice the Indies loſt.
With a fa, la, &c.

No more melodious hoboys now,
Or warlike trumpets ſound,
Take off the wreaths from ev'ry brow,
Your arms and laurels ground;
And you who now lie round Bouchain
Haſte to Nimeguen back again.
With a fa, la, &c.

Let Lewis give the peace we crave,
'Tis plain we have been beat;
A greater blow we could not have,
'Tis high time to retreat;
For ſince we're of our head bereft,
No hopes but in our heels are left.
With a fa, la, &c.

And thou, brave Eugene, with him join'd
In conqueſt and in love,
Your former friendſhip bear in mind,
And mourn his ſad remove.

What, though your glorious part'ner's gone,
Perſiſt to conquer now alone.*
With a fa, la, &c.

'Tis true, his foes have gain'd their ends,
It cannot be denied;
But neither France's ſlaves nor friends
His name can lay aſide:
True Engliſh hearts will ſtill proclaim
Great Marlboro's with Eugene's fame.
With a fa, la, &c.

* The Duke of Ormond was appointed to ſucceed Marlborough in the command of the Engliſh troops; but, in obedience to inſtructions communicated from home, he abſtained from taking any active ſhare in the campaign of 1712, when the Prince Eugene ſuſtained one defeat after another, till all the fortreſſes which the genius of Marlborough had wreſted from them were recovered by the enemy.

NOTHING BUT TRUTH.

A BALLAD.

[This ballad alſo refers to the unpopular and, as many thought, inglorious Treaty of Utrecht. It was ſigned with France by the miniſters of England, Savoy, Pruſſia, Portugal, and the States-General, on the 30th March, 1713. The Treaty recogniſed the Proteſtant Succeſſion in England; ſecured the ſeparation of the crowns of Spain and France; demoliſhed the harbour of Dunkirk; ceded to England, Acadie, Hudſon's Bay, Newfoundland, and St. Chriſtopher's; ſevered Sicily from Naples, and transferred it to the Duke of Savoy; and ceded to the Dutch, Namur, Charleroi, and other ſtrong places for a barrier. The ſplendid victories of Marlborough, it was thought, more than counterbalanced theſe numerous conceſſions on the part of Louis XIV. of France.]

To the tune of "A Beggar of all trades is the beſt."

THERE was once a glorious Queen
That fill'd Great Britain's Throne,
She fought for all her good Allies,
And to preſerve her own.
When a fighting we did go, did go, did go,
When a fighting we did go.

She had a certain General
That almoſt conquer'd France,

Both lov'd at home, and fear'd abroad
Where'er he did advance.
There a conq'ring we did go, &c.

At Blenheim on the Danube
He did the Empire ſave,
And at Ramillies each Briton
From being made a ſlave;
When to Paris we did go, &c.

This Queen, when ſhe had ſaved thus
All Europe from its fate,
She thought ſhe muſt ſave France, too,
And thought 'twas not too late.
When to U-trick we did go, &c.

We ſtill had beat the French ſo,
The Queen moſt wiſely thought,
They were not worth the conq'ring,
If they were not worth a groat;
For to U-trick we did go, &c.

To raiſe them a new Conqueſt
Fit for her arms and fame,
Whate'er ſhe won of France
She gave them up the ſame.
When to U-trick we did go, &c.

Let no one e'er reproach her,
That honor or that gain
Invited her to Battail,
For there ſhe gave up Spain.
When to U-trick we did go, &c.

She gave up all in Europe
For caſtles in the air,
Great Britain for the South Sea,
And we may all go there;
If a trading we will go, &c.

She gave up all her honor,
Her treaties, and her word,
In quitting of her allies,
And Charles for James the Third;
And to Lorraine we may go, &c.

What ſtrange contradictions
We of late have ſeen,
A conquering and a glorious,
And yet a loſing Queen;
When to U-trick ſhe did go, &c.

King Jemmy fights for England,
Queen Anne did die for France,
And he that at Saint James'
His intereſt would advance,
To Paris ſtraight muſt go, &c.

Now who can ſing her praiſes
For all her pity ſhown,
If Charles ſhould loſe the Empire,
And James ſhould have his own;
Then a whiſtling we may go, &c.

If France ſhould take away our trade,
And James ſhould take our Crown,
And Popery come in to pull
Our Church of England down;
Then to Paris we may go, &c.

But theſe are all but follies
Deviſ'd by Whiggiſh men,
For when our trade and all is gone,
We ar'nt worth taking then;
For a begging we ſhall go, &c.

Then God bleſs our wiſe Miniſters,
Who give up all our trade,
That of France and the Pretender
We may not be afraid;
Since a ſtarving we may go, &c.

To keep out Rome and Popery
Is eaſy, if we will,
But acting for his intereſt
We may be Churchmen ſtill;
And with Tories we may go, &c.

Then God bleſs our wiſe Miniſters
Who have found out the art
Of cheating them with fancies,
But hate them in their heart;
Then with Tories we may go, &c.

Go on, then, with your fine ſets,
You men of Britiſh Iſle,
To ſave your ſinking Church and State,
Make neither worth your while;
'Tis no matter where we go, we go,
'Tis no matter where we go.

THE MERCHANT A-LA-MODE.

[The perſon here ſatiriſed was the Duke d'Aumont, ambaſſador extraordinary from France, who came to London on 2nd January, 1713, and was lodged at Powis Houſe in Ormond Street. The contemporary hiſtorian, Rapin, relates that there was a general clamour among the people againſt him, on account of great quantities of wine, ſilks, and other goods, which his domeſtics were ſuppoſed to have imported duty-free, and which they openly retailed to the prejudice of the native tradeſmen. "Although the duke, upon his arrival in town, forbade the ſelling of wines or any other commodities in his houſe, yet the people put up the ſign of a 'bunch of grapes' before it in the night-time; and ſeveral ballads were writ both in French and Engliſh. One of them, called *The Merchant à la Mode*, containing many ſevere reflections, not only againſt the ambaſſador, but againſt the Queen's miniſters, ſtrict ſearch was made after the publiſhers of it, one of whom was committed to Newgate." This is the ballad alluded to by the hiſtorian.]

TTEND and prepare for a cargo from Dover,
Wine, ſilk, turnips, onions, with the Peace are come over,
Duke D'Aumont has brought — to make room for a Rover;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

A ſwaggering crew rode on horſeback before him,
He threw out his caſh, that the mob might adore him,
So Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the decorum;
Which nobody, &c.

Our great men they bought with penſions and tattles,
Our Gen'ral they had hir'd to fight no more battles,
And the Rabble they wheedle with ſhillings and rattles;
Which nobody, &c.

The Train is made up with the ſcum of St. Germain,
Prieſts, porters, and fiddlers, pimps, laqueys, and chairmen,
Who are all the Great Whore of Babylon's vermin;
Which nobody, &c.

His houſe is a chapel, where the Jeſuits range;
'Tis a Court for our Stateſmen, and yet, which is ſtrange,
'Tis a tavern, a warehouſe, a garden, a change;
Which nobody, &c.

The Queen had a preſent, we know very well;
But we muſt to market, as all folks can tell,
For they that can buy, they alſo can ſell;
Which nobody, &c.

Here Barons may talk, and Squires may fuddle,
The Houſe can provide both tobacco and bottle;
They've a ſeat for each gueſt, and a pipe for his noddle;
Which nobody, &c.

But theſe parcels of wine that go by retail,
Come unluckily over to hinder the ſale
Of his brother D. Hamilton's * barrels of ale;
Which nobody, &c.

Here's a number of ſuperfine onions, which ſhows
That the merchant who ſells them has ground to ſuppoſe
His trade lay with ſome that are led by the noſe;
Which nobody, &c.

Then out came the ſilks, and the muſty brocades,
That the liv'ry of France may be laid on the maids,
A good preparation for wild Iriſh plaids;
Which nobody, &c.

What a jumble of ſounds do we hear altogether,
From trumpets and fiddles to the clangs of a cleaver,
Confounded with the groans of Spital-field Weaver;
Which nobody, &c.

To raiſe up a maſs-houſe they're making great haſte,
But when all this raree-ſhow muſic is paſt,
Poor England muſt pay the piper at laſt;
Which nobody, &c.

* Duke of Hamilton, ambaſſador extraordinary to France.

What pity 'tis now that Gregg* was truſſ'd up;
Had he liv'd to this time, there was reaſon to hope,
He had come in for a ribbon inſtead of a rope;
Which nobody, &c.

The duke that he wrote to would have given him quarter,
And ſo would the earl for whom he was martyr,
But he got the halter, and Robin the garter;
Which nobody, &c.

O Lewis! at laſt, thou haſt play'd the beſt card,
Lay heroes aſide, and trickſters reward,
Thou haſt got by d'Aumont what thou loſt by Tallard;
Which nobody, &c.

Remove all the war to Verſailles and to Marley,
'Tis fighting more ſurely, tho' ſomewhat unfairly,
What a Churchill has won is reſtored by a Harley;
Which nobody, &c.

May the great hand of Juſtice now brandiſh itſelf
On 'em all in a lump, from that double-tipp'd elf†
To the fag-end of peerage, the laſt of the twelve!
Which nobody, &c.

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* *Vide* note p. 141.

† Alluding to the double title of Harley — viz. Oxford and Mortimer.

Haſte, Hanover, over, and reſcue our laws
From a raſcally medley of cowards and fools,
W —, cuckolds, and pimps, bawds, bullies, and beaus;
Which nobody can deny.

THE RAREE SHOW.

[This ballad, which alſo relates to the memorable Peace of Utrecht, "ſhows up" more particularly the chief managers of it.]

1ſt PART.

HERE be de var pretty ſhow juſt come from Parie,
Me ſhow you, ſhentlemens, to make you merrye.

O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de great ſpring dat dance de maſhien,
On which the lo'-dores be moſt plainly ſeen.

O raree ſhow, &c.

Here firſt me preſent you with a diſmal diſaſter;
De ſarvant be hanged for ſaving his maſter.*

O raree ſhow, &c.

* Alluding to William Gregg (a clerk in the office of Secretary Harley), who was executed at Tyburn, April 28, 1708, for communicating to the French Miniſter, Chamillard, the proceedings of both Houſes of Parliament with reſpect to the augmentation of the Britiſh forces, &c. It was generally thought that his dying ſpeech was prepared by his maſter, the Earl of Oxford.

Here be de great Marlbro', who, all de world knows,
Was baniſh'd for ſaucily beating his foes.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de great Ormond, made general in ſeaſon,
Prohibited fighting to bring France to reaſon.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Britain, with ſacred regard to alliance,
Breaks treaties to ſtrengthen de bond of affiance.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de var vine politicians deſpatched
To Paris, to treat of a peace da dar hatched.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de congraſe at *Utrick*, var nothing is brooded;
De plenipoes meet to do vat is concluded.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be anodar more pretty tranſaction,
To give Lewis all, gives allies ſatiſfaction.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de politique *Harli-quin**, mind him;
You never ſhall twice in the ſame poſture find him.
O raree ſhow, &c.

* Harley (Earl of Oxford), who, the Ducheſs of Marlborough alleges, had a "conſtant awkward motion, or rather agitation of his

Here be de addreſſors to de trone of Great Britain,
Say, *Here-da-tory* right will make Hanover ſit on*,
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be good Proteſtante dat loves no prieſt jerkin,
To ſave his religion looks to Lewis or Perkin.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de wiſe politicians dat ſed it,
Dat ſinking of debts was reſtoring of credit.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here, to preſerve de conſultation of Britain,
A whole dozen of lords was made at one ſittin'.†
O raree ſhow, &c.

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head and body," which betrayed "a turbulent diſhoneſty within, even in the midſt of all theſe familiar airs, jocular bowing, and ſmiling, which he always affected to cover what could not be covered."

* Alluding to the two Houſes' addreſs of thanks to the Queen for her Majeſty's ſpeech on the opening of Parliament in 1712, in which ſhe averred that "the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in the Houſe of Hanover to theſe kingdoms was what ſhe had *neareſt at heart*."

† The miniſtry having been ſeveral times outvoted in the Upper Houſe prevailed on the Queen to create twelve new peers (Dec. 30, 1711),—an addition to that aſſembly which enabled them to carry forward their project of peace. The memorable Gazette, by which this vigorous exertion of prerogative was announced to the public, concluded with the following ſignificant notice:—"Her Majeſty has removed the Duke of Marlborough from all his employments."

Here be de cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A-hatching of plots dat no ſoul ever thought on.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be fifty pounds vor one of Paul's ſcrews*,
Which, had da been all gone, had ne'er hurt de pews,
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de five hundred pounds vor de taking Macartney†;
Dis muſt be anodar plot, de rewards bid ſo hearty.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de band-box and ink-horns‡: ſince de good man ſurviv'd it,
Dis not vorth one braſs vardin to know who contriv'd it.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de Duc D'Aumont's whole cellar of claret§,
Burnt by de plot laid as high as de garret.
O raree ſhow, &c.

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* See introductory note to *Plot upon Plot*, p. 120.

† General Macartney, who had been Lord Mohun's ſecond in the duel with the Duke of Hamilton, when both thoſe noblemen fell.

‡ See introductory note to *Plot upon Plot*, p. 120.

§ The Duke d'Aumont, ambaſſador extraordinary from France, whoſe houſe was deſtroyed, it was thought, by an incendiary, Jan. 24, 1719. The duke was not only ſuſpected of furthering the deſigns of the Pretender, but had rendered himſelf extremely obnoxious to the populace by permitting his retainers to ſell wines and other foreign commodities, to the prejudice of the London tradeſmen.

Here be de vive hundred pounds var de letter dat told it;
Do his ſtraw garreteers can moſt likely unfold it.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de Skelton, do no more dan his licenſe intended,
By advertiſements and ſwearing is nobly defended.*
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be alſo de good folk dat on no plot did tink,
Until Skelton and Lewis thus ſtirr'd up a ſtink.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Now give a laarjon, and when we have got 'em,
Me ſhow you de Shevaler de St. George at de bottom.
O raree ſhow, &c.

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* The ſuppoſed Jacobite plot alluded to in this and the following ſtanza created conſiderable ſenſation at the time, and is thus referred to by Swift, in his Journal to Stella, Jan. 27, 1713: —"My friend [Eraſmus] Lewis [Secretary to the Earl of Dartmouth] has had a lie ſpread on him, by the miſtake of a man [Richard Skelton, Esq.], who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for paſſing his privy ſeal to come from France. That other Lewis [a Jew] ſpread about that the man [Skelton] brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort (lords now with the Pretender) for his great ſervices. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council." Swift alſo wrote *A complete Refutation of the Falſehoods alleged againſt Eraſmus Lewis, Esq.* *Vide* his works by Scott, vol. iv.

2nd PART.

INCE, ſhentlemens, my Raree Show hit ſo pat,
Me brought you anoder more pretty dan dat.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de great ſpring dat dance de maſhien
Is vorced by de ſpirit encloſed vidin.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here firſt me preſent you peace-makers vor hire,
Who make de place ſet all de naſhon on vire.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Hermodactyl * looks vid viſage uncoute,
Acauſe he laughs bot on von ſide of his moute.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de gold goblet ſent to de old vox,
Var more plagues containing dan Pandora's box.
O raree ſhow, &c.

* Harley, Earl of Oxford.

Here Codicil * ſets down his hand vor de King,
Ven von veek afore he tought on no ſuch ting.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here he vid convulſions does matter impart,
And ſpeaks vid his moute vat he damns vid his heart.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Gambol † ſhows a var ſtrange revormation,
Vid papers at door, ven he'd bullied de naſhon.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Wildfire ‡ and he all deir fury retrench,
Cool'd more dan at Greenwich bevore my dear vench.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Plenipo Rummer §, who daſh'd vine of late,
Is arriv'd at de art of daſhing de State.
O raree ſhow, &c.

And here, having run round de ring, Atty Brogue ‖
Returns to his primitive eſſence, a rogue.
O raree ſhow, &c.

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* Lord-Keeper Harcourt.

† Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

‡ Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

§ Matthew Prior, the poet, who arranged the preliminaries of the peace of Utrecht.

‖ Biſhop Atterbury.

Siere, ſays de monarch to de ſon of a —,
Since you can no more help me, me'll help you no more.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Perkin, ſince no von his title eſpouſes,
Aſcends from de trone to de tiling of houſes.*
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here be de biſhop vor Bungey † contrives a new ſpeech,
To vard off vat t'oder prepar'd vor his breech.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Bungey does Britain vor her choice commend her,
In da vary ſermon made vor de Pretender.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Here Tories to Vrance gives de trade, and to Spain,
And vill grow vary rich ven dey give't back again.
O raree ſhow, &c.

And here dey all join vid von heart and von voice,
Vor vat, had it miſſ'd, dey vould var more rejoice.
O raree ſhow, &c.

* The Tories affected to believe that the Pretender was the child of an Iriſh bricklayer or tiler.

† Sacheverel; who, when at the height of his popularity, was flattered with the proſpect of a biſhopric.

See here deir old vriend de diable appears,
And bids dem to bravely diſmiſs all deir fears.
O raree ſhow, &c.

Bot dat de poltrone may have no more to brag on,
Here be brave Saint George a-ſlaying de dragon.
O raree ſhow, &c.

GEORGE I.

A LAMENTATION FOR THE LATE TIMES.

[During the laſt four years of Queen Anne's reign, the Tories, including the chief members of her cabinet, had been ſecretly and actively engaged, with her privity, if not with her ſanction, in preparing the way for the ultimate reſtoration of the exiled Stuarts. The queen's ſudden death (Aug. 1, 1714) put a ſtop to their ill-adviſed ſcheme; and George I. ſucceeded to the throne in the ſame quiet and undiſputed manner as if it had deſcended to him by hereditary right. No ſooner, however, had the Whigs, who had always been conſiſtent ſupporters of the Hanoverian ſucceſſion, regained their old aſcendancy in the government of the kingdom, than they proceeded to retaliate upon their political opponents, by impeaching the miniſtry of the late queen for having precipitated the treaty of Utrecht. By this factious proceeding, the Tories were driven, in ſelf-defence, to overthrow, if poſſible, the new dynaſty. The Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke eſcaped to France, where they openly joined the Pretender; the reſt, including Harley, Earl of Oxford — "the Head," as Walpole deſignated him — remained at home, and ventured to ſtand their trials. *A Lamentation for the late Times* is a pæan of the now triumphant Whigs.]

To the tune of "To you fair Ladies now at land."

E ſilly Tories, now give ear
To what I ſhall advance,
Who lately, without wit or fear,
Your meaſures took from France:

But who might now have happy been
(Were ye not fools) in your own King.
With a Fa, la, &c.

The like was never ſeen before,
Since the firſt fall of man;
That Jemmy was not haſten'd o'er,
Before the fall of Ann:
Since ſhe was thoroughly inclin'd,
And ſick of body, ſick of mind.
With a Fa, la, &c.

Your ſchemes, I own, were all well laid,
Your proper meaſures took;
And all that could be done or ſaid,
Was done by hook or crook:
But, tell me, with what confidence
Could you depend on Providence?
With a Fa, la, &c.

No doubt you muſt conclude on ſight,
And think, as you thought then,
That God's *hereditary right*
Can never fail with men:
But he, you ſee, is well content,
T' explain this Right by *Parliament*.*
With a Fa, la, &c.

* Alluding to the Act of Settlement paſſed in the reign of William III. (June 12, 1701.)

And now ſuppoſe (as you have done
In all your Acts of late)
That Providence was neuter grown,
And left us *tête à tête*;
Yet, I'll be hang'd if Common ſenſe
E'er did or will do thus agen.
With a Fa, la, &c.

For when the premiſſes were laid,
With all your main and might,
Yourſelves expoſ'd, your friends betray'd,
And France in heart and plight;
Then, not to hurry Perkin in —
O fie! the like was never ſeen!
With a Fa, la, &c.

And yet to lay this deep-laid ſcheme,
Four kingdoms fam'd in ſtory,
Employ'd their wiſeſt, ableſt men,
Both Jacobite and Tory:
Great Britain, France, and Ireland,
And Spain, too, all join'd hand in hand.
With a Fa, la, &c.

Nay Robin Harley *, he was there,
Fam'd both for wit and ſenſe;

* Earl of Oxford, who, when Ormond and Bolingbroke fled, was committed to the Tower, and there detained for two years.

Endow'd with ev'ry tricking air,
With politics and pence;
And yet, as tho'f it were not he,
The plot it could not, would not gee—
With a Fa, la, &c.

No; not tho' it was puſhed on
(And without any thinking)
In heat and hurry by Saint John,
Warm'd both with love and drinking;
Tho' theſe were for't, I ſay, 'tis clear,
That we have baulk'd the *Chevalier*.
With a Fa, la, &c.

And now to name ſome men of God,
And many men of ſin,
Who all engag'd in ſchemes moſt odd
To bring this youngſter in,
I think it vain, but can't but laugh
That Ormond's duke ſhould prove an oaff!
With a Fa, la, &c.

Then God preſerve our brave King George,
And all his royal race;
And may all thoſe who dare to forge
A Papiſt for his place—
O may all men who have ſuch views—
O may they die in wooden ſhoes!
With a Fa, la, &c.

THE VAGABOND TORIES.

[This is one of innumerable ſongs occaſioned by the flight of the Pretender's Tory adherents to join him, preparatory to his meditated deſcent upon the Britiſh ſhores. See introductory note to the preceding ballad.]

To a well-known tune.

WHAT a racket is here
With your fugitive Peers,
Two dukes and a viſcount * that led 'em;
'Tis plain that the ſages
Are gone for their wages,
That he who employ'd 'em may feed 'em.

But if I'm not miſtaken,
They'll ſcarce ſave their bacon,
Old Lewis will quickly abhor 'em;
'Tis always his nature
To bilk a poor traitor,
When he finds he can do no more for him.

* The Duke of Ormond and Viſcount Bolingbroke. As the ſtanzas were penned immediately after their flight, the report that *two* dukes were gone over to the Pretender was probably erroneous; unleſs the writer meant to include the Duke of Berwick.

The high-mettl'd Harry *
Began the vagary,
But you'll hear he's all on the fret;
When the diamond he wore
Is pawn'd to a wh—,
Or the giver has ſeiz'd it for debt.

This couple and half,
Two rakes and one calf,
Went off with the firſt fair wind:
But as ſure as a gun,
There are others will run,
Tho' at preſent they're lagging behind.

One Lord keeps a rout;
With his guns jutting out,
Another lies peeping and groping;
A third ſays he'll make
"The Sceptre to ſhake,"
But they'll all ſcour away from a chopping.

The knight † of ſuch fire
From Somerſetſhire,
Who for High-Church is always ſo hearty,

* Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

† Sir William Wyndham, member for Somerſetſhire, and a Tory leader, who, amongſt others, was arreſted on ſuſpicion of intending to join the Jacobites on the Continent.

Tho' in England he tarries,
Is equipping for Paris,
To prevent any *ſchiſm* in the party.

Frank Scammony's fate
May be ſomething more late,
For his ſwearing and lying full ſtore:
But ſhould the Church Brawn
Be ſecure in his lawn,
Yet Bungey * muſt make a grand tour.

O Oxford †! thy fame
Shines out in his name,
With a Chancellor Ormond profound;
And eke in Sir William ‡,
That leather-jaw'd villain,
Thou'rt in Blue-ſtrings and Shoe-ſtrings renown'd.

There's no one denies
They're learned and wiſe,
Since the choice they made is not common:

* Sacheverell.

† Upon the bill of attainder being paſſed againſt Ormond, the Chancellor of the Univerſity, the latter unanimouſly appointed his brother the Earl of Arran to ſucceed him, although it was well known that the Prince of Wales aſpired to the vacant office.

‡ Wyndham.

Grave members* they've ſent
To the Parliament,
An old man, and eke an old woman.

They furniſh'd out once
A bellowing Dunce,
Unlearned, ungodly, uncivil;
Who in college and ſchool
Was always a fool,
But in politics raves like a devil.†

The impudent Phipps‡
Muſt come in for snips,
Who at Oxford ſo lately was dubb'd;
Tho' inſtead of degree,
Such a bawler as he
Deſerv'd to be heartily drubb'd.

Young Perkin, poor elf,
May promiſe himſelf
Two things from the face of that man;

* William Bromley and Doctor Charles Clarke, the repreſentatives of the Univerſity in 1715.

† Sacheverell.

‡ Sir Conſtantine Phipps, ex-Chancellor of Ireland, who for his Jacobite ſympathies had been removed from his office immediately upon the acceſſion of George I. On the King's coronation-day (20th Oct. 1714), the Univerſity of Oxford had conferred a doctor's degree, in a markedly factious manner, upon him.

There's braſs within reach
To furniſh a ſpeech,
And the lid of a *warming-pan.**

The King of Spain ſent to,
About th' Aſſento,
Atty Brogue † the harden'd and brawny;
Away let him flee,
Full drive to South Sea,
That the Blacks may be match'd with a Tawny.

A certain peace-maker ‡
Is a doughty wiſe-acre,
His ſpelling and talking will prove it;
On his ſide a great ſtar
Does glitter moſt rare,
But, alas, 'tis all darkneſs above it!

One Tom, Earl of Strafford §,
Already has ſuffer'd
For treaſon, we know very well;

* Alluding to the utenſil in which it was vulgarly believed that the Chevalier had been conveyed, by a Romiſh prieſt, to the bed-chamber of Queen Mary of Modena, on the morning of his birth. The "warming-pan" figures in innumerable ballads, broadſides, and caricatures of this period.

† Dr. Francis Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, who was as remarkable for his diminutive ſtature as for the ſwarthineſs of his complexion.

‡ Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, who effected the peace of Utrecht.

§ Alluding to the fate of the great miniſter of Charles I.

Tho' of him it is ſaid,
He once had a *head*,
But this is no more than a *ſhell*.

What Ormond with fraud
Long ago did abroad,
With fear he does over again;
'Tis but an old dance
To leave England for France,
He play'd the ſame trick at Denain.*

Tho' his name is ſo high,
He was there but a ſpy
To Villars; and now the French Bully,
To quit off old ſcores,
Shall find him with wh—,
And ſerve as a pimp to his cully.

For the Peers gone away,
For the parſons that ſtay,
They tell us new laws are preparing;
The laymen we ſainted
Muſt now be attainted,
And their clergy kept honeſt by ſwearing.†

* Alluding to the deſertion of the Allies by the Engliſh army, which the duke commanded (after the recall of Marlborough) in 1712.

† The high-church party almoſt to a man ſympathiſed with the Pretender, conſcientiouſly believing that the Church was in danger under a Whig rule.

But 'tis all a jeſt
To hamper a prieſt,
For abjuring they care not a fig;
They'll take without fail
An oath like a whale,
If they get but a Living as big.

Their doubts they can baniſh,
All ſcruples will vaniſh,
The cloudieſt caſe will be clear;
An oath vile and woful
Appears very lawful
In the light of a hundred a-year.

Grand aſſeverations,
Severe imprecations,
Are as eaſy as reading their pſalter;
They ſwallow all up,
Without ere a gulp,
There's nought chokes a prieſt but a halter.

A NEW SONG.

[The ſubject of this ballad was John Erſkine, eleventh Earl of Mar, who headed the formidable inſurrection in Scotland againſt the new government (1715). His political tergiverſation is thus ſummed up by Mr. Chambers, in his hiſtory of that Rebellion. "He had entered into public life, early in Queen Anne's reign, as a partizan of the Court; in other words, a Whig or Revolutioniſt. Afterwards, in 1704, on the country or Jacobite party coming into power, he wheeled about, and impoſed himſelf upon his late opponents as one of the moſt zealous of their friends. Previous to the union, when the Whig party again became triumphant, he turned once more; and he was conſpicuous in the liſt of commiſſioners for carrying that meaſure into effect. . . . At the change of the Whig for the Tory Miniſtry in 1710, he had the addreſs to make ſtill another change, and to be made one of the Secretaries of State. He would have willingly been converted back to Proteſtant ſucceſſion, if King George could have only aſſured him of a continuance in office. Finding himſelf rejected in that quarter, he was finally, at leaſt for the preſent, ſettled down into a friend of the exiled Houſe of Stuart."]

To the tune of "Which nobody can deny, or Rare Doings at Bath."

ATTEND, and I'll tell you a ſtory that's new,
'Tis ſomewhat that's ſtrange, but yet it is true,
To change a black hat for a bonnet that's blue;
Which nobody can deny.

A rogue of a Scot pretends to declare
Againſt King and Country a traitorous war;
A perjur'd falſe loon*, and his name it is Mar;
Which nobody, &c.

This crooked diſciple pretends he will bring
A Popiſh Pretender, whom he calls a King,
For which both himſelf and his Maſter may ſwing;
Which nobody, &c.

By oaths he has ſworn, and the Sacrament took,
His hand and his lips have been laid to the book,
And then, like Judas, his Maſter forſook;
Which nobody, &c.

But firſt, like true heroes, the rebels we'll bang,
We've axes and halters to ſerve the whole gang,
And then, too, like Judas himſelf he may hang;
Which nobody, &c.

In tumults and treaſon the Jacobites cry,
The King's a Fanatic, I tell you for why,
Becauſe he is not of a Church they call *High*;
Which nobody, &c.

* On Aug. 1ſt, 1715, the earl appeared at the levee of King George; on the 2nd he ſet off to raiſe the Highlands for King James!

What Church 'tis they mean, 'tis plain we can tell,
A Church that the Jacobites know very well,
The true Church of Rome, that teach knaves to rebel;
Which nobody, &c.

To prove this aſſertion, ye very well know
Three traitors that ſwung for 't, and not long ago,
One ſaid he was High-Church, but would not be low;
Which nobody, &c.

But when at old Tyburn he came to the rope,
He told 'em his Church did belong to the Pope,
But ſtill would be High-Church as long as there's hope;
Which nobody, &c.

A true Popiſh project their ſcandal to ſhow
On a Proteſtant Church, with their high and their low,
But hang up ſuch rogues, or *the* Church they'd o'erthrow;
Which nobody, &c.

For ſhepherds and wolves to be in our cauſe,
Againſt our Religion, our Country, and Laws,
When muſt the poor Church thus heal up her flaws?
Which nobody, &c.

When Oxford, that eminent ſtructure of ſtudy,
In riots and treaſons their heads are turn'd giddy,
The ſtreams muſt be foul when the fountain is muddy *;
Which nobody, &c.

A Proteſtant King and a Proteſtant Prince,
Three Proteſtant kingdoms invited long ſince,
But now like old trickſters the matter they'd mince;
Which nobody, &c.

King George and the Prince, about let it paſs,
The Princeſs and iſſue, with all the whole race—
To traitors and villains confuſion of face;
Which nobody, &c.

* Alluding to the diſloyal conduct of the ſtudents, who, when the King's officers, in the ſummer of 1715, were beating up for volunteers, fell upon them ſo fiercely that they hardly eſcaped with their lives.

ORMOND THE BRAVE.

[This is a traditionary ballad, and was taken down by Mr. Roach Smith in 1841, from the mouth of an itinerant fiſherman in the Iſle of Wight, who knew no more about it than that it had been ſung by his father and grandfather before him. I have transferred it from the pages of *England under the Houſe of Hanover*, by that eminent antiquary, Mr. Thomas Wright, who juſtly eſteems it one of the moſt curious relics of Jacobite literature extant. "It was, no doubt," obſerves the laſt-mentioned gentlemen, "one of thoſe ſung about the country on the eve of the rebellion of 1715. It is evidently much corrupted, as here given from the mouth of the ſinger."

The perſonal hiſtory of the Duke of Ormond, after his ineffectual attempt to raiſe a rebellion in the Weſt of England, preſents no features whatever of intereſt. For ſeveral years he continued to intrigue for the reſtoration of the Stuarts, and died at laſt neglected and almoſt forgotten, in his retirement at Avignon, Nov. 16, 1745.]

I AM Ormond the Brave—did you ever hear of me?
A man lately baniſh'd from his own country,
I fought for my life, and I pawn'd my eſtate,
For being ſo loyal to the Queen and the great.
You know I am Ormond, I am Ormond the Brave;
You call me Jemmy Butler, but I am Ormond the Brave!

Between Ormond and Marlboro' there aroſe a great diſpute:
Says Ormond to Marlbro, "I was born a duke,
And you but a foot-page to wait upon a lady;
You may thank the kind fortune, ſince the wars they have made ye."
And ſing hey, &c.

"O," ſays Marlbro', "now do not ſay ſo;
For if you do, from the Court you ſhall go."
"Oh, then," ſays Ormond, "do not be ſo cruel,
But draw forth your ſword, and I'll end it with a duel."
But Marlbro' went away, and he came no more there;
When the brave Duke of Ormond threw his ſword into the air.
And ſing hey, &c.

"Begone, then," ſays Ormond, "you cowardly traitor!
To rob my ſoldiers it never was my nature,
As you have done before, we well underſtand,
You fill'd up your coffers, and impoveriſh'd your own land."
And ſing hey, &c.

"I never was a traitor, as you have been ſaying:
I never damn'd Queen Anne, as her grave ſhe lay in;
But I was Queen Anne's darling, and Old England's delight,
And for the crown of England ſo boldly I did fight."
And ſing hey, &c.

BISHOP BURNET'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

[For the ſhare Biſhop Burnet had in the memorable revolution of 1688, he was not only purſued to the laſt hour of his life with inveterate malignity by the Jacobites; but his memory was loaded with every epithet of reproach by his almoſt equally bitter enemies, the loyal Tories. The biſhop died March 17, 1715. How the Jacobites treated him may be judged, in ſome meaſure, by the following epitaph they compoſed upon him: —

Here Sarum lies,
Of late as wiſe
As learned Tom Aquinas:
Lawn ſleeves he wore,
Yet was no more
A Chriſtian than Socinus.

Oaths *pro* and *con*
He ſwallow'd down,
Lov'd gold like any layman;
Wrote, preach'd, and pray'd,
But yet betray'd
God's holy Church to Mammon.

Of every vice
He had a ſpice,
Altho' a reverend prelate;
Yet liv'd and died,
If not belied,
A true diſſenting zealot.

If ſuch a ſoul
To heav'n has ſtole,
And 'ſcap'd old Satan's clutches;

We'd then preſume,
There may be room
For Marlbro' and his Dutcheſs.

What his other opponents thought of him may be gathered from the *Deſcent into Hell.* This piece, it is ſaid, was written by the biſhop's youngeſt ſon, Sir Thomas Burnet (who died one of the Juſtices of the Common Pleas), in anticipation of the Tory ſatiriſts; which, if true, confirms (as Scott remarks) his early character for graceleſſneſs and ingenuity.]

THE Devils were brawling
At Burnet's deſcending;
But at his arrival,
They left off contending:
Old Lucifer ran
His dear biſhop to meet,
And thus the Arch-devil
Th' Apoſtate did greet: —

"My dear Biſhop Burnet,
I'm glad beyond meaſure;
This viſit unlook'd for
Gives infinite pleaſure;
And, O! my dear Sarum,
How go things above;
Does George hate the Tories,
And Whigs only love?"

"Was your Highneſs in
Propriâ perſonâ to reign,

You could not more juſtly
Your Empire maintain."
"And how does Ben Hoadley?"
"Oh! he's very well,
A truer blue Whig
You have not in hell."

"Hugh Peters is making
A ſneaker * within,
For Luther, Buchanan,
John Knox, and Calvin;
And when they have toſs'd off
A brace of full bowls,
You'll ſwear you ne'er met
With honeſter ſouls.

"This night we'll carouſe,
In ſpite of all pain;—
Go, Cromwell, you dog,
King William unchain;
And tell him his Gilly
Is lately come down;
Who's juſt left his mitre,
As he left his crown.

"Whoſe lives, till they died,
In our ſervice were ſpent,

* A ſmall bowl of punch.

They only come hither,
Who never repent;
Let heralds aloud, then,
Our victories tell,
Let George reign for ever!"
Amen! cried all hell.

THE PRETENDER'S CHARGE AGAINST THE TORIES.

[When his chief partizans in England were diſperſed, or in captivity; when his adherents in Scotland were overawed by the ſuperior forces of Argyle; and when a reward of 100,000*l.* was ſet upon his head, Prince James Edward Frederick Stuart, the Pretender, landed with half a dozen attendants almoſt unexpectedly at Peterhead, in Aberdeenſhire, on December 22, 1715. His arrival only added to the confuſion and deſpair in the ranks of his followers. After making a brief tour in the northern parts of Scotland, and exerciſing a few of the prerogatives of majeſty, he departed for France as ſuddenly as he came (Feb. 4, 1716). Such puſillanimous conduct diſguſted the hardy clans in the Highlands. The Chevalier's preſence in the ancient kingdom of his forefathers is nowhere better deſcribed than in a Rebel's *True Account of the Proceedings at Perth*: "I muſt not conceal (ſays this follower) that, when we ſaw the man whom they call our King, we found ourſelves not at all animated by his preſence; and if he was diſappointed in us, we were tenfold more ſo in him. We ſaw nothing in him that looked like ſpirit. He never appeared with cheerfulneſs and vigor to animate us. Our men begun to deſpiſe him; ſome aſked if he could ſpeak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad amongſt us ſoldiers, or to ſee us handle our arms or do our exerciſe. Some ſaid the circumſtances he found us in dejected him; I am ſure the figure he made dejected us; and had he ſent us but 5000 men of good troops, and never himſelf come amongſt us, we had done other things than we have now."

The cauſe of the Pretender, after his abortive attempt in Scotland, became ſo manifeſtly hopeleſs, that the Whig ſupporters of the Hanoverian rule could now afford to banter the diſcomfited Jacobite Tories in leſs ferocious ballads than they were wont to indite before the iſſue of the dynaſtic conteſt was known.]

ROM diſtant lands your wand'ring King
With mournful voice does call;
Ye Tories hear the heavy charge
I have againſt you all.

The non-reſiſting doctrine was
The mark to know you by,
And all falſe brethren call'd, who dare
This article deny.

Full thirty years this was the cant
To royal ſovereignty;
Paſſive obedience we will give,
Like Eſſex calves we'll be.

The ſcaramouches everywhere
With open throats bawl'd out,
Ye loyal ſons of our High-Church,
This is the truth, no doubt.

Th' Oxonian doctors farther went,
And gravely did aver,
A damning ſin it was to ſet
Aſide a popiſh Heir.

Late Jemmy, who my father was,
If I'm his ſon be true,

Three kingdoms loſt by truſting to
This ſwearing perjur'd crew.

You ſwore that you believ'd that I
Came from the royal line;
So you my ſubjects were, and I
Your King by right divine.

You boaſted that the Whigs were leſs
In number ten to one;
And ſo with eaſe, if I'd come o'er,
You'd ſet me on the throne.

Your words I took, deceived by
Leſley*, that flattering tool,
But found you prov'd the greateſt knaves,
And I the greateſt fool.

One King you ſwore to, yet him hate,
And for another long,
Let which of us be in the right,
You muſt be in the wrong.

You're falſe to him, to whom you ſwore,
And are to me not true;
The worſt of men that ever liv'd,
Are ſaints compar'd with you!

* The well-known author of the *Rehearſals*.

If curſing oaths and lies, like ſwords
And guns, the Whigs would kill,
Your Jemmy ſoon might come again
The Britiſh throne to fill.

But fighting Whigs my rival guard,
The thundering din of war
Fills Tory hearts and mine with fear—
This, this our cauſe does *Mar*.

Pray beg my rival generouſly
To give me up his throne;
For by your fighting I've no hopes
It e'er will be my own.

But if, like fools, you'll try once more
The Whigs' ſuperior power,
Your King turns prophet, and foretells
You'll riſe to fall down lower.

This is the dreadful curſe I wiſh
On all the Tory race;
'Twould eaſe my raging heart to hear
It ſpeedily took place.

May ye again rebel, and may
This doom upon ye fall;
Be routed, thouſands ſlain, the reſt
Taken and hanged all!

I by my royal word now ſwear,
Since I muſt poor remain,
By you falſe cowards once betray'd,
I'll ne'er truſt you again.

This is your charge, none can deny't,
'Tis truth which I here tell —
Ye traitorous Tories now farewell,
Eternally farewell!

THE TORIES' ANSWER.

GREAT Sir! we Tories were amazed,
Your heavy charge to hear;
Who are the cowards, you or we,
Theſe lines will make appear.

We own'd you for King James's ſon,
And pray'd you to come over;
Tell us what mighty things you've done
Your kingdoms to recover?

When you embark'd, the roaring waves
Fill'd your faint heart with fear,
Your courage—if you any had—
Was left behind you there.

When you into the harbour got,
And ſafely was unſhipt,
You trembled like a naughty child
Juſt going to be whipt.

Ah! did the piercing northern cold
The ſhaking ague bring?
O no, it was a timorous heart
That lodg'd within our King.

You came and view'd your highland clans,
And rode from front to rear;
You lik'd not them, nor they lik'd you,
Your looks betray'd your fear.

Argyle drew nigh, with furious ſpeed,
The fate of war to try;
Three kingdoms could not make you ſtay,
But you as faſt did fly.

I ſhall be caught or kill'd (you cried)
When murd'ring bullets fly;
Or thund'ring noiſe will make me deaf,
Or ſmoke inflame my eye.

Your valiant clans then wiſely thought,
Since you were fled and gone,
They would not be ſuch fools to fight;
And thus you were undone.

But they with ſwords and targets arm'd
Could make your foes to bleed,
And drive them back (had you but ſtaid)
Into the River Tweed.

Had you but boldly marcht to us,
In Britain's ſouthern parts,
Great numbers would have joined you,
With courage in their hearts.

Your name in hiſtories will be
Reverſe to Cæſar's fame;
You came and ſaw—then ran away
Much faſter than you came!

Turn prieſt; the ladies then will come
To you to be confeſt;
Sing *Ave Marias*, and ſay *Maſs*, —
That ſuits your temper beſt.

Were ever faithful ſubjects ſerv'd
So baſe as we have been;
Slighted and left, and bullied too,
By one we call'd our King?

All, but we Tories, are aſham'd
To own thee for a King —
Thou crying, flying runagate,
Thou down-lookt puny thing!

Pray croſs the ſeas no more to us,
We ne'er will come to thee;
Thy weeping, diſmal, laſt farewell
Eternal then will be.

THE PRETENDER'S FLIGHT, AND SORROWFUL LAMENTATION FOR HIS LATE DISAPPOINTMENT IN SCOTLAND.

[Previouſly to the breaking out of the Scottiſh rebellion in 1715, many of the Londoners exhibited their loyalty to the Houſe of Hanover by arming and conſtituting themſelves the guardians of the public peace within the limits of their own city, and by meeting and carouſing periodically at certain taverns, or *mug-houſes*, as they were called from the veſſel in which the liquor was ſold. Theſe loyal ſocieties ultimately became the greateſt peſts of the town; for at their convivial gatherings the members of them, in drinking confuſion to the Pretender and his Tory adherents, uſually confounded themſelves, and whilſt in that ſtate ſallied forth and attacked indiſcriminately all whom they met in the ſtreets. The turbulence and bloodſhed that followed at length compelled the government to interpoſe and ſuppreſs them. The following is an average ſpecimen of the once popular "mug-houſe ſongs." Both in point of wit and expreſſion they are very inferior to the Jacobite relics of the ſame period.]

Let Tories in this Ballad view
What ſilly Whigs believe not true,
Perkin is ſurely James's ſon,
He does ſo naturally run:
So fooliſh is he, and mild-hearted,
I do ſincerely wiſh him carted;
And, if his ſtars do not miſtake,
He muſt in time the halter take.

To the tune of "What d'ye call it."

I.

WAS when the Seas were roaring
With blaſts of northern wind,
Young Perkin lay deploring,
On warming-pan reclin'd;
Wide o'er the roaring billows
He caſt a diſmal look,
And ſhiver'd like the willows
That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

"Three weeks are gone and over,
And five long tedious days,
Since I, unhappy rover,
Did venture o'er the ſeas.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel Ocean,
And let young Perkin reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within his breaſt?

III.

"Mar, robb'd of place and penſion,
Rebels through Fortune's frown;

His loſs deſerves no mention
To the loſing of my Crown;
Would he regain his penſion,
He need but croſs the main;
But, ah me! no invention
My Crown can e'er regain.

IV.

"Why was it ſaid the Tories
For me did try amain?
Why then are all the roaries,
Why are they all in vain?
No eyes their uſe diſcover,
They mobb'd on bonfire-night
To tempt me to come over,
Then leave me in a fright!"

V.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd he for his Crown,
Continually ſighing,
The tears his cheeks run down:
Then mounting High-Church ſteeple
Argyle's approach he ſpied,
And leaving High-land people,
He fled to the ſea-ſide.

VI.

Where finding of ſome ſhipping
Which lately came from France,
The firſt he met he ſlipt in,
For fear of Highland clans;
Leaving behind young Tinmouth,
And divers friends beſide,
Cry'd "Devil take the hindmoſt!"
And ſo th' Impoſtor died.

THE CHRISTENING:

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

[The marked preference ſhown by the Electreſs Sophia of Hanover for her grandſon, Prince George Auguſtus, whom alone ſhe conſulted in all matters relating to the Engliſh ſucceſſion, naturally produced in the mind of his father, George I., a ſtrong feeling of jealouſy; which, ſhortly after his arrival in this country, unhappily ripened into an abſolute diſlike of him. The firſt public diſplay of this ill diſpoſition was exhibited at the chriſtening of the Prince's firſt-born ſon in England, when the King, without having given any previous intimation of his intention, thought proper to ſubſtitute the Duke of Newcaſtle (who was particularly obnoxious to the Prince) for his royal brother, the Duke of York, as one of the ſponſors on that occaſion. The Prince of Wales reſtrained his indignation till the concluſion of the ceremony, and then, raiſing his hand menacingly to the Duke, vowed vengeance, and heaped the coarſeſt epithets upon him. For this ebullition of temper the King not only demanded an apology from his ſon, but ſought at the ſame time to reduce him to a ſtate of the moſt abject dependence. Failing, however, to obtain his entire ſubmiſſion, his Majeſty ſummarily ejected both the Prince and his houſehold from the palace of St. James'. This untoward affair was equally aſtoniſhing to the public and perplexing to the government. The adherents of the Pretender, as this ballad ſhows, took immediate advantage of it.]

To the tune of "Chevy Chace."

GOD proſper long our noble King,
His Turks and Germans all;
A woful Chriſt'ning late there did
In James' Houſe befall.

To name a child, with might and main,
Newcaſtle took his way;
We all may rue the child was born,
Who chriſtened was that day.

His ſturdy ſire, the Prince of Wales,
A vow to God did make,
That if he dared his child to name
His heart full ſure ſhould ake.

But on a day, ſtraight to the Court,
This duke came with a ſtaff —
Oh! how the Prince did ſtamp and ſtare!
At which this duke did laugh.

Hereat the Prince did wax full wroth,
E'en in his Father's hall:
"I'll be reveng'd on thee, (he cry'd)
Thou rogue and eke raſcal!"

The duke ran ſtraightway to the King,
Complaining of his ſon;
And then the King ſent three dukes * more
To know what he had done.

* The King, ſuppoſing that his ſon had challenged Newcaſtle to fight, ſent the Dukes of Roxburg, Kent, and Kingſton, to know the exact words uſed by him, which the Prince ſaid were not "You raſcal, I will *fight* you!" but "You raſcal, I will *find* you!" meaning that he would at ſome future time retaliate upon him.

"Then," quoth the Prince, "he is a rogue
Againſt my will to ſtand;"
Then Roxbro' ſaid, "Great Sir, indeed,
He did it by command."

"By G—! thou lieſt, I know thy heart,
And thy preſumption, too;"
And then he added words of wrath,
So to the King they flew.

"We ſaw the Prince," quoth Roxbro'—"*Bon.*"
"T'appeaſe him we're not able;
He gave me, Sire, the lie,"—"*Comment?*"
"And bid us kiſs"—"*Diable!*"

The King then took his gray-gooſe quill,
And dipt it o'er in gall,
And, by Maſter Vice-Chamberlain,
He ſent to him this ſcrawl:—

"Take hence yourſelf, and eke your ſpouſe,
Your maidens and your men;
Your trunks and all your trumpery,—
Except your chil-de-ren."

Theſe heavy tidings being told,
Each ſnatcht up what was uſeful;
The Princeſs firſt to Clayton cried,
"Oh! don't forget the cloſe-ſtool."

The Prince ſecured with mickle haſte
The Artillery Commiſſion *;
And with him trudged full many a maid,
But not one politician.

Up leapt Lepel † and friſk'd away,
As though ſhe ran on wheels;
Miſs Meadows ‡ made a woful face,
Miſs Howe§ took to her heels.

But Bellenden ‖, I needs muſt praiſe,
Who, as down ſtairs ſhe jumps,

* The Prince, as Regent, during his father's abſence in Hanover in the preceding year, had made himſelf extremely popular with the army, which was thought to have confirmed his father's jealouſy of him.

† Mary Lepel, the accompliſhed and vivacious daughter of General Lepel, and one of the maids of honour to the Princeſs, of whom Lord Cheſterfield has written:—

"Should the Pope himſelf ever go roaming,
He would follow dear Molly Lepel."

‡ Miſs Meadows, another of the Princeſs' maids of honour, "whom (ſays Dr. Doran) the fine gentlemen called a 'prude,' light poets ſneered at as 'chaſte,' and whoſe ſelf-reſpect afforded as much amuſement to the licentious courtiers as the ſtartling wit of Lepel or Bellenden."

§ Sophia Howe, another of the Princeſs' attendants; ſhe was daughter of General Howe, and equally diſtinguiſhed for her beauty and frivolity.

‖ Mary, daughter of Lord Bellenden; ſhe rejected the addreſſes of the Prince and eſpouſed, in 1720, Colonel John Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyle), then groom of the bedchamber to his Royal Highneſs.

Sang "*O'er the hills and far away,*"
Deſpiſing doleful dumps.

Then up the ſtreet they took their way,
And knockt up good Lord Grant-ham *
Higgledy-piggledy they lay,
And all went *rantam ſcantam.*

Now Sire and Son had play'd their part,
What could befall beſide?
Why the poor babe took this to heart,
Kickt up its heels and died.†

God grant the land may profit reap
From all this ſilly pother,
And ſend theſe fools may ne'er agree,
Till they are at Hanover.

* Earl Grantham was chamberlain to the Princeſs of Wales, and when ſhe and the Prince were ejected from St. James', they found a temporary refuge in his lordſhip's private reſidence in Albemarle Street, whilſt Leiceſter Houſe was preparing for their reception.

† The Prince (George William) was born on the 2nd Nov. 1717, and died on the 6th of Feb. 1718. The Duke of Newcaſtle, being Lord Chamberlain, had the unenviable duty of ſuperintending the funeral; ſo that the court wits ſaid of him, that he had not only introduced the infant prince into the boſom, but alſo into the bowels, of the church!

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF ENGLAND.

[The precipitate removal of Lord Townſend from the government (the reſult of Sunderland's and Stanhope's intrigues on the Continent, whilſt the King was viſiting his Hanoverian dominions) was ſhortly afterwards followed by the voluntary retirement of the diſgraced miniſter's principal colleagues and friends, who thenceforward conſtituted an Oppoſition much more formidable to the new miniſtry than the united factions of Tories and Jacobites. The excuſes alleged for the ſummary treatment of Townſend were, that he and ſome others in the Cabinet were caballing with the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Iſlay; that their repeated remonſtrances to draw his Majeſty from Hanover were only ſo many feints to cover their own inſidious deſigns; that their great deſire was to detain him abroad, and by urging the neceſſity of tranſacting the public buſineſs, to induce him to inveſt the Prince of Wales with fuller powers, and enable him to open the parliament, and to obtain an increaſed, permanent, and independent intereſt. Several of the parties ſatiriſed in this ballad were known to be perſonal friends of the Prince; but it may be doubted whether they approached him *in a body*, as here indicated. The ballad is curious, as exhibiting the unhappy ſtate of feeling that exiſted between King George and his heir.]

To the tune of "To all you ladies," &c.

1.

SEVEN Planets they do grace the ſkies,
Seven Biſhops grac'd the Tow'r;
In Greece were only Seven Wiſe Men,
In England are no more:
The Eighth, to make the number even,
Is he that's govern'd by the Seven.
With a fa la, &c.

II.

Now ſhall I tell each title o'er,
Each different degree;
The Peers they are in number *four*,
The Commoners but *three*;
Which peerleſs three they don't see why
They mayn't be peers before they die.

III.

There's Oxford (Sunderland's faſt friend),
There's Townſend fam'd for ſpeeches,
Earl Cowper never known to bend
While he did wear the breeches;
But I ſhould name his Grace of Devon,
Almoſt the talleſt of the Seven.

IV.

The Walpoles twain * but *one* I count,
For ſay whate'er they can,
Although two wags, they do amount
But juſt to one Wiſe Man:
The next are Edgecumbe†, ſhort and comely,
And the son of Muſter-maſter Gumley.

* Sir Robert and his brother Horace.
† Richard Edgecumbe, the political agent of Walpole.

V.

To Richmond * theſe Seven Wiſe Men went,
Gall Walpole's barge it bore 'em,
Our Hope his courſe to meet them bent,
Six footmen march'd before him:
In his embroider'd coat they found him,
With all his ſtrutting dwarfs around him.†

VI.

"Welcome, my lords and gentlemen,
I'm glad to ſee your faces;
Firſt kiſs my Royal hand, and then
Walk in and take your places:
Set me my chair, on either hand
I give you Wiſe Men leave to ſtand."

VII.

The Lord of Chatſworth ‡, that grave peer,
Attempted firſt to ſpeak,
For wit renown'd thro' Derbyſhire,
The wonder of the Peak;
Whoſe wiſdom, o'er his viſage ſpread,
Lies on the outſide of his head.

* The Prince of Wales, after the quarrel with his father, kept his court alternately at Richmond and Leiceſter Houſe in London.

† The Prince was remarkable for the diminutiveneſs of his perſon.

‡ William Cavendiſh, fourth Duke of Devonſhire.

VIII.

His words were few, his bows were low,
He lik'd this meeting well,
But why they did come here, or how,
The Wiſe Man could not tell:
"Let Townſend ſay the reaſon why,
He knows my mind much more than I."

IX.

"Full thirteen *fools* (quoth Townſend then)
They are who rule this Realm,
The which ſhall fall by us Wiſe Men,
That you may ſteer the helm;
My brothers both, your cauſe to aid,
ve brought their faces, I my head."

X.

"Hold! hold!" all foaming out with rage
Wiſe Oxford then did cry,
"I t' impeach them will engage,
Though heart nor head have I —
For ſuch poor fools, I've ſomething better;
Impeach, and I'll produce the *Letter*." *

XI.

To this Earl Cowper's ſmiling face
Seem'd pretty well inclined;

* Alluding to the letter which the earl addreſſed to the Court of St. Germains during his incarceration in the Tower, and in which he made a tender of his ſervices to the exiled family.

But ſince he wiſely dropt the mace,
He don't well know his mind:
"Sir, (quoth the Prince,) we fear ſome ſtrifes,
Let's go, my lords, and aſk our wives."

XII.

Quoth Robin next, in mighty glee,
Of whom it is much doubt,
Whether more wiſe, or how e'er 't be,
Doth now at laſt ſhine out —
"To lay theſe thirteen fools quite flat,
We muſt do ſomething wiſe — but what?

XIII.

"We'll ſay the King's in poſſeſſion;
Ergo, 'twill plainly ſeem,
They're enemies to the ſucceſſion,
Who're juſt and true to him:
And therefore, Sir, we Seven Wiſe Men,
Do pray for you know *what* — Amen!"

XIV.

To purpoſe Horace* ſaid not much,
But made a heavy ſplutter
Of treaties when he beat the Dutch
In the famed point of butter;

* Horace Walpole, during Townſend's tenure of office, had been the Britiſh miniſter at the Hague.

With noiſy tales and bawdy ſham,
And jokes, he ſettled Rotterdam.

XV.

When Edgecumbe ſpoke, the Prince in ſport
Laugh'd at the merry elf,
Rejoic'd to ſee within his Court
One ſhorter than himſelf:
"I'm glad (cries out the quibbling ſquire)
My *lowneſs* makes your Highneſs *higher*.

XVI.

"Somebody's ſon of rueful hue
Did his wiſe head advance;
Next ſeſſion I'll be true to you,
Unleſs I ſneak to France;
Meanwhile I'll make your maidens merry,
With bargains, puns, and *Hey down derry!*"

XVII.

Thus wiſely ſpoke theſe Seven Wiſe Men,
And thus the Eighth replied:
"O! what reward, good Friends, and when
Shall I for you provide? —
And yet I muſt, to ſave expenſes,
E'en ſtarve you, as I ſtarve my wenches.

XVIII.

"Though you ſhould fail to gain the prize,
Miſtaken in your rules,
Ye Wiſe Men, hear what I adviſe,
Go fright theſe thirteen fools;
For next to hearing of a drum beat,
I ſhould delight in ſuch a combat.

XIX.

"But twice ten long years hence and more,
When 'tis my turn to reign,
If you don't die or doat before,
And I theſe thoughts retain,
You that have loſt your places — then,
Perhaps, may have them all again!"

A SOUTH SEA BALLAD;

OR,

MERRY REMARKS UPON EXCHANGE ALLEY BUBBLES.

[The ſpeculative or "bubble" mania that prevailed in the year 1720, and reſulted in the aggrandiſement of a few unprincipled individuals at the expenſe of thouſands of families, many of whom were reduced to irretrievable beggary, offered an unuſual, tempting, and fertile field to the wits and ſatiriſts of that day. Their ſongs, ſquibs, and pamphlets, whilſt, no doubt, they added not a little to the mental anguiſh of the ſufferers, by mercileſſly expoſing the general infatuation, nevertheleſs ſerved to bring ſtock-jobbing and gambling into diſcredit. No ſcheme, however, during "the mania" was too extravagant for reception. Projectors innumerable pandered to the public credulity; public credulity quickened the inventive genius of projectors. When the South Sea Company were voting dividends of 50 per cent, and 100*l.* of their ſtock were ſelling for 1100*l.*, a thouſand kindred bubbles were blown into exiſtence; ſuch, for inſtance, as the Periwig Company, the Spaniſh Jackaſs Company, the Quickſilver Fixation Company, and another for melting down ſaw-duſt and chips, and caſting them into clean deal boards without cracks or knots. Beranger's witty ſtanza, in reference to our neighbours' famous Miſſiſſippi ſcheme of 1718, is equally applicable to our infatuated countrymen two years later: —

" C'était la régence alors
Et ſans hyperbole,
Grâce aux plus drôles de corps,
La France était folle;
Tous les hommes s'amuſaient,
Et les femmes ſe prêtaient
A la gaudriole au gué,
A la gaudriole."

Of all the ballads referring to the diſaſtrous South Sea mania, the

following was the moſt popular. It was publiſhed originally in the month of September, 1720, and was ſung for months together about the ſtreets of London.]

To a new tune called "The Grand Elixir; or, The Philoſopher's Stone diſcovered."

I.

IN London ſtands a famous pile,
And near that pile an alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
And Wiſdom ſtoops to Folly.
Here ſad and joyful, high and low,
Court Fortune for her graces;
And as ſhe ſmiles or frowns, they ſhow
Their geſtures and grimaces.

II.

Here ſtars and garters do appear,
Among our lords the rabble;
To buy and ſell, to ſee and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles ſquabble.
Here crafty courtiers are too wiſe
For thoſe who truſt to Fortune;
They ſee the cheat with clearer eyes,
Who peep behind the curtain.

III.

Our greateſt ladies hither come,
And ply in chariots daily;

Oft pawn their jewels for a sum
To venture in the alley.
Young harlots, too, from Drury Lane,
Approach the 'Change in coaches,
To fool away the gold they gain
By their impure debauches.

IV.

Long heads may thrive by ſober rules,
Becauſe they think, and drink not;
But headlongs are our thriving fools,
Who only drink, and think not.
The lucky rogues, like ſpaniel dogs,
Leap into South-ſea water,
And there they fiſh for golden frogs,
Not caring what comes a'ter.

V.

'Tis ſaid that alchemiſts of old
Could turn a brazen kettle
Or leaden ciſtern into gold,—
That noble tempting metal;
But if it here may be allow'd
To bring in great and ſmall things,
Our cunning South Sea, like a god,
Turns nothing into all things!

VI.

What need have we of Indian wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbors?
Our conſtitution is in health,
And riches crown our labors.
Our South-ſea ſhips have golden ſhrouds,
They bring us wealth, 'tis granted,
But lodge their treaſure in the clouds,
To hide it till it's wanted.

VII.

Oh! Britain, bleſs thy preſent ſtate,
Thou only happy nation;
So oddly rich, ſo madly great,
Since bubbles came in faſhion!
Succeſſful rakes exert their pride,
And count their airy millions;
While homely drabs in coaches ride,
Brought up to Town on pillions.

VIII.

Few men, who follow reaſon's rules,
Grow fat with South-ſea diet;
Young rattles and unthinking fools
Are thoſe that flouriſh by it.
Old muſty jades, and puſhing blades,
Who've leaſt conſideration,
Grow rich apace; whilſt wiſer heads
Are ſtruck with admiration.

IX.

A race of men, who t'other day
Lay cruſh'd beneath diſaſters,
Are now by ſtock brought into play,
And made our lords and maſters.
But ſhould our South-ſea Babel fall,
What numbers would be frowning!
The loſers then must eaſe their gall
By hanging or by drowning.

X.

Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
Our ſtocks are worth in value;
But neither lie in goods nor lands,
Or money let me tell you.
Yet though our foreign trade is loſt,
Of mighty wealth we vapor;
When all the riches that we boaſt
Conſiſts in ſcraps of paper!

THE SOUTH-SEA BALLAD.

HANGE Alley's ſo thin that a man may now walk,
And if he'll but liſten may hear himſelf talk,
For ſince the ſuppreſſion of Bubbles in June
Thoſe clamorous catches are quite out of tune.
No more of the Hubbles nor Bubbles we ſee,
But all the whole nation attends the South Sea.

The Salts and the Fiſheries likewiſe are gone,
All the Stock of the Bubbles is ſwallow'd in one,
Which (barring the ruin of all other trade)
Is the cleverеſt project that ever was made:
For now the contrivers are tipt with a fee,
If they ſouſe the ſubſcribers into the South Sea.

What numbers have got that inſatiable itch
And endleſs ambition of ſtill growing rich:
The man that was formerly not worth a plumb,
Till he makes it a million keeps gnawing his thumb;
For that is the leaſt, as the wiſe men agree,
Can content an adventurer in the South Sea.

All the Town is ſo eager their fortune to try,
That nobody can the temptation deny;
So craftily laid is the ſcheme of the gin
That ſome of the parſons themſelves are drawn in:
Which of theſe would accept an arch-biſhop to be,
To refuſe a Directorſhip in the South Sea?

What numbers of upſtarted figures we meet
Set up by ſtock-jobbing in every ſtreet;
They're ſo fond of their arms, when they come t' approach,
They can hardly for ſtaring get into their coach;
But when we examine their true pedigree,
We trace their original from the South Sea.

This gold-ſanded ocean is not like the reſt,
But is quite of a different nature poſſeſt;
It has ſuch as no other ſea yet ever had,
Inſtead of preventing, 'twill make people mad:
Diſtracting their reaſon to ſuch a degree
That headlong they throw themſelves in the South Sea.

'Tis a comical ſight to behold the deceit
Of all ranks of men met each other to cheat,
To see my Lord Duke make a rout and ado
In a coffee-houſe crowd with a politic Jew,
The moſt orthodox now-a-days reckon'd is he
Whoſe ſtock is all capital in the South Sea.

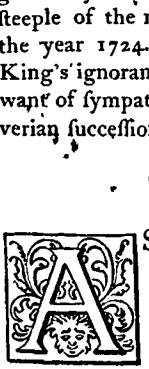
This myſtery ſome would pretend to explain,
While thoſe that get money but laugh at their pain;
The wiſeſt of all, with their racket and rout,
Find it juſt like a tub with the bottom knockt out;
The cream of the jeſt is with thoſe that make free,
With the general ſcramble amidſt the South Sea.

Like Pharaoh's lean kine that devour'd the fat,
It has knock'd down the puny contrivances flat;
But if I miſtake not I've read that his hoſt
And himſelf in the Red Sea were utterly loſt:
He thought to get riches, and why ſhould not we
Remember the Red, when we croſs the South, Sea?

THE DEVIL O'ER LINCOLN.

[It is almoſt ſuperfluous to ſtate that this is a Jacobite ſquib, ſuggeſted by the elevation of King George the Firſt's ſtatue on the ſteeple of the newly erected church of St. George, Bloomſbury, in the year 1724. The author takes occaſion not only to expoſe the King's ignorance of the language of his new ſubjects, but alſo the want of ſympathy, on the part of the higher clergy, with the Hanoverian ſucceſſion.]

To the tune of "A cobbler there was."



S the Devil o'er Lincoln was looking one day —
For when Satan looks ſharp he can ſee a long way —
He ſpy'd an odd figure on Bloomſbury ſteeple *
With his horns high exalted ſurveying the people.
Derry down, &c.

---

* "The ſteeple (ſays Walpole) is a maſter-ſtroke of abſurdity, conſiſting of an obeliſk, crowned with a ſtatue of King George I., and hugged by the royal ſupporters." A contemporary wit has alſo ridiculed it in the following epigram: —

"When Henry VIII. left the Pope in the lurch,
The Proteſtants made him the head of the church;
But George's good ſubjects, the Bloomſbury people,
Inſtead of the church make him head of the ſteeple."

"How now," quoth the Devil, "what ſpy I at London?
Should I ſuffer a rival, myſelf would be undone."
And whilſt a man ſcarce could toſs off his flagon,
The Devil was mounted on Bow ſteeple Dragon.
Derry down, &c.

From thence Satan kenn'd the ſweet face o' the creature,
He knew his old Friend in each line and each feature:
Without further preface he addreſt his ally,
With a, "How the plague, George, came you mounted ſo high?
Derry down, &c.

"Speak, how got you up? I ſhall humble your pride—
What, have you now learn'd on a broomſtick to ride?"
"No, ſoftly," quoth George, "you be vaſtly miſtakon,
Me be ne'er por de vitch, nor the conjuror takon.
Derry down, &c.

"But to tell you de trute vas plac'd here by my brewer*,
Ven I vas as ignorant of it as you are;
But do' I'm a fool, as you plainly may ſee,
You have not von more humble ſervant dan me.
Derry down, &c.

* A Mr. Hucks, who preſented the ſtatue of the King to the newly deſigned pariſh, of which he was a veſtryman.

" Do' your highneſs have place your own council about me,
Yet you ſtill muſt acknowledge you cannot do without me;
'Tis I who to all your vile projects give birt,
And each plotta form'd in hell, go in my name on eart.
Derry down, &c.

" Vat has lately been done may convince you full vell,
Dat in my reign you ſhould ne'er vant ſubjects in hell;
Our late ſwearing Act * you'll allow was a trap-a,
Me leave not a loop-hole for von to eſcap-a,
Derry down, &c.

" Vo ter Divel could e'er done more in my ſtation,
Since vit one ſingle Acta me damm de vol nation;
Men of ev'ry degree, vomen rich and poor,
From her highneſs of Wales † to de ſtreet-walking w—.
Derry down, &c.

" Vere it not for me you'd be plagu'd vit de clergy,
And ſome of dem, Sir, would confoundedly ſcourge ye;
Should me souffre dere daum Convocation ‡ to ſitta —
O den, Broder Satan, we bote might be bitta.
Derry down, &c.

* Alluding to the Act, paſſed in the ninth and tenth years of George I., by which all perſons were required not only to take the oaths of allegiance, but alſo to regiſter their eſtates.

† The King entertained a ſingular contempt for his daughter-in-law, whom he commonly called "that ſhe-devil."

‡ The two Houſes of Convocation were deprived, in 1717, of

"But my biſhops from all dere attempts will ſecure ye,
And dey are your beſt vrends on eart, I'll aſſure ye;
Dere is but very few on dat Rev'rend bench
But adore you as much, Sir, as me or my vench.
Derry down, &c.

"Dere is but Cheſter and Bat, now Rocheſter's * fled."—
"Zounds!" quoth the Devil, "their names make me dread;
If you muſt prate of biſhops, you fool, can't you think on
York, Wincheſter, Saliſbury, Durham, and Lincoln.
Derry down, &c.

"Or the biſhop of Aſaph, that dear little whoreſon,
Who's as like them in ſoul as he may be in perſon;
He propagates vice, religion pulls down,
Which, you know, is the only ſupport of your crown.
Derry down, &c.

"Thoſe, thoſe are brave ſouls, worthy Satan's alliance,
With ſuch troops I'd boldly bid Heaven defiance;

their privilege to diſcuſs eccleſiaſtical matters, on the occaſion of the lower houſe taking exception to the doctrines contained in the writings of Biſhop Hoadly, and more particularly in a ſermon which he preached before the King on the 31ſt of March in that year.

* Dr. Atterbury, who was deprived of his ſee and baniſhed the kingdom by act of parliament, 1723. The Biſhop threw himſelf immediately afterwards into the ſervice of the Pretender, and became his confidential agent.

Since you make ſuch biſhops, George, you may reign on,
For the Devil can't find ſuch a pack when they're gone."
Derry down, &c.

The monarch of Hell flew away in a trice,
Th' Elector of Britain look'd wondrous wiſe:
Thus ended their Treaty, as moſt people ſay,
He'd be glad to come off half ſo well at Cambray.*
Derry down, &c.

* Alluding to the abortive congreſs held at Cambray, 1721. The policy of King George was to ſecure (with the conſent of France and Spain) Bremen and Verden to Hanover, for which he would have ſurrendered Gibraltar; but when the propoſal became known it excited ſo much indignation at home that he was obliged to withdraw it.

GEORGE II.

THE STATESMAN;

A NEW COURT BALLAD.

[The unexpected intelligence of the death of George I., whilſt on a viſit to Hanover, had no ſooner reached this country than a general belief prevailed that the adminiſtration would be totally changed. It was credited that Walpole had hopeleſſly offended the new King, when Prince of Wales, as his Royal Highneſs had been frequently heard to proteſt that, when he came to the throne, "that miniſter ſhould never have his confidence." In proof of this determination, the King at once appointed Sir Spencer Compton to draw up the uſual declaration to the Privy Council, and intimated that he would place him at the head of the Treaſury. But Compton had the honeſty to confeſs his incapacity to undertake ſo arduous a truſt, whereupon, to the ſurpriſe of all, both Walpole and his brother-in-law Townſend, were readmitted to their former offices. The Oppoſition ſeems to have been ſtunned with the reappointment of the firſt-named miniſter, whoſe diſgrace they had ſo fondly anticipated. Unknown to every one beyond the walls of the King's palace, the arrangement for the retirement of Compton, and the nomination of Walpole in his ſtead, had been quietly brought about by the tact of Queen Caroline, who ſucceeded in mitigating, if not at once in removing, the prejudices of the King. *The Statesman* is an epitome of Walpole's political career up to this period.]

SOME years ago from Norfolk
There came a gallant wight,
And though it is moſt ſtrange, yet
He could both read and write:
So to London he would go, would go, &c.

He underſtood accounts, too,
And thought himſelf moſt fit,
Becauſe well verſ'd in *figures* *,
In Parliament to ſit:
So to London he would go, &c.

For why? whilſt at his father's he
Had heard it often ſaid,
That ſome there were that ſat there,
That ſtrange *queer figures* made:
So to London he would go, &c.

But firſt he thought it fitting
To Lynn to go and try
Their votes if he could beg,
Or their votes if he could *buy*:
Ere to London he would go, &c.

To Lynn, then, ſtraight he trudges †,
And as ſoon as he gets there,

* Alluding probably to Walpole's tracts on *The Debts of the Nation ſtated and conſidered*, and *Thirty-five Millions accounted for*, in which he ably defended the miniſtry of Godolphin againſt the charge of not accounting for the public expenditure during their tenure of office. Arthur Mainwaring ſtyled him "the beſt maſter of figures of any man of his time."

† Walpole was firſt elected at Caſtle-Riſing (Lynn), on the death of his father in 1700, and repreſented that borough in ſeventeen ſucceſſive parliaments.

He to a cuckold goes,—
" Good-morrow, Mr. Mayor:
To London I would go, &c.

" I have a mind, good Sir,
In Parliament to ſit,
If that you'll pleaſe to think me
To repreſent you fit:
For to London I would go, &c.

" To London I would go, Sir,
My fortune for to try;
Therefore, if you won't give your votes,
Your votes, Sir, I would buy:
For to London fain I'd go, &c.

" I hear the people there
Soon ample fortunes make;
And I'll make mine as ſoon,
Or elſe I'll much miſtake:
When to London I do go, &c.

" Some perſons who are there, I hear,
And make a gallant ſhow,
Soon raiſe an ample fortune,
By ſaying *aye* or *no*:
So to London I would go, &c.

" For if to raiſe a fortune
That is the only way,

I think I can ſay *aye* or *no*,
G—d zounds! as well as they:
So to London I would go, &c."

"Friend Robin," quoth the Mayor,
"You ſpeak like a man of ſenſe;
I would not give a fig for him
Who cannot get the *pence:*
So to London you ſhall go, &c.

"And to be choſen here, I'm ſure,
That is your only way;
For he who cannot get the pence
To us no pence can pay:
So to London you ſhall go, &c."

The Mayor he ſpoke full wiſely,
For he moſtly rightly thought
He was not worth the chooſing, if
He was not worth a groat:
But to Strombolo might go, &c.

"Then hey for Weſtminſter," quoth Bob,
"And when I am got there,
I ſoon ſhall be a great man,
That, friend, I need not fear:
So to London I will go, &c."

"You need not fear," ſays Mr. Mayor,
"For, if you go to that,
He needs muſt be a *great* man
Who has a ton of fat*:
So to London you may go, &c."

To London then he came,
And to St. Stephen's went,
For there to raiſe his fortune
It was his full intent:
When to London he did go, &c.

Being got to St. Stephen's
A mighty noiſe he made,
For that to raiſe a fortune
Is the only way, 'tis ſaid:
So to ſpeeching he did go, &c.

So to *ſpeeching* he did go,
And, like a man of ſenſe,
He certainly ſaid *aye* or *no*
Juſt as he got his pence:
When to voting he did go, &c.

* Walpole was an extremely corpulent and unwieldy perſon, the reſult, in a great meaſure, of his groſs habits of living from his earlieſt years.

Says Marlbro', "This is *ſomebody*
That makes this mighty noiſe,
And therefore he ſhall have a place —
Ay, that he ſhall, my boys *:
And to ſpeeching he ſhall go, &c."

He had not long enjoy'd his place,
But, being mad or drunk,
To ſhow he hated money
Five hundred pounds he sunk †.
So to the Tow'r he did go, &c.

---

* Through the influence of Marlborough, Walpole was appointed Secretary of War under the Whig government that ſucceeded the downfall of Harley, in Feb. 1708. Three years previouſly he had been one of the council to the Lord High Admiral, Prince George of Denmark.

† Alluding to the charge of corruption preferred againſt him whilſt he was Secretary at War, and for which he was moſt unjuſtly expelled the Houſe and committed to the Tower in 1710, by his Tory opponents, who had returned to power and failed to win him over to their new adminiſtration. The ſtrength of Walpole's popularity at this time may be judged from the following ballad, attributed to Eaſtcourt the player, and entitled, *On the Jewel in the Tower*: —

If what the Tower of London holds
Is valu'd far more than its power;
Then, counting what it now enfolds,
How wondrous rich is the ſame Tow'r!

I think not of the armoury,
Nor of the guns and lion's roar,
Nor yet the valu'd library, —
I mean the jewel in the Tow'r.

To make him ſome amends, then,
For being thither ſent,
A Paymaſter of the Guards he's made *,
But yet he's not content:
So to ſpeeching he does go, &c.

This jewel late adorn'd the Court
With excellence unknown before;
But now being blown upon in ſport,
This jewel's caſe is now the Tow'r.

State lapidaries there have been,
To weigh, and prove, and lopk it o'er;
The very faſhion's worth being ſeen,
Th' intrinſic, more than is the Tow'r.

'Tis not St. George's diamond,
Nor any of his partner's ſtore;
It never yet to ſuch belong'd,
Which ſent this jewel to the Tow'r.

With thouſand methods they did try it,
Whoſe firmneſs ſtrengthen'd ev'ry hour;
They were not able all to buy it,
And ſo they ſent it to the Tow'r.

They would have prov'd it counterfeit,
That it was right 'twas truly ſwore;
But oaths, nor words, could nothing get,
And ſo they ſent it to the Tow'r.

Its brilliant brightneſs who can doubt,
By Marlborough it was ſometimes wore;

---

* He was appointed Paymaſter of the Forces in 1714, and again in 1720. In the interval he had filled the offices of Firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, Chancellor, and Under-Treaſurer of the Exchequer.

To ſtill the noodle next
He's made Miniſter of State *,
And Treaties makes by wholeſale,
For which he'll meet his fate:
When to the Tower he goes, &c.

They turn'd the mighty maſter out,
Who turn'd this jewel into the Tow'r.

Theſe are the marks upon it found,
King William's creſt it bears before,
And Liberty's engraven round,
Though now confin'd within the Tow'r.

Nor France in it an intereſt has,
Nor Spain with all its golden ore;
For to the Queen and High Allies,
Belongs this jewel in the Tow'r.

The owners modeſtly reſerv'd
It in a decent Norfolk bower,
And ſcarce yet think it has deſerv'd
The Cæſar's honour of the Tow'r.

The day ſhall come to make amends,
This jewel ſhall with pride be wore;
And o'er his foes, and with his friends,
Shine glorious bright out of the Tow'r!

It is related, on the authority of her ſon Horace, that Lady Walpole uſed to ſing this ballad with great ſpirit and effect, and was particularly fond of dwelling on the laſt verſe, when the prophecy of her huſband's miniſterial greatneſs was fulfilled.

* Upon the acceſſion of George II., Walpole and his friend Lord Townſend became the principal adviſers of the King by the intervention of Queen Caroline.

But yet not being ſatisfied,
He needs muſt have a *ſtring* *,
And it muſt be a blue one —
'Cauſe that's a pretty thing:
When to Norfolk he does go, &c.

However let him have his whim,
And dangle the *Blue-ſtring*,
So he's but doom'd at laſt
In a *hempen* one to ſwing:
When to Tyburn he does go, &c.

* The riband (or "ſtring") which the miniſter wore, firſt as one of the knights of the revived Order of the Bath, and afterwards as a knight of the Garter, was adopted by the ſatiriſts of the day to ſymboliſe his great political influence.

THE NORFOLK GAMESTER;

OR, THE ART OF MANAGING THE WHOLE PACK, EVEN KING, QUEEN, AND JACK.

[Since the Great Rebellion, the country had never been ſo deluged with political ballads as in the years 1730 and 1731, when Sir Robert Walpole was, in more than the ordinary acceptation of the term, Prime Miniſter. His inſatiable love of power not only alienated from him all his old political aſſociates, but drove every riſing man of talent into oppoſition; hence the many and bitter attacks upon his *private* as well as his public character. At this time Walpole was held forth (ſays Mr. Wright) "as the betrayer and oppreſſor of his country, the ſelfiſh encourager of corruption in the nation; one who fattened and grew rich upon the public money. Inſinuations and rumours of all kinds relating to his domeſtic life, which were likely to render the miniſter unpopular with the unthinking part of the community, were induſtriouſly propagated." *The Norfolk Gameſter* is an average ſpecimen of the perſonal attacks made upon him, when the meaſures of his government afforded no better opportunity of expoſing him. It was quite the *mode* at this time to accommodate ſatire to an imaginary game of cards, in which the political *fineſſe* of one or more players could be eaſily illuſtrated.]

1.

YE good Chriſtian people, I pray you draw near,
A tale to a pleaſant old tune ye ſhall hear;
In Norfolk the ſcene, 'tis reported, was laid,
And *cribbage* the name of the game that was play'd;

The place I'd unfold,
If I dare be bold,
But truth is not always, you know, to be told;
Some call it a Palace *, some call it a Houſe,
The owner, 'tis ſaid, was once poor as church-mouſe.

II.

Attention, each gameſter avers, muſt be paid
To each ſort of game that has ever been play'd;
And a judgment profound, with a mind that's not fir'd
Or ruffled with paſſion, are alſo required:
Moreover, if art
Perform not her part,
What by playing is got will be ſcarce worth a —;
And, if to attention you do not add thought,
You may game on till doom's-day, 'twill ſignify nought.

III.

The manſion's grand maſter theſe rules did obſerve,
From ſuch wholeſome maxims he never did ſwerve,
But ſtudied by day and by night to remove
What might to his profit an obſtacle prove:
He opulent grew,
As bacon-face Jew,
For theſe were the methods he cloſe did purſue;
Elſe ſums ſo immenſe he could ne'er have amaſſ'd,
And now for the wealthieſt ſubject he paſſ'd.

* Houghton Hall, in Norfolk.

IV.

At ſhuffling and cutting as dext'rous was he
As any old gameſter or ſharper could be;
They oft *ſet* the cards, but, his eyes were ſo quick,
The cheat he diſcover'd, and laught at the trick:
He ſoon got a name,
Abroad flew his fame,
And took ſpecial care not to forfeit the ſame;
But whether he play'd (as ſome doubt) on the ſquare,
Not a man in the kingdom with him could compare!

V.

Be that as it will, he did oft *play the knave*,
By which many games at a pinch he did ſave,
And many times many more alſo he won,
By him many families have been undone:
His game he would back,
And had ſuch a knack,
He knew how to manage each card in the pack;
He *pair'd*, or *pair-royal'd*, one after another —
Their paſſion no longer the loſers could ſmother.

VI.

Beſides, in his hand he kept often a fluſh,
But not of a color reſembling a bluſh,
For he was to bluſhing a ſtranger, 'tis known,
Which, when he was aſk'd, he would never diſown.

He uſually ſaid,
The face that grew *red*
On a ſudden did manifeſt plainly a dread
Of puniſhment due, an action that's vile,
And then would break off with a ſneer or a ſmile.*

VII.

His fluſhes with ſequences oft did abound,
And pairs and fifteens, too, among them were found;
He had ſuch great luck, that ſome people uncivil
Declar'd that he needs muſt have dealt with the devil.
How is it that he,
As plainly we ſee,
Said they, ſo ſucceſsful at cribbage could be?
Who never did loſe but one game in his life,
And laught in his ſleeve to ſee 'em all in a ſtrife.

VIII.

Their language opprobrious he calmly did take,
Rememb'ring the proverb that "loſers will ſpeak:"
His temper was even, unruffled his mind,
To paſſion their taunts could not make him inclin'd;

* The perpetual ſmile on Walpole's countenance was noted as well by his enemies as by his friends. In the *Craftſman* (No. 16.) he is thus deſcribed: "There entered a man dreſſed in a plain habit, with a purſe of gold in his hand; he threw himſelf forward into the room in a bluff ruffianly manner, a *ſmile*, or rather a *ſneer*, upon his countenance. Sir Charles H. Williams ſaid of him, that 'he laughed the heart's laugh.'"

But though they were rude,
His game he purſued,
And thence great advantages to him accrued;
He bilk'd all their cribs, but his own he ſecur'd,—
Such fortune, ſaid they, could be never endur'd.

IX.

To ſingle-hand *cribbage* he'd ſit night and day,
But would not a partner admit into play;
To tell ye the truth, Sirs, he never could bear
To have any with him the profits to share.*
But yet be it ſpoke,
When gameſters were broke,
He'd again *ſet 'em up*, as it were with a joke,
Provided he knew 'em to be of his *party*,
And then no man living could do it more hearty.

X.

Twice or thrice in a year he did keep open-houſe †;
But his houſe-keeping did not ſtand him in a ſouſe;

* "Sir Robert Walpole (remarked his ſon Horace) loved power ſo much that he would not endure a rival."

† Walpole's ſtyle of living (ſays Coxe) was conſonant to the magnificence of his manſion. He had uſually two annual meetings at Houghton. The one in the ſpring, to which were invited only the moſt ſelect friends and the leading members of the cabinet, continued about three weeks. The ſecond was in autumn; it continued

Tho' lib'ral he was, and unloaded his purſe,
He knew he with eaſe could himſelf reimburſe:
This maſter ſo grand
Did purchaſe much land,
And had treaſure immenſe always at his command.
And now to conclude, I may venture to ſay,
No gameſter ſo long did continue in play.

ſix weeks, or two months, and was called "the congreſs." At this time Houghton was filled with company from all parts. He kept a public table, to which all gentlemen in the county found a ready admiſſion. The expenſes of theſe meetings were computed at 3000*l.* The noiſe and uproar, the waſte and confuſion, were prodigious.

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

POET LAUREATE.

[Having contributed the following ballad to the pages of *Notes and Queries*, I ſhall repeat in this place a portion of the note which I have there prefixed to it:—"Gay himſelf had eſtabliſhed the precedent of writing 'volunteer Odes;' and had by ſuch means at firſt attracted the favourable notice of the Queen, whilſt ſhe was Princeſs of Wales. The authors of the accompanying *Ode for the New Year* intended as well to retaliate upon the preſumptuous laureate as to expoſe the foibles of the principal perſonages in the Court. Both the hand and kindly nature of Gay are diſcernible in it; in thoſe ſtanzas, I mean, which refer to that truly excellent, but oftentimes much abuſed lady, Queen Caroline. For whilſt the ballad hints at the parſimonious and iraſcible diſpoſition of the King, the weak-mindedneſs of his voluptuous and dependent ſon, Frederic Louis Prince of Wales, and their mutual and diſgraceful ſquabbles, the alluſions to her Majeſty are rather complimentary than ſatirical; evidencing, in fact, her ſteady patronage of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men of her day, without regard either to their religious or political creeds."]

GOD proſper long our gracious King,
Now ſitting on the throne;
Who leads this nation in a *String* *,
And governs all but *One*.†

* His miniſter, Sir Robert Walpole.

† Vide page 221.

This is the day when, right or wrong,
I, COLLEY BAYS, Esquire,
Muſt for my ſack indite a ſong,
And thrum my venal lyre.

Not he who ruled great Judah's realm,
Y'cleped Solomon,
Was wiſer than Our's at the helm,
Or had a wiſer Son.

He raked up wealth to glut his till,
In drinking, w—s, and houſes;
Which wiſer George can ſave to fill
His pocket, and his ſpouſe's.

His head with wiſdom deep is fraught,
His breaſt with courage glows;
Alas, how dreadful is the thought,
He ever ſhould want foes!

For, in his heart he loves a drum,
As children love a rattle;
If not in field, in drawing-room,
He daily ſounds to battle.

The Queen, I alſo pray, God ſave!
His conſort plump and dear;

Who, juſt as he is *wiſe* and *brave*,
Is *pious* and *ſincere*.

She's courteous, good, and charms all folks,
Loves one as well as t'other;
Of Arian and of Orthodox
Alike the nurſing-mother.

Oh! may ſhe always meet ſucceſs
In every ſcheme and job;
And ſtill continue to careſs
That honeſt ſtateſman, Bob.*

God ſend the Prince†, that babe of grace
A little w—— and horſe;
A little meaning in his face,
And money in his purſe.

* The Queen had ſuch unbounded confidence in the political integrity of Walpole, that ſhe not only prevailed upon the King to make him his Prime Miniſter, but at her death formally conſigned his Majeſty to his care. Gay attributed, moſt unjuſtly, his ill-ſucceſs at court to the oppoſition of Walpole.

† Prince Frederick of Wales (father of George III.), who died, after a very brief illneſs, on the 20th March, 1751, had other enemies beſides thoſe in his father's houſe, and amongſt them none ſo bitter, perhaps, as the Jacobites. One of the laſt-mentioned penned the following epitaph upon him: —

"Here lies Prince Fred,
Gone down among the dead:
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;

Heav'n ſpread o'er all his family
That broad illuſtrious glare,
Which ſhines ſo flat in ev'ry eye,
And makes them all *ſo ſtare*.*

All marry *gratis*, boy and miſs,
And ſtill increaſe their ſtore;
"As in beginning was, now is,
And ſhall be ever more."

But oh! ev'n Kings muſt die, of courſe,
And to their heirs be civil;
We poets, too, on wingèd-horſe,
Muſt ſoon poſt to the devil:

Then, ſince I have a ſon, like you,
May he Parnaſſus rule;
So ſhall the Crown and Laurel, too,
Deſcend from Fool to Fool!

Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been his ſiſter,
Few would have miſſ'd her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation:
But ſince 'tis only Fred,
There's no more to be ſaid!"

* George II. was remarkable for the prominence of his eyes and noſe, as well as for the ſmallneſs of his perſon.

THE HONEST JURY;

OR,

CALEB TRIUMPHANT.

BY WILLIAM PULTENEY (EARL OF BATH).

[The following paſſage, from Lord Campbell's *Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke*, affords the beſt explanation of this famous ballad: "He (Sir Philip Yorke) was not ſo fortunate in his proſecutions for libel. In his time ſprung up the controverſy reſpecting the rights of juries, which was not ſettled till the cloſe of the eighteenth century. He contended for the doctrine that the jury were only to decide upon the ſufficiency of the evidence of publication, and upon innuendoes; *i. e.* whether particular words or abbreviations in the alleged libel had the meaning imputed to them by the indictment or information, as whether "the K—g" meant "our Sovereign Lord the King;" but that the lawfulneſs or criminality of the writing proſecuted was pure matter of law for the opinion of the court. The judges coincided with him in their directions, but juries were ſometimes rebellious. The obnoxious journal of that day was the *Craftſman*, conducted by Bolingbroke, Pulteney, and the principal leaders of the oppoſition to Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Philip Yorke ſucceeded in obtaining a conviction in the caſe of the famous Hague letter, written by Bolingbroke (2nd Jan. 1731); but he was foiled in his proſecution of a ſubſequent violent attack upon the government, ſuppoſed to be from the pen of Cheſterfield; for though the Chief Juſtice laid down the ſame law, and there could be no doubt

about publication or innuendoes, the jury, very much approving of the ſentiments of the ſuppoſed libel, and thinking them not only innocent but laudable, found a general verdict of *not guilty*. It was then that Pulteney compoſed his famous ballad, with the oft-quoted ſtanza, —

'For Sir Philip well knows,
That his innuendoes
Will ſerve him no longer
In verſe or in proſe;
For twelve honeſt men have decided the cauſe,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.'"]

REJOICE, ye good writers, your pens are ſet free,
Your thoughts and the Preſs are at full liberty;
For your King and your country you ſafely may write,
You may ſay *Black* is *Black*, and prove *White* is *White*:
Let no pamphleteers,
Be concern'd for their ears,
For every man now ſhall be tried by his peers:
Twelve good *honeſt men* ſhall decide in each cauſe,
And be judges alike of the facts and the laws.

'Tis ſaid Maſter Caleb a paper did print,
Which ſometimes at *ſome folks* lookt ſlyly a-ſquint;
He weekly held forth of no *Peace*, and no *War*,
So was forc'd from his trade to appear at the *bar*;

Thus talking ſo free,
Maſter Attorney*,
Strain'd his lungs for to ſet him in the Pillory;
But pillories now ſhall be raiſ'd for the ſhame
Of *ſome rogues* as yet 'tis not proper to name.

You may call the man *fool* who Treaties does blunder,
And ſtyle him a *Knave* who his country does plunder;
If the *Peace* be not good, it can ne'er be a crime
To wiſh it were better, in proſe or in rhyme;
For Sir Philip well knows
That his *innuendoes*
Will ſerve him no longer in verſe or in proſe;
For twelve honeſt men have decided the cauſe,
Who are judges alike of the *facts* and the *laws*.†

Twelve Judges there are, and twice twelve Aldermen,
Many Lords, many Members, and Biſhops,—what then?
Although you ſhould travel all England around,
Amongſt them twelve honeſter cannot be found,

---

* Sir Philip Yorke, Attorney-General.

† "The two laſt lines were miſrepreſented in the Dean of St. Aſaph's caſe by Lord Mansfield, who, to ſuit his purpoſe, or from lapſe of memory, ſaid Pulteney had admitted that 'libel or no libel?' was a queſtion only for the court, by ſaying in his ballad —

'For twelve honeſt men have decided the cauſe,
Who are judges of fact, though not judges of laws.'"

CAMPBELL.

Than this ſame Jury
Which ſet Caleb free,
And brought in their verdict, *He was not guiltie:*
Then let theſe honeſt men, who do pay ſcot and lot,
While Ballads are Ballads, be never forgot.

This Jury ſo truſty, and proof againſt *rhino*,
I am apt to believe to be *jure divino;*
But 'tis true in this nation (O why is it ſo?)
Men the *honeſter* are as the lower you go;
So a fiſh when 'tis dead,
I have often heard ſaid,
May be ſweet at *the tail*, tho' it ſtink at the *head;*
Oh! may *honeſty* riſe, and confound the baſe tribe
Who will be corrupted by penſion or bribe.

A Jury there was, when the Pope was in power,
That brought our Seven Biſhops alive from the Tower,
They ſaved our religion from Jacobite fury,
Both that and King George we owe to a Jury;
So thoſe that brought out
The Biſhops, no doubt
Brought in our King George, who's ſo gallant and ſtout;
Then ſure 'tis the intereſt of Country and King,
That Juries ſhould never be led in a *ſtring.**

* Alluding to Sir Robert Walpole, one of whoſe many nicknames was "Sir Blue-*ſtring*," from the fact of his wearing the blue riband as a knight of the garter.

Thus far honeſt Duncan hath prophesied right,
And prov'd himſelf bleſt with true *ſecond-ſight*,
Who, tho' deaf and dumb, in Aſtrology famous
As Partridge, poor Robin, or old Noſtradamus,
Did lately divine
That Caleb ſhould ſhine,
And prevail o'er his foes in the year Twenty-nine;
For twelve honeſt men have determin'd his cauſe,
And reſcued from quibbles our old Engliſh laws.

But one thing remains his predictions to crown,
And that is to ſee the LEVIATHAN * down:
Nor let us deſpair, the year is not out,
And a month or two more may bring it about.
Then in chorus let's ſing,
And ſay, God bleſs the King,
And grant that all thoſe who deſerve it may ſwing!
If twelve honeſt men were to judge in this cauſe,
One good verdict more might ſecure all our laws.

* Walpole.

BRITANNIA EXCISA: BRITAIN EXCIS'D.

[No meaſure propoſed by Sir Robert Walpole, during his long tenure of office, excited ſuch a popular ferment as his famous EXCISE SCHEME (1733). "The public (ſays Tindall) was ſo heated with papers and pamphlets, that matters roſe next to a rebellion." Before Sir Robert formally propoſed to bring the tobacco and wine duties under the laws of exciſe, and to remodel and improve the laſt-mentioned, Pulteney, the leader of the oppoſition, thus incidentally alluded to the ſcheme in his ſpeech on alienating the Sinking Fund: "But, ſir, there is another thing, a very terrible thing, impending! A monſtrous project! Yea, more monſtrous than has ever yet been repreſented! I mean, ſir, that monſter the EXCISE! That plan of arbitrary power which is expected to be laid before this houſe in the preſent ſeſſion." The populace were taught to believe that every article of daily uſe was to be exciſed under the new plan, and that Walpole's principal object was to increaſe his control over elections, by immeaſurably adding to the number of exciſe officers and agents in his pay. He ultimately determined to relinquiſh his ſcheme, obſerving to his moſt zealous ſupporters, "that in the preſent inflamed temper of the people the act could not be carried into execution without an armed force; that there would be an end of the liberty of England if ſupplies were to be raiſed by the ſword." This deciſion was received with unbounded joy by the populace. Bonfires were lit in the ſtreets, the Monument was illuminated, and the diſcomfited miniſter was burned in effigy.]

Tune of "Packington's Pound."

YE knaves and ye fools, ye maids, widows, and wives,
Come caſt away care, and rejoice all your lives;

For ſince England was England, I dare boldly ſay,
There ne'er was ſuch cauſe for a Thankſgiving day;
For if we're but wiſe,
And vote for the Exciſe,
Sir Blue-String* declares (as you know he ne'er lies!)
He'll diſmiſs the whole Cuſtom-Houſe raſcally crew,
And fix in each town an Exciſeman or two.

Exciſemen are oft the bye-blows of the great,
And therefore 'tis meet that they live by the State;
Beſides, we all know, they are mighty well bred,
For everyone of them can both write and read;
Thus ennobled by blood,
And taught for our good,
This right to rule o'er us can ne'er be withſtood;
For ſure 'tis unjuſt, as well as unfit,
We ſhould ſell our own goods without their *permit*.

Who would think it a hardſhip that men ſo polite
Should enter their houſes by day or by night,
To poke in each hole, and examine their ſtock,
From the caſk of right Nantz to their wives' Holland ſmock?
He's as croſs as the devil
Who cenſures as evil
A viſit ſo courteous, ſo kind, and ſo civil;

* Vide p. 235.

For to ſleep in our beds without their *permit*,
Were, in a free country, a thing moſt unfit.

When we're abſent, they'll viſit and look to our houſes,
Will tutor our daughters, and comfort our ſpouſes;
Condeſcend, at our coſt, to eat and to drink,
That our ale mayn't turn ſour, or our victuals mayn't ſtink;
To ſuch a commerce
None can be averſe,
Since every one knows it is better than worſe;
Then let us careſs them, and ſhew we are wiſe,
By holding our tongues, and ſhutting our eyes.

An Exciſe that is general will ſet us quite free
From the thraldom of trials by Judge and Ju-ry,
And put us into a right *ſummary* way
Of paying but what the Commiſſioners ſay:
And what need we fear
Their being ſevere,
Who for fining us have but a Thouſand a year?
'Tis better on ſuch choſen men to rely
Than on Reaſon, or Law, or an honeſt Ju-ry.

Since the Heſſians have left us, and ſcorn our poor pay,
Gibraltar and Dunkirk are in a bad way;

'Tis therefore high time to augment our land force,
And double our files, both of foot and of horſe:
The prolific Exciſe
Will beget their ſupplies,
And Great Britain bleſs with two ſtanding armies,
Our freedom and properties ſafe to defend,
And our fears of the Pope and Pretender to end.

An Exciſe for all knaves yields places moſt fit,
And will furniſh our fools with ſtore of bought wit;
'Twill enable each juſtice t' oppreſs or protect
All who vote, or vote not, as he ſhall direct:
'Twill increaſe the ſupplies
And the number of ſpies,
And ſtrengthen Sir Blue's hands to bribe our Allies;
What to all ſorts ſuch bleſſings does freely diſpenſe,
Muſt ſurely be ſigh'd for by all men of ſenſe.

Moreover, this project, if right underſtood,
Will produce to the nation abundance of good;
In coffee and tea how our trade is increaſ'd,
If not the fair dealer's, the ſmuggler's, at leaſt!
Civil Liſt 'twill amend,
By fining falſe friend,
And the nation's true *ſinking-fund* prove in the end;
Then South-Sea, and India, and Bank never fear,
Your ſecurity's certain for more than one year.

Then ye knaves and ye fools, ye maids, widows, and wives,
Come caſt away care, and rejoice all your lives;
For ſince England was England, I dare boldly ſay,
There ne'er was ſuch cauſe for a Thankſgiving-day;
For if we're but wiſe
And vote for the Exciſe,
Sir Blue-String declares (and you know he ne'er lies!)
The merchants and tradeſmen, if his project but take,
Shall have their free choice to hang, drown, or break.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S ANSWER TO THE BALLAD CALLED "BRITANNIA EXCIS'D."

["Sir Robert ſeeing," obſerves Lord Hardwicke in his *Walpoliana*, "what an ill-uſe was made of the preſs againſt him, ſpared no expenſe to defend his conduct in the ſame way. The writers he employed were by no means of the firſt-rate; but when he and his brother took the trouble to direct or overlook their performances, the caſe was very different." This ballad is an average ſpecimen of the wit employed on the miniſterial ſide; and the reader will probably conclude with Lord Hardwicke, that it is "by no means firſt-rate." To curry favour with the country gentlemen in the Houſe, Walpole intimated, when introducing his famous exciſe ſcheme to their notice, that the expected large increaſe of trade, and of money levied, would preſently enable him to aboliſh altogether the land tax; an intimation, however, that produced only a temporary effect. The ballad writer here makes the moſt of the miniſterial promiſe.]

I.

FOLKS are mad with the cries
Of *No General Exciſe*,
Impoſed on factious deſigns;
Yet, for all their dull jokes,
We will tax the rich folks,
And clap an Exciſe upon wines.

(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors and yeomen,
Freeholders and gem'men,
Drink a health to King George, your friend:
'Tis his gracious intent,
With his good Parliament,
To bring the Land-tax to an end.

II.

By ſaucy petitions *,
That ſtir up ſeditions,
Sham Patriots would fain do their job;
Yet the land ſhall be eaſ'd,
And the landowners pleaſ'd,
Maugre our Sovereign Lord the Mob.
(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

III.

An honeſt countryman,
With fifty-pounds *per ann.*
(By juſt calculation 'tis found)
Pays more taxes for that,
Than an Alderman fat
For a plum hundred thouſand pound.
(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

* Alluding to the violent petitions againſt the exciſe ſcheme, preſented by the Common Council of London, and the inhabitants of Coventry, Nottingham, &c.

IV.

Shall we ſtill tax the earth
That gives all things their birth —
And return her good gifts with oppreſſion?
Thy chapel, Saint Stephen,
Shall make all things even,
And take off the land-tax next ſeſſion.
(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

V.

Should the wine merchants chatter,
'Twould be no great matter,
A tax upon wine is a wiſe one;
It will hinder the tricks
Of the vintners that mix,
And ſave half the kingdom from poiſon.
(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

VI.

Tho' the money'd men roar,
"Tax the land more and more,
Our intereſt will ſtill be the ſtronger;"—
But a wiſe Norfolk Knight,
Who has found out the bite,
Will let us be burthen'd no longer.
(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

VII.

Tho' a party mob roars,
And talks big without-doors,
With menaces hard of digeſtion;
Give them their ſongs and noiſe,
And mad apprentice-boys,
So we can but carry our queſtion.
(*Chorus.*) Lords of manors, &c.

THE MODERN PATRIOTS.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD. HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE ELECTORS OF MEMBERS FOR THE ENSUING PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[When, in 1724, Pulteney quarrelled with his old friend and colleague Walpole, and reſigned the office of Cofferer to the Houſehold, the great Whig party was divided ſhortly afterwards into two ſections, of which thoſe eminent ſtateſmen became the reſpective leaders. Pulteney's party was diſtinguiſhed by the name of "The Patriots;" and, as he oſtentatiouſly eſchewed the excluſive policy of his rival, it included all the moſt talented and ambitious youth who at this time entered into public life. The Patriots "conceived (ſays Macaulay) that the theory of the Tory Oppoſition, and the practice of Walpole's government, were alike inconſiſtent with the principles of liberty; they accordingly repaired to the ſtandard which Pulteney had ſet up. While oppoſing the Whig miniſter, they profeſſed a firm adherence to the pureſt doctrines of Whiggiſm. He was the ſchiſmatic, they were the true catholics, the peculiar people, the depoſitaries of the orthodox faith of Hampden and Ruſſell, the one ſect which, amidſt the corruptions generated by time and by the long poſſeſſion of power, had preſerved inviolate the principles of the Revolution."

This ballad was written in anticipation of the general election of 1734, and it warns the electors of the evil deſigns of the ſelf-named "Patriots." In the ſtruggle that followed theſe were doomed to diſappointment; the miniſterialiſts returned to the Houſe as powerful as ever.]

HE muſe of good Patriots now virtuouſly ſings,
Who are lovers of freedom, and haters of kings;
Bad miniſters, too, they both hate and deſpiſe,
For 'tis by their downfal theſe good men muſt riſe.
With a hey derry, &c.

Old Rome, it is ſaid, had of patriots great ſtore,
Who ſo well lov'd their country, that by it they ſwore;
Nay ſome, we are told, were ſo gallant and brave,
They leap'd into gulphs, their country to ſave.
With a hey derry, &c.

But Britain, Great Britain, the queen of the Iſles,
On whoſe barren mountains fair Liberty ſmiles,
Hath Patriots who out-do theſe Roman out-doings,
And pull down their country to lie in its ruins.
With a hey derry, &c.

Of all theſe fam'd Patriots, ſo tight and ſo true,
It would take too much time for a thorough review;
But a few of theſe worthies 'tis fit we record,
And the firſt is a ſquire, that once was a lord.*
With a hey derry, &c.

* Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

This pink of all ſquires, while yet but a lad,
The habits of buſiness moſt perfectly had;
But he rambled ſo much, that theſe habits were torn,
And out of the elbows, when ſcarcely half worn.
With a hey derry, &c.

The Treaty of Peace *, which was made in his time,
Hath often adminiſter'd matter for rhime;
It is therefore a jeſt, and quite out of ſeaſon,
To ſay that he made it without rhime or reaſon.
With a hey derry, &c.

Whate'er were its faults, they have taught him the wit,
The blots of his neighbours the better to hit:
As oftentimes poets, whoſe writings were damn'd †,
Have after for critics been notably fam'd.
With a hey derry, &c.

Ye obſtinate Whigs, oh! do not miſtruſt
A Stateſman ſo wiſe, and a Patriot ſo juſt:
All ſides he hath ſold; ſo we ſafely may ſay,
That now he hath none but himſelf to betray.
With a hey derry, &c.

The next is a Squire, who once roaſted a biſhop ‡,
And an excellent feaſt to the courtiers did diſh up;

* The Treaty of Utrecht.

† An alluſion to his friend Pope's failure as a dramatic writer.

‡ William Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath), who had drawn up the report of the parliamentary committee againſt Biſhop Atterbury.

But he turn'd cat in pan, as ſoon as debarr'd
Of the perquiſite ſauce, which he thought his reward.
With a hey derry, &c.

And now ever ſince he hath warmly eſpouſ'd
The cauſe of his country, and liberty rouſ'd:
And he'll rouſe it again, for he that's poſſeſt
With the ſpirit of envy can let nothing reſt.
With a hey derry, &c.

Of all that are in it no man in the realm
Is ſo proper as he to ſit at the helm;
For he knows all thoſe ſecrets which ſome would keep dark,
By poſſeſſing th' eſtate of a treaſury-clerk.
With a hey derry, &c.

But were he its head, he would be a good one —
Ah! then we ſhould ſurely grow rich on a ſudden;
For riches have wings, old philoſophers ſay,
And he'd certainly clip them, to purchaſe their ſtay.
With a hey derry, &c.

To theſe worthies the next that in rank doth ſucceed
Is a worſhipful Knight of the Weſt-Saxon breed*;

* Sir William Wyndham, M.P. for Somerſetſhire, a noted Jacobite and leader of the Tories.

A corner that famous of old time hath been
For railing at courts, and all folks that are in.
With a hey derry, &c.

With this Knight oft is join'd an honeſt Sir John *,
Of whom ſome folks ſay, that he only makes one;
But to hear him expoſe the Miniſter's blunders,
You'd ſwear he's the wonderful wonder of wonders!
With a hey derry, &c.

Sir John † of the City's the next on our card,
Who ſurely deſerves a Patriot's reward;
A man of great honour, who damn'd the Exciſe,
To hinder the progreſs of Cuſtom-houſe lies.
With a hey derry, &c.

That he and his brethren did cry the ſcheme down
Was meant in great duty, no doubt, to the Crown,
Which many a brave brother-trader muſt twice
Have been forc'd to cheat by this wicked device.
With a hey derry, &c.

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* Sir John Ruſhout, M.P. for Eveſham, is probably here alluded to. He oppoſed the exciſe ſcheme, and was nominated by Pulteney a Lord of the Treaſury, upon the diſſolution of the Walpole cabinet in 1742.

† Alderman Sir John Barnard, M.P. for the city of London, who ſeverely rebuked the miniſter for characteriſing thoſe who clamoured about the doors of Parliament as no better than "ſturdy beggars."

The next is a ſquire of remarkable note *,
Who, during his life, an exciſe ne'er will vote,
Unleſs that himſelf (ay, that's the condition),
All frauds to prevent, be the firſt in commiſſion.
With a hey derry, &c.

He who brings up the rear (till next diſſolution)
Is famous for zeal to the late revolution;
And he loves it ſo well, that moſt people agree,
Nought he longs for ſo much as another to ſee. †
With a hey derry, &c.

Theſe, theſe are the Patriots, ye Britiſh freeholders,
Whom ev'ry man ought to exalt on his ſhoulders,
And ſend to St. Stephen's to pay off our taxes,
And bully baſe courtiers with halters and axes.
With a hey derry, &c.

A ſenate like this, in the ſpace of ſeven years,
Would quite put an end to all factions and fears;
And leave us the comfort (fools call it a curſe),
That matters muſt end, when they can be no worſe.
With a hey derry, &c.

* Sir Paul Methuen. † Alderman Perry?

THE TINKER TURN'D POLITICIAN; OR, CALEB'S METAMORPHOSIS.

[The weekly *Craftſman*, edited by the poet Nicholas Amhurſt, under the pſeudonym of Caleb d'Anvers, was the moſt ably conducted, the moſt unſcrupulous, and the moſt influential political paper of the age. Colley Cibber ſtates that as many as 10,000 or 12,000 copies were ſold in a day. Amhurſt was aſſiſted by Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, and other leaders of the Oppoſition, but principally by thoſe two noblemen. The downfal of the Walpole miniſtry was accelerated, if it was not directly brought about, by the fierceneſs of "Caleb's" aſſaults. To the diſgrace of Pulteney, when he had ſucceeded in getting his party into power, he ignored the twenty years' ſervices of Amhurſt, and ſuffered his drudge to die of a broken heart in abſolute want.

This ballad, which is one of the beſt that emanated from the miniſterial party, is principally directed againſt Pulteney, and expoſes the inconſiſtency of himſelf and followers in their attacks upon the Government. "With reſpect to Walpole's foreign policy" (obſerves Mr. Wright, in his *Hiſtory of England under the Houſe of Hanover*), the factious character of the Oppoſition was becoming ſo apparent, that it now cauſed little embarraſſment or uneaſineſs to the Government, and exhibited itſelf publicly in a way not likely to produce much effect. At the beginning of 1734, when a peace ſeemed to be ſecurely eſtabliſhed, the 'Patriots' had clamoured for war. A few months after this a war appeared imminent, and then the ſame Oppoſition cried out for peace, and complained that the Government was unneceſſarily involving the nation in hoſtilities

with its neighbours. Before the end of 1735 the danger had vaniſhed, and then the Oppoſition became as warlike as ever, and the Engliſh people was told daily and weekly of the puſillanimity of its rulers."]

IN the iſland of Britain, an iſle of great fame,
There once liv'd a Tinker, and Caleb his name;
So curious his tools, and ſo nice was his ſtroke,
That all artiſts beſide he out-did, and he broke.
Derry down, &c.

No workman but he did his work underſtand,
But all was quite finiſh'd that came from his hand;
Tho' he did what moſt tinkers are wont for to do,
And each hole that he mended he always made two.
Derry down, &c.

His wares coſt him little for any deſign,
And for metal, 'twas ſeldom he travell'd the mine;
No merchant he needed to find him in braſs,
For whatever he wanted he took from his face.
Derry down, &c.

Our artiſts, and learn'd virtuoſos of old,
Could tin or could copper convert into gold;

So each metal he uſed, would, in ev'ry degree,
When rubb'd on his front, turn as brazen as he.
Derry down, &c.

Now tir'd with his trade, his profeſſion he hates,
And from patching of pans, falls to mending of States;
His ſhears not ſo keen as the journals he writ,
For there's nothing like ſtarving to make you a wit.
Derry down, &c.

Now our tinkering ſcribe, with the daſh of his quill,
Without help of a reaſon can prove what he will;
While his eſſay each week that the law doth defy,
Into truth, when he pleaſes, can tinker a lie.
Derry down, &c.

If you aſk his advice, the new ſtateſman with eaſe
Can ſtrike out a war, or can plan out a peace;
By turns he can prove them a bleſſing or curſe,
And a peace ſhall be bad, yet a war ſhall be worſe.
Derry down, &c.

Your Lords and your Commons may vote what they will,
If the tinker's learn'd ſenate is pleaſ'd with their bill;
For in ſpite of your Hardwick, your Willes, and your Strange,
There is nothing good law but what's lik'd at the 'Change.
Derry down, &c.

If you libel your ſov'reign, 'tis honeſt and fair;
But 'tis treaſon, or worſe, if you laugh at the may'r:
A king on his throne you may ſafely reproach;
But never, ah! never, a ſh'rieve in his coach!
Derry down, &c.

'Tis hanging, or worſe, 'gainſt mobs to proteſt,
While the fur is quite ſacred, the ermine's a jeſt;
A certain good ſign of a citizen's grace,
If he laughs at the ſceptre — and bows to the mace.
Derry down, &c.

In his liſt you may read a new patriot each week,
And much better than any from Latin or Greek,
Where the breaſt of his St. John is grac'd with a ſtar —
For his head is not yet to be ſeen on the Bar.*
Derry down, &c.

* Temple Bar, where the heads of traitors were uſually expoſed. The ingratitude of Bolingbroke to the King, in return for his life and liberty, was the ſubject of many ſevere epigrams; but none, perhaps, comparable with the following, written in 1733:—

Aye and *No.*

When from the axe good D'Anvers flew,
And to his King for mercy cried;
His generous King the axe withdrew,
And *yes!* to all he aſk'd replied.
His monarch's goodneſs to repay,
When mov'd to act againſt the foes
Of him who gave him life — 'twas *nay!*
And all his voice could breathe were *noes!*

O George! had'ſt thou this *Craftſman* known,
The ſentence had not ſeem'd amiſs,

See there is his ſword, and his ſpurs, and his George,
All poliſh'd quite ſlice at the tinker's own forge;
Tho' the artiſt was out, as moſt heralds agree,
Who inſtead of his neck, ty'd the ſtring to his knee.
Derry down, &c.

With quiet, and fighting, by turns he is vext,
And what ſaves us this ſummer ſhall ſink us the next;
'Tis bad in the morning — 'tis better at noon;
And our wiſdom in May ſhall be madneſs in June.
Derry down, &c.

Our ſage, with a ſet of new morals now fraught,
Makes faction the virtue, and duty the fault;
'Gainſt the foes of his country his pen does employ,
Gives the halter to Freeman *, the wreath to Molloy.†
Derry down, &c.

For life when cringing to thy throne,
Had'ſt thou ſaid *no!* inſtead of *yes!*
Yet tho' his pen ſo long has rav'd,
Let him in time chaſtiſe his quill;
That law whoſe *aye!* has often ſav'd,
May one time have a *no!* to kill.

* Alluding to the author of a pamphlet publiſhed in 1734, and entitled, *The Merits of the Craftſman conſidered; or a Diſplay of the Injuries offered by that Party, not only to the Miniſtry but to their Majeſties and the Conſtitution.*

† An Iriſh Jeſuit, and conductor, conjointly with Lords Cheſterfield and Lyttleton, of *Common Senſe; or the Engliſhman's Journal.*

Ye wits, and ye witlings — plebeians or peers,
Who ſquirt out your ſpleen in your dull Gazetteers;
You may laugh till you burſt, if the Court is your theme,
But to laugh at the City, you almoſt blaſpheme.
Derry down, &c.

If you follow his counſel, he'll ſhow you a way,
How Cadiz or Breſt may be won in a day —
If you break but old Haddock, the Spaniards muſt fall,
And give his commiſſion and flag to brave Hall.*
Derry down, &c.

Of a navy this captain can ſave you the charge,
And can ſink you a fleet with a lighter or barge;
Who wants no battalions for fighting — nor more
To ſtorm you a town, than an army of four.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas wrong in Sir Robert to ſuffer our foe,
A gale from the weſt, a whole ſummer to blow;
That he kept not the winds, like the Senate, in pay,
To drive both the fleet and Sir John from Torbay.
Derry down, &c.

* Captain Richard Haddock, who, for fifteen years, was Comptroller of the Navy, and died at a very advanced age in 1751. Captain Hall was an officer who had greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf during the Spaniſh war by capturing a fort with the aid of four men only.

Oh! George — if you find any weakneſs or flaws
In the ſchemes of your cloſet, or make of your laws,
Our tinker to ſhow you his art is not ſmall,
With a ſolder he makes ye, can cloſe 'em up all.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' not with a hammer, his genius is ſtill
At work, full as buſy, with ink and a quill;
Since in ev'ry profeſſion, a ſtateſman or quack,
He is much better pleaſ'd that his work ſhould be black.
Derry down, &c.

If his tricks you ſtill like, you may have him agen,
Who has nothing now left him to ſell — but his pen;
From the foe, for a guinea, may ſteal him away —
For he fights, like a Switzer, alone for his pay.
Derry down, &c.

For a bribe (that he hates!) he will prove what you will,
And you're ſure of his heart, if his pocket you fill;
Then the Senate and King ſhall their duty diſcharge,
And their ſchemes ſhall be wiſe, if his pay is but large.
Derry down, &c.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

BY THOMAS GLOVER.

[No declaration of war ever gave greater ſatisfaction to the populace than that againſt Spain in 1739, and no war was ever more languidly conducted. The only event that threw any luſtre upon it was the capture of Porto Bello, on the 22nd of November in the ſame year, by Admiral Vernon, with ſix ſhips of the line. This partial ſucceſs was in no way attributable either to his ſuperior courage or ſkill as an officer; nevertheleſs, being cried up by the Oppoſition as a "patriot," he obtained for a ſeaſon a profeſſional reputation infinitely beyond his deſerts. His vanity led him to complain that he was checked in his victorious career by the neglect of miniſters at home; and the Oppoſition inſinuated, in prints and caricatures, that the Government would willingly ſee Vernon's armament periſh in inactivity, juſt as they had ſuffered that of Admiral Hoſier, on the ſame ſtation, in 1726. To the factious proceedings of Pulteney and his party, we are indebted for one of the beſt and moſt pathetic ballads in our language.]

AS near Porto Bello lying
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight with ſtreamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon ſat all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet.

On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And with looks by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford * rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſide him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed our fatal ſtory, —
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt, —
You who now have purchaſ'd glory
At this place where I was loſt!
Though in Porto Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

* The name of Admiral Vernon's ſhip.

" See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping—
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave!
Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid, —
Thoſe were once my ſailors bold!
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While this diſmal tale is told.

" I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling Ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

" For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt achiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for diſobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fallen, my country crying,
He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

"Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feel my conſtant woe:
Here the baſtimentos viewing,
We recall our ſhameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

" O'er theſe waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of reſt,
If to Britain's ſhores returning
You neglect my juſt requeſt.
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your Patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me! "

THE LATE GALLANT EXPLOITS

OF A

FAMOUS BALANCING CAPTAIN.

[Horace Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, 2nd Nov. 1741, ſays: "The Neutrality begins to break out, and threatens to be an *exciſe* or *convention*. The newſpapers are full of it, and the preſs teems. It has already produced three pieces: 'The Groans of Germany,' . . . 'Bedlam, a poem on his Majeſty's happy eſcape from his German dominions, and all the wiſdom of his conduct there.' . . . The third piece is a ballad ['The Balancing Captain'], which, not for the goodneſs, but for the exceſſive abuſe of it, I ſhall tranſcribe."

The following circumſtances gave riſe to this offenſive ballad. By the "Pragmatic Sanction," which was guaranteed by all the great European Powers, Maria Thereſa, Queen of Hungary, and eldeſt daughter of Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, was to ſucceed to all her father's hereditary ſtates; but being oppoſed, firſt by the Elector of Bavaria, and then by the King of Pruſſia, ſhe appealed to England. The Engliſh parliament voted her a ſubſidy of 300,000*l.*, with which King George haſtened over to the Continent. Suddenly, however, fearing that his Hanoverian dominions might be ſacrificed in the forthcoming ſtruggle, he determined to abandon the cauſe of the unfortunate Queen, and ſo concluded with her enemies a neutrality for one year. His own people felt quite as indignant as the Queen at ſuch conduct.]

To the tune of "The King and the Miller."

I.

I'LL tell you a ſtory as ſtrange as 'tis new,
Which all, who're concern'd, will allow to be true,
Of a Balancing Captain*, well known hereabouts,
Return'd home (God ſave him!) a mere King of Clouts.
Return'd home, &c.

II.

This Captain he takes, in a *Gold*-balaſted ſhip,
Each ſummer to Terra Damnoſa a trip;
For which he begs, borrows, ſcrapes all he can get,
And runs his poor *Owners* moſt vilely in debt.
And runs, &c.

III.

The laſt time he ſet out for this bleſſed place,
He met them, and told them a piteous caſe,
Of a Siſter† of his, who, though bred up at Court,
Was ready to periſh for want of ſupport.
Was ready, &c.

* King George II. was uſually deſignated "the captain" by the Jacobites.

† Maria Thereſa, Queen of Hungary.

IV.

This *Hun-gry* Sifter, he then did pretend,
Would be to his *Owners* a notable friend,
If they would at that critical juncture ſupply her:
They did—but, alas! all the fat's in the fire.
They did, &c.

V.

This our Captain no ſooner had finger'd the *cole*,
But he hies him abroad with good Madame Vole—
Where, like a true tinker, he manag'd this metal,
And, whilſt he ſtopt one hole, made ten in the kettle.
And whilſt, &c.

VI.

His Sifter, whom he to his *Owners* had ſworn
To ſee duly ſettled before his return,
He gulls with bland meſſages ſent to and fro,
Whilſt he, underhand, claps up a Peace with her foe.
Whilſt he, &c.

VII.

He then turns this Sifter adrift and declares,
"Her moſt mortal foes were her father's *right heirs*;"
God zounds! cries the world, ſuch a ſtep ne'er was taken,—
"O ho!" ſays Noll Bluff, "I have ſav'd my own bacon!"
O ho! &c.

VIII.

"Let France damn the Germans, and undamn the Dutch,
And Spain, on old England, piſh ever ſo much;
Let Ruſſia bang Sweden, or Sweden bang that,
I care not, by Robert! one *kick of my hat!**
I care not, &c.

IX.

"So I by myſelf can Noun Subſtantive ſtand,
Impoſe on my *Owners*, and ſave my own Land;
You call me Maſculine, Feminine, Neuter, or Block,
Be what will the gender, Sirs, *hic*, *hæc*, or *hoc*.
Be what, &c.

X.

"Or ſhould my chouſ'd *Owners* begin to look ſour,
I'll truſt to mate Bob † to exert his old pow'r,
Regit animos dictis, or *nummis*, with eaſe;
So, ſpite of your growling, I'll act as I pleaſe.
So ſpite, &c.

* The immenſe cocked-hat which George II. wore was no leſs the ſport of the wits of the day than his Majeſty's extreme frugality.

† Walpole.

XI.

Yet worſe, in this trait'rous Contract, 'tis ſaid,
Such terms are agreed to, ſuch promiſes made,
That his *Owners* muſt ſoon feeble beggars become—
Hold! cries the Crown-Office, 'ware ſlander, — ſo *mum!*
Hold! cries, &c.

XII.

This ſecret, however, muſt out on the day
That he meets his poor *Owners* to aſk for more pay;
And, I fear, when they come to adjuſt the account,
A naught for a Balance, will prove their amount.
A naught for a, &c.

ARGYLE'S ADVICE
TO
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE:

A COURT BALLAD.

[At the meeting of Parliament in Nov. 1740, the Oppoſition, mindful of the approaching elections, ſtrained every nerve to aggravate the difficulties and blacken the character of Sir Robert Walpole, whoſe tenure of office had now laſted nearly twenty years. But the grand attack upon the envied miniſter was reſerved for the 13th Feb. 1741, when Sandys in the Commons, and Carteret in the Lords, ſimultaneouſly arraigned both his foreign and domeſtic policy during the whole courſe of his long adminiſtration, and ended by moving that he ſhould be diſmiſſed from his Majeſty's preſence and counſels for ever. After lengthened debates in the two Houſes, in which the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſpeakers took part, the reſpective motions were rejected by overwhelming majorities. Walpole's triumph was complete. How intenſely he was envied, or rather hated, by his opponents, both within and without the walls of Parliament, may be judged from this and other contemporary ballads levelled againſt him, which for groſſneſs of perſonality and threatenings of vengeance far exceeded anything of the kind practiſed even in the days of Queen Anne or her predeceſſor.]

To the tune of "The King and the Miller."

IN days of yore, when Stateſmen wore
Clean hands and honeſt faces,
No feuds were then among great men,
Nor ſtriving for high places.

Their only aim was laſting fame,
Their virtues made them great, Sir;
But now, friend Bob, 'tis who ſhall rob
The Britiſh Church and State, Sir.

Of that good fare thou'ſt had thy ſhare,
And feather'd well thy neſt, Sir;
Then don't provoke the German folk
To ſacrifice the reſt, Sir.*

Remember that the rod comes pat,
Its laſhes thou ſhalt feel;
Although thy back was, like thy face,
Caſe-harden'd well with ſteel.

If Pulteney fail, what will prevail,
He hath not low to fall, Sir;
If thou art beat, thou'ſt no retreat,
Thy *neck* muſt pay for all, Sir.

Now ſince, alas! thus ſtands thy caſe,
Robin, look ſharp about thee;
Stow thick thy gold, but purſe faſt hold,
Or the Parliament will rout thee.

* Alluding to the Treaty of Hanover (1725), concluded between England, France, and Pruſſia, to counteract the Viennese alliance. The danger of war was imminent, but the pacific policy of Walpole, ſeconded by Cardinal Fleury, the French miniſter, preſerved the peace of Europe.

If thou art wiſe thou'lt rub thy eyes,
To make thy ſight more clear, Sir;
That thou mayſt ſee what's like to be
Abroad as well as here, Sir.

Conſider well, the road to hell
Is wide and free to all, Sir;
But heaven it hath narrow gates,
Where few can paſs at all, Sir.

Therefore take care, and ſtill beware,
That thou art not miſled, Sir;
If thou ſhouldſt miſs the way to bliſs,
Thou'rt d—d when thou art dead, Sir.

See, Robin, pray now while you may,
Save your neck as well as ſoul, Sir;
For you are pray'd for night and day,
To ſee your head on pole, Sir!

A NEW COURT BALLAD.

BY LORD HERVEY.

["For want of news (writes Horace Walpole to his couſin Mann, 16th Oct. 1742), I live upon ballads to you. Here is one that has made a vaſt noiſe, and by Lord Hervey's taking great pains to diſperſe it, has been thought his own. If it is, he has taken true care to diſguiſe the niceneſs of his ſtyle." Elſewhere he adds, "It was certainly written by Lord Hervey." His Lordſhip was Privy Seal under the government of Sir Robert Walpole, and was forced to retire with that miniſter in 1742. The ballad deſcribes the embarraſſments of the King, who had, upon being reconciled to his ſon in the year juſt mentioned, unwillingly acceded to the Prince's requeſt to receive the Lords Carteret, Wilmington, and other Whig coalitioniſts, into his Cabinet. The ſecond-named nobleman was the nominal head of the new miniſtry, but the firſt engroſſed the chief power. In the following extract from a letter containing a converſation he had had with the King relative to theſe miniſterial changes, addreſſed by Lord Hervey to his father, the Earl of Briſtol, we have not only the author's gloſs upon his own ſatirical compoſition, but alſo a clue to the motives by which he was actuated when he penned it: "As to government, the preſent poſture, or rather no-poſture, but chaos of things, cannot deſerve the name, for government there is none. The titles of government belong not to perſons who exerciſe all the authority of it. Your Majeſty bears the name of King, and wears the crown, whilſt all the authority of the one, and the power of the other, is exerciſed by another. My Lord Carteret has the credit in your cloſet and the name of your miniſter, whilſt Mr. Pulteney poſſeſſes and exerciſes the power of both. Parliament there

is none: the Secret Committee [appointed to examine into the conduct of Walpole] has abſorbed and engroſſed the whole power and authority of that body into their narrow faction."]

I.

ENGLAND, attend, while thy fate I deplore,
Rehearſing the ſchemes and the conduct of pow'r;
And ſince only of thoſe who have power I ſing,
I am ſure none can think that I hint at the King.

II.

From the time his ſon made him old Robin depoſe,
All the power of a King he was well known to loſe;
But of all but the name and the badges bereft,
Like old women, his paraphernalia are left.

III.

To tell how he ſhook in St. James' for fear,
When firſt theſe new miniſters bullied him there,
Makes my blood boil with rage, to think what a thing
They have made of a man we obey as a King.

IV.

Whom they pleaſ'd they put in, whom they pleaſ'd they put out,
And juſt like a top they all laſh'd him about;
Whilſt he, like a top with a murmuring noiſe,
Seem'd to grumble, but turn'd to theſe rude laſhing boys.

V.

At laſt Carteret arriving ſpoke thus to his grief,
"If you'll make me your Doctor, I'll bring you relief;
You ſee to your cloſet familiar I come,
And ſeem like my wife in the circle — at home."

VI.

Quoth the King, "My good lord, perhaps, you've been told,
That I uſ'd to abuſe you a little of old;
But now bring whom you will, and eke turn away,
Let but me and my money, and Walmoden * ſtay."

VII.

"For you and Walmoden I freely conſent,
But as for your money I muſt have it ſpent;
I have promiſ'd your ſon (nay, no frowns) ſhall have ſome,
Nor think 'tis for nothing we Patriots are come.

VIII.

"But, however, little King, ſince I find you ſo good,
Thus ſtooping below your high courage and blood,
Put yourſelf in my hands, and I'll do what I can
To make you look yet like a King and a man.

* The Counteſs of Yarmouth, the King's miſtreſs.

IX.

"At your Admiralty and your Treaſury-Board,
To ſave one ſingle man you ſhan't ſay a word,
For, by G—! all your rubbiſh from both you ſhall ſhoot,
Walpole's ciphers and Gaſherry's * vaſſals to boot.

X.

"And to guard Prince's ears, as all Stateſmen take care,
So long as yours are—not one man ſhall come near;
For of all your Court-crew we'll leave only thoſe
Who we know never dare to ſay boh! to a gooſe.

XI.

"So your friend booby Grafton † I'll e'en let you keep,
Awake he can't hurt, and is ſtill half-aſleep;
Nor ever was dangerous, but to womankind,
And his body's as impotent now as his mind.

XII.

"There's another Court-booby, at once hot and dull,
Your pious pimp, Schutz‡, a mean Hanover tool;
For your card-play at night he too ſhall remain,
With *virtuous*, and *ſober*, and *wife* Deloraine.§

* Secretary to the Admiralty.

† Charles Fitzroy, ſecond Duke of Grafton, who long held the poſt of Chamberlain of the King's houſehold.

‡ Auguſtus Schutz, Keeper of the Privy Purſe and Maſter of the Robes to George II.

§ The Counteſs-Dowager of Deloraine, governeſs to the young Princeſſes.

XIII.

" And for all your Court-nobles who can't write or read,
As of ſuch titled ciphers all Courts ſtand in need,
Who, like Parliament-Swiſs, vote and fight for their pay,
They're as good as a new ſet to cry *yea* and *nay*.

XIV.

" Though Newcaſtle's as falſe as he's ſilly, I know,
By betraying old Robin to me long ago,
As well as all thoſe who employ'd him before,
Yet I leave him in place, but I leave him no pow'r.

XV.

" For granting his heart is as black as his hat,
With no more truth in this, than there's ſenſe beneath that;
Yet as he's a coward, he'll ſhake when I frown:
You call'd him a raſcal, I'll uſe him like one.

XVI.

" And ſince his eſtate at elections he'll ſpend,
And beggar himſelf, without making a friend;
So whilſt the extravagant fool has a ſous,
As his brains I can't fear, ſo his fortune I'll uſe.

XVII.

" And as miſer Hardwick, with all Courts will draw,
He too may remain, but ſhall ſtick to his law;

For, of foreign affairs when he talks like a fool,
I'll laugh in his face, and will cry, "Go to ſchool!"

XVIII.

"The Counteſs of Wilmington *, excellent nurſe,
I'll truſt with the Treaſury, not with its purſe;
For nothing by her I've reſolv'd ſhall be done,
She ſhall ſit at that board, as you ſit on the throne.

XIX.

"Perhaps now you expect that I ſhould begin
To tell you the men I deſign to bring in;
But we're not yet determin'd on all their demands—
And you'll know ſoon enough, when they come to kiſs hands.

XX.

"All that weather-cock Pulteney † ſhall aſk, we muſt grant,
For to make him a great noble nothing I want;
And to cheat ſuch a man demands all my arts,
For though he's a fool, he's a fool with great parts.

* Old Sir Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, who, upon the reſignation of Sir R. Walpole, was nominated Firſt Lord of the Treaſury.

† Although Pulteney had at length ſucceeded in turning out Walpole, in the changes that followed he took no office in the new miniſtry himſelf, but followed his great rival to the Lords, as Earl of Bath, before the cloſe of the ſeſſion.

XXI.

"And as popular Clodius, the Pulteney of Rome,
From a noble, for power did plebeian become,
So this Clodius to be a Patrician ſhall chooſe,
Till what one got by changing, the other ſhall loſe.

XXII.

"Thus flatter'd, and courted, and gaz'd at by all,
Like Phaëton, raiſ'd for a day, he ſhall fall,
Put the world in a flame, and ſhow he did ſtrive
To get reins in his hand, though 'tis plain he can't drive.

XXIII.

"For your foreign affairs, howe'er they turn out,
At leaſt I'll take care you ſhall make a great rout:
Then cock your great hat, ſtrut, bounce, and look bluff,
For though kick'd and cuff'd here, you ſhall there kick and cuff.

XXIV.

"That Walpole did nothing they all uſ'd to ſay,
So I'll do enough, but I'll make the dogs pay;
Great fleets I'll provide, and great armies engage,
Whate'er debts we make, or whate'er wars we wage."

XXV.

With cordials like theſe the Monarch's new gueſt
Reviv'd his ſunk ſpirits and gladden'd his breaſt;

Till in raptures he cried, "My dear lord, you ſhall do
Whatever you will, give me troops to review."

XXVI.

But, oh! my dear England, ſince this is thy ſtate,
Who is there that loves thee but weeps at thy fate?
Since in changing thy maſters, thou'rt juſt like old Rome,
Whilſt Faction, Oppreſſion, and Slavery's thy doom!

XXVII.

For though you have made that rogue Walpole retire,
You are out of the frying-pan into the fire!
But ſince to the Proteſtant line I'm a friend,
I tremble to think where theſe changes may end!

ROBIN WILL BE OUT AT LAST.

[" The fate of Sir Robert Walpole's character as a miniſter (remarks his biographer, Coxe) has been extremely ſingular. While he was in power, he was reviled with unceaſing obloquy, and his whole conduct arraigned as a maſs of corruption and political depravity. But he himſelf lived to ſee the propriety of his preventive meaſures acknowledged by the public. As time ſoftened the aſperities of perſonal animoſity, and as the ſpirit of party ſubſided, there was ſcarcely one of his opponents who did not publicly or privately retract their unqualified cenſures, and pay a due tribute to the wiſdom of the general principles which guided his adminiſtration." A greater than Archdeacon Coxe — namely, Burke — has pronounced the following judgment upon Walpole: "The prudence, ſteadineſs, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greateſt poſſible lenity in his character and his politics, preſerved the crown to this royal family, and, with it, their laws and liberties to this country." This ballad appears to have been written about the time when Walpole was vainly ſtruggling to preſerve his power.]

GOOD people draw near,
And a tale you ſhall hear,
A ſtory concerning one Robin;
Who, from not worth a groat,
A vaſt fortune has got,
By politics, bubbles, and jobbing.
Fa, la.

But a few years ago,
As we very well know,
He ſcarce had a guinea his fob in;
But by bribing of friends,
To ſerve his dark ends,
Now worth a full million is Robin.

That his bags he might fill,
He brought in a bill,
Intitled "An Act againſt Mobbing;"
But 'twas only a law
To keep us in awe
From riſing in arms againſt Robin.

Each poſt he has fill'd
With wretches unſkill'd
In all other acts except fobbing;
For no men of ſenſe
Would ever commence
Such proſtitute creatures for Robin.

By the ſame worthy means
We have biſhops and deans
As dull as blind *Bayard* and *Dobbin*,
That both church and ſtate
Draw near to their date
By the excellent meaſures of Robin.

What a ſtir hath he made
About commerce and trade,
About china-ware, lace, and bobbin;
But it's very well known,
That all this was done
To ſkreen other projects of Robin.

How oft hath he ſwore
That he'd ſave Gibraltore,
With a face full as grave as Judge Probyn;
Yet ſtill, like the Church,
It is left in the lurch,
By the treaties and juggles of Robin.

As oft hath he ſaid
That our debts ſhould be paid,
And the nation be eaſ'd of her throbbing;
Yet on tick we ſtill run,
For the true ſinking fund
Is the bottomleſs pocket of Robin.

Then at length would you be
From ſuch foul uſage free,
From armies, hard taxes, and jobbing,
You muſt join heart and hand,
And by each other ſtand,
To pull down the plunderer Robin.

Come then, let a full glaſs
Round to King and Queen paſs,
Who will eaſe our diſconſolate ſobbing;
(For if rightly I ween,
Such a good King and Queen
Will give no protection to Robin).

THE STATESMAN'S FALL;

OR,

SIR BOB IN THE DUST.

A new hunting ſong from Windſor.

[On the 11th February, 1742, Sir Robert Walpole, after twenty years' tenure of office, reſigned all his employments. The term "prime miniſter" was firſt applied to him, but in a reproachful ſenſe. "Having inveſted me (he remarked to the Oppoſition a ſhort time previous to his reſignation) with a kind of mock dignity, and ſtyled me a *prime miniſter*, they impute to me an unpardonable abuſe of that chimerical authority which they only created and conferred." Since the Great Rebellion of 1640, no ſtateſman's fall had been accompanied with ſuch demonſtrations of perſonal hatred and revengeful threats, as in the inſtance of Sir Robert Walpole.*

This ballad but faintly reflects the feelings of the Oppoſition in the moment of their triumph. They appointed a Secret Committee "to inquire into the adminiſtration of Sir Robert Walpole during the laſt twenty years." Lord Mahon thus deſcribes the doings of this committee, which conſiſted of twenty-one members, all of whom (with two exceptions only) were rancorous opponents of the ex-

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* The daily preſs teemed with lampoons, epigrams, &c., againſt him, which for fierceneſs and ſcurrility have no parallel in our language: *e.g.*

Sir [Robert] his merit or intereſt to ſhew,
Laid down the red riband to take up the blew;
By two ſtrings already the knight has been tied,
But when twiſted at [Tyburn] the third will decide.

miniſter: "The committee having met and choſen Lord Limerick for their chairman, entered upon their inveſtigation with all the zeal and activity that hatred can ſupply. They ſearched through the Treaſury books and papers for proofs of guilt, and ſummoned before them the perſons ſuppoſed to have been the ſecret agents of Walpole in his ſchemes of corruption. So plain and open was their animoſity, that ſeveral members of their own party in the committee became diſguſted with it and ceaſed to attend." Tindall, the contemporary hiſtorian, informs us that the Report of the committee, from which ſo much had been expected, was received by the public with contempt.]

E Hunters all at Hampton Court,
And eke at Windſor too,
Who chaſe the ſtag with manly ſport,
My ſong is meant for you:
And fraught with cautions worth your care,
Though ſet to no Italian air.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

A truth my ditty ſhall declare,
Fit warning for ye all,
How arrogance in full career
Hath often met a fall:
Then ride not, courtiers, quite ſo faſt,
Leſt, like Sir Bob, you trip at laſt.

The tale I tell is of a Knight,
Whom all of ye muſt know,

Who, tho' a clumſy toothleſs wight,
Is yet a Jockey-Beau *;
In body groſs, of ſaffron hue,
Deck'd forth in green, and Riband blue.

His perſon, parts, and wit proclaim
Him of La Mancha's breed,
With all of Sancho in his frame,
And Quixot in his head:
From native bronze, and ſtarch'd grimace,
Surnam'd the *Knight of Rueful Face.*

When on his ſteed ſo ſafely ſet,
And his attendants by,
His vanity outran his wit,
To ſee himſelf ſo high:
He thought he ne'er could go too far,
So Jehu-like rode whip and ſpur.

His mare of Engliſh mettle bold,
Uneaſy at his weight,
Found, as he on her mane laid hold,
How awkwardly he ſat:
Unuſ'd at ſuch a rate to go,
She kick'd — and laid her rider low!

* Sir Robert Walpole, notwithſtanding his corpulency, was paſſionately devoted to the chase.

In piteous plight Sir Knight was found,
Whom fear and hurt did ſtun;
While *Sorrel* friſk'd and caper'd round,
As proud of what ſhe'd done:
Some thought (for I the truth muſt ſpeak)
He'd broke his bones — moſt wiſh'd his neck!

But tho' their pious hopes were vain,
Yet ſo much hurt was he,
That all the Eſculapian train
In judgment did agree,
His caſe, when rightly underſtood,
Demanded *proper loſs of blood.*

Now to my ſong you've lent an ear,
Pray give it credit due;
Since on my honor I aver
That all I've ſaid is true:
Tho' ſome who're prone to allegory
Would archly thus unfold my ſtory.

They'd ſay, that by the Knight is meant
One at the helm, who ſteers,
Who eke the mare of Government
Has ſwitch'd theſe many years:
Yet thick in ſkull, in judgment addle,
He ſcarce knows how to ſit his ſaddle.

With thought profound, they ſay likewiſe,
That they the ſecret ſpy,
How in a hunting quaint diſguiſe
A Parliament doth lie:
Another riddle this unlocks,
That by a Stag is meant a *Fox*.

As to the *fall*, with equal ſkill,
They've found a new pretence;
They own the word is proper ſtill,
But in another ſenſe:
For bleeding — that, ſay they, is clear,—
It means the *Axe* and *jugular*.

A NEW ODE:

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN, NEWLY MADE.

BY SIR CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

[In this ode Sir Charles Williams ſatiriſes the chief members of the new miniſtry. Some little time elapſed after the final defeat of Sir Robert Walpole, before the changes in the government were effected; they are thus notified by Horace Walpole in a letter to his couſin, Sir Horace Mann, dated on the day in which his father was created Earl of Orford: "Lord Wilmington is Firſt Lord of the Treaſury, and Sandys has accepted the ſeals as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with Gibbons and Sir John Ruſhout joined to him as other Lords of the Treaſury. . . . . Lord Harrington, who is created an earl, is made Preſident of the Council, and Lord Carteret has conſented to be Secretary of State in his room; but mind, not one of them has promiſed to be againſt the proſecution of Sir Robert, though I don't believe now that it will go on. You ſee Pulteney is not come in, except in his friend Sir John Ruſhout, but he is to hold the balance between liberty and prerogative; at leaſt in this he acts with honour. . . . . Sir Charles Wager [Firſt Lord of the Admiralty] has reſigned this morning; he ſays, 'We ſhall not die, but be all changed!' though he adds, a parſon lately reading this text in an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, read it, *not die, but be all hanged!*"]

SEE a new progeny deſcends
From Heav'n of Britain's trueſt friends;
Oh! muſe attend my call:
To one of theſe direct thy flight,
Or, to be ſure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio! theſe are golden times,
I ſhall get money for my rhymes,
And thou no more go tatter'd:
Make haſte then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people juſt come in,
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But firſt to Carteret* fain you'd ſing,
Indeed he's neareſt to the King,
Yet careleſs how you uſe him;
Give him, I beg, no labor'd lays,
He will but promiſe if you praiſe,
And laugh if you abuſe him.

* John, Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. Upon the reſignation of Walpole, he was nominated Secretary of State by Pulteney, who declined office himſelf, and carried his well known reſolution into effect: "When I have turned out Sir Robert Walpole, I will retire into that hoſpital of invalids, the Houſe of Peers." He was created accordingly Earl of Bath.

Then (but there's a vaſt ſpace betwixt)
The new made earl of Bath comes next,
Stiff in his popular pride:
His ſtep, his gait, deſcribe the man,
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from ſide to ſide.

Each hour a diff'rent face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in ſorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for pow'r to-morrow.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
With ſtaunchеſt Whigs he ſupp'd at night,
Each party try'd to've won him;
But he himſelf did ſo divide,
Shuffl'd and cut from ſide to ſide,
That now both parties ſhun him.

See yon old, dull, important Lord*,
Who at the long'd for money-board
Sits firſt, but does not lead:
His younger brethren all things make,
So that the Treaſury's like a ſnake,
And the tail moves the head.

* Spencer Compton, Earl of Wilmington, Firſt Lord of the Treaſury.

Why did you croſs God's good intent?
He made you for a preſident;
Back to that ſtation go,
Nor longer act this farce of pow'r,
We know you miſſ'd the thing before*,
And have not got it now.

See valiant Cobham †, valorous Stair ‡,
Britain's two thunderbolts of war
Now ſtrike my raviſh'd eye;
But oh! their ſtrength and ſpirits flown,
They, like their conq'ring ſwords, are grown
Ruſty with lying by.

Dear Bat §, I'm glad you've got a place,
And ſince things thus have chang'd their face,
You'll give oppoſing o'er;

* Upon the acceſſion of George II., when it was the deſign of the Court to increaſe the Civil Liſt, Lord Wilmington, who was Preſident of the Council, was offered the Treaſury if he would undertake that meaſure. He declined; whereupon Sir Robert Walpole accepted the poſt and fulfilled the condition.

† Richard Temple, Viſcount Cobham. He had ſerved under the Duke of Marlborough in Flanders, and, upon the reſignation of Sir Robert Walpole, was created a Field-Marſhal.

‡ John Dalrymple, ſecond Earl of Stair, a general and diplomatiſt. He had been deprived of his commiſſions by Walpole, but, upon the fall of the latter, had them reſtored to him.

§ The firſt Lord Bathurſt, appointed Captain of the Band of Penſioners.

'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a d—d while you've been,
Like Peter, at the door.

See who comes next — I kiſs thy hands,
But not in flattery, Samuel Sands *;
For ſince you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the ſtateſman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers ſhook
Its State, old Rome dictators took
Judiciouſly from plough;
So we (but at a pinch thou knoweſt),
To make the higheſt of the loweſt,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the ſeals you found,
Did they not make your brains go round —
Did they not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell did when ſhe woke
In Lady Loverule's bed.

* Made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

See Harry Vane * in pomp appear,
And, ſince he's made Vice-Treaſurer,
Grown taller by ſome inches:
See Tweedale † follow Carteret's ‡ call;
See Hanoverian Gower §, and all
The black funereal Finches.‖

And ſee, with that important face,
Berenger's clerk, to take his place,
Into the Treaſury come;
With pride and meanneſs act thy part,
Thou look'ſt the very thing thouart,
Thou *Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*

* Sir Henry Vane, afterwards Earl of Darlington, Vice-treaſurer of Ireland.

† Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Secretary of State for England.

§ Lord Privy Seal, the only Tory in the new miniſtry.

‖ Daniel Finch, Earl of Winchelſea and Nottingham, is here more particularly alluded to, who was made Firſt Lord of the Admiralty under the new adminiſtration. Horace Walpole records the following curious anecdote reſpecting his perſonal appearance: "Prince William (afterwards Duke of Cumberland), then a child, being carried to his grandfather on his birthday, the King aſked him at what hour he roſe. The Prince replied, 'When the chimney-ſweepers went about.' 'Vat is de chimney-ſweeper?' ſaid the King. 'Have you been ſo long in England,' ſaid the boy, 'and don't know what a chimney-ſweeper is? Why, they are like that man *there*,' pointing to Lord Finch, afterwards Earl of Winchelſea and Nottingham, of a family uncommonly ſwarthy and dark —

'The black funereal Finches.'"

O my poor country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long labor'd fall
Of Walpole and his tools?
He was a knave indeed, — what then?
He'd parts, — but this new ſet of men
A'n't only knaves, but fools!

More changes, better times this Iſle
Demands; O! Cheſterfield, Argyle,
To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
Unite all hearts, appeaſe each ſtorm,
'Tis yours ſuch actions to perform —
My pride ſhall be to ſing 'em.

THE OLD COACHMAN:

A NEW BALLAD.

OR,

THE TRAVELS OF MR. PULTENEY AND LORD CARTERET TO CLERMONT.

BY SIR CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

["The few people that are left in town (writes Horace Walpole to his couſin Horace Mann, in July, 1742) have been much diverted with an adventure that has befallen the new miniſters. Laſt Sunday the Duke of Newcaſtle gave the new miniſters a dinner at Claremont, where their ſervants got ſo drunk, that when they came to the inn over againſt the gate of New [now Richmond] Park, the coachman, who was the only remaining fragment of their ſuite, tumbled off the box, and there they were planted. There were Lord Bath, Lord Carteret, Lord Limerick, and Harry Furneſe, in the coach. They aſked the innkeeper if he could contrive no way to convey them to town. 'No,' he ſaid, 'not he; unleſs it was to get Lord Orford's coachman to drive them.' They demurred; but Lord Carteret ſaid, 'Oh! I dare ſay Lord Orford will willingly let us have him.' So they ſent, and he drove them home. . . . Lord Orford has been at court again to-day. Lord Carteret came up to thank him for his coachman, the Duke of Newcaſtle ſtanding by. My father ſaid, 'My Lord, whenever the Duke is near overturning you, you have nothing to do but to ſend to me and I will ſave you.' The Duke ſaid to Lord Carteret, 'Do you know, my Lord, that the veniſon you eat that day came out of New Park?' Lord Orford laughed, and ſaid, 'So, you ſee I am made to kill the fatted calf for the return of the prodigals!'" The ex-miniſter was ranger of New Park.]

WHEN Caleb* and Carteret, two birds of a feather,
Went down to a feaſt at Newcaſtle together;
No matter what wines, or what choice of good cheer,
'Tis enough that the Coachman had his doſe of beer.
Derry down, &c.

Coming home, as the liquor work'd up in his pate,
The Coachman drove on at a damnable rate;
Poor Carteret in terror, and ſcar'd all the while,
Cry'd, "Stop, let us out — is the dog an Argyle?"
Derry down, &c.

But he ſoon was convinc'd of his error, for, lo!
John ſtopt ſhort in the dirt, and no further would go;
When Carteret ſaw this, he obſerv'd with a laugh,
"This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord Bath."
Derry down, &c.

Now the peers quit the coach in a pitiful plight,
Deep in mire and rain, and without any light;
Not a path to purſue, nor to guide them a friend,
What courſe ſhall they take then, and how will this end?
Derry down, &c.

* Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and ſo called on account of his connection with the *Craftſman*. Horace Walpole aſſures us, that the pen of Sir C. H. Williams inflicted deeper wounds in three months on Pulteney, than a ſeries of *Craftſmen*, aided by Lord Bolingbroke, for ſeveral years, could imprint on Sir Robert Walpole.

Lo! Chance, the great miſtreſs of human affairs,
Who governs in Councils and conquers in wars;
Straight, with grief at their caſe, for the Goddeſs well knew,
That theſe were her creatures and votaries true.
Derry down, &c.

This Chance brought a Paſſenger * quick to their aid.
"Honeſt friend, can you drive?" "What ſhould ail me?" he ſaid;
"For many a bad ſeaſon, through many a bad way,
Old Orford I've driven without ſtop or ſtay."
Derry down, &c.

"He was overturn'd, I confeſs, but not hurt,"
Quoth the Peers — "It was we help'd him out of the dirt;
This boon for thy maſter, then, prithee requite,
Take us up, or elſe here we muſt wander all night."
Derry down, &c.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin
Drove away to St. James' and brought them ſafe in;
Learn hence, honeſt Britons, in ſpite of your pains,
That Orford's old Coachman ſtill governs the reins.
Derry down, &c.

* Mr. Scroop was Secretary of the Treaſury under Sir Robert Walpole, and the new miniſtry was forced to retain him from their own ignorance of buſineſs. (Walpole.)

SANDYS AND JEKYLL.

A NEW BALLAD.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

[In 1736 the juſtices of Middleſex preſented a joint petition to the Houſe of Commons, complaining that the conſtant and exceſſive uſe of Geneva had deſtroyed thouſands of his Majeſty's ſubjects, and rendered many more totally unfit for uſeful labour and ſervice; whereupon Parliament, at the inſtance of Sir Joſeph Jekyll, Maſter of the Rolls, laid on gin and other ſpirituous liquors, a tax ſo heavy as to amount to a prohibition ſo far as the lower claſſes were concerned. That meaſure, as Walpole prognoſticated at the time, only afforded encouragement and opportunity to fraud. Not only was gin publicly retailed in ſhops, but hawkers carried it about the ſtreets in flaſks and bottles, labelled, *Make-ſhift*, *Baulk*, *The Ladies' Delight*, *Gripe Water*, &c. &c. To prevent ſuch wholeſale loſs to the revenue, Sandys, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced, in the ſeſſion of 1743, a new bill into parliament, by which a ſmaller duty was laid on all ſpirits at the ſtill-head, and the price of licenſes proportionately reduced. His propoſal met with great oppoſition in the Lords, and more particularly at the hands of the biſhops, who denounced it as a ſanction to vice. The bill, however, was paſſed by a great majority. Sir Charles Williams not only attacked the Chancellor of the Exchequer in this and the ſubſequent ballad, for partially repealing the Gin Act of Jekyll, but alſo in the following biting epigram: —

Deep, deep in Sandys' blund'ring head
The new gin project ſunk;
O happy project! ſage, he cried,
Let all the realm be drunk.
'Gainſt univerſal hate and ſcorn
This ſcheme my ſole defence is,
For when I've beggar'd half the realm
'Tis time to drown their ſenſes.]

To the tune of "When all was wrapt in dark midnight."

Obſtupuit ſteteruntque comæ.

WAS at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Jekyll's * grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at Sandys'† feet.

His face was like a winter's day,
Clad in November's frown;
And clay-cold was his ſhrivell'd hand,
That held his tuck'd-up gown.

Sands quaked with fear, th'effect of guilt,
Whom thus the ſhade beſpoke;
And with a mournful hollow voice
The dreadful ſilence broke:

* Sir Joſeph Jekyll, Maſter of the Rolls, author of the Bill againſt Spirituous Liquors, which Sandys got repealed to increaſe the revenue. Burke once obſerved of Sir Joſeph: "I have always heard, and believed, as nearly as an individual could be, he was the very ſtandard of Whig principles in his age. He was a learned and able man, full of honour, integrity, and public ſpirit; no lover of innovation, nor diſpoſed to change his ſolid principles for the giddy faſhion of the hour."

† Samuel Sandys (notes Horace Walpole), a republican oppoſer of the court, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the room of Sir Robert Walpole, 1742; but was turned out in leſs than two years, and made Cofferer and a baron, and entirely laid aſide on the diſgrace of Lord Granville [Carteret].

"The night-owl ſhrieks, the raven croaks,
The midnight bell now tolls;
Behold thy late departed friend,
The Maſter of the Rolls.

"And tho' by death's prevailing hand
My form may alter'd be;
Death cannot make a greater change,
Than times have wrought in thee.

"Think of the part you're acting, Sands,
And think where it will end;
Think you have made a thouſand foes,
And have not gain'd one friend.

"Oft haſt thou ſaid our cauſe was good,
Yet you that cauſe forſook;
Oft againſt places haſt thou rail'd,
And yet a place you took.

"'Gainſt theſe how often haſt thou ſpoke,
With whom you now aſſent;
The Court how oft haſt thou abuſ'd,
And yet to Court you went.

"How could you vote for war with Spain,
Yet make that war to ceaſe?
How could you weep for England's debts,
Yet make thoſe debts increaſe?

"How could you ſwear your country's good
Was all your wiſh or fear?
And how could I, old doting fool,
Believe you were ſincere?

"Thou art the cauſe why I appear,
From bliſsful regions drawn!
Why teeming graves caſt up their dead,
And why the church-yards yawn,

"Is owing all to thee, thou wretch!
The bill thou haſt brought in
Opens this mouth, tho' cloſ'd by death,
To thunder againſt Gin.

"If of good-nature any ſpark
Within thee thou can'ſt find;
Regard the meſſage that I bring —
Have mercy on mankind.

"But, oh! from thy relentleſs heart,
The horrid day I ſee,
When thy mean hand ſhall overturn
The good deſign'd by me.

"Riot and ſlaughter once again
Shall their career begin;
And ev'ry pariſh ſucking-babe
Again be nurſ'd with Gin.

" The ſoldiers from each cellar drunk
Shall ſcatter ruin far ;
Gin ſhall intoxicate, and then
Let ſlip thoſe dogs of war.

" This proves thee, Sands, thy country's foe,
And Deſolation's friend ;
What can thy project be in this,
And what can be thy end ?

" Is it that, conſcious of thy worth,
Thy ſenſe, thy parts, thy weight,
Thou know'ſt this nation muſt be drunk
Ere it can think thee great ?

" Too high, poor wren, haſt thou been borne
On Pultney's eagle wings ;
Thou wert not form'd for great affairs,
Nor made to talk with kings.

" But where's thy hate to Courts and pow'r ?
Thy patriotiſm, Sands ?
Think'ſt thou that gown adorns thy ſhape,
That purſe becomes thy hands ?

" As when the Fox upon the ground
A tragic maſk eſpied ;
' O, what a ſpecious front is here,
But where's the brain ? ' he cried.

"So thou a lord of Treaſury
And Chancellor art made;
Sir Robert's place, and Robe, and Seal
Thou haſt,—but where's his Head?

"Thou'rt plac'd by far too high, in vain
To keep your poſt you ſtrive;
In vain, like Phaeton, attempt
A chariot you can't drive.

"Each part you do betrays your parts,
And tends to your undoing;
Each ſpeech you make your dulneſs ſhows,
And certifies your ruin.*

"Think not, like oaks, to ſtand on high,
And brave the ſtorms that blow;
But, like the reed, bend to the ground,
And to be ſafe be low.

"Poor in thyſelf, each party's joke,
Each trifling ſongſter's ſport;
Pelham ſupports thee in the Houſe,
The Earl of Bath at Court.

* "They talk of Sands being raiſed to the peerage by way of getting rid of him, he is ſo dull they can ſcarce drag him on."—*Horace Walpole to Horace Mann, 13th Jan.* 1743.

"Theſe are the men that puſh thee on,
In thy own nature's ſpite;
So like the moon, if thou couldſt ſhine,
'Twould be by borrow'd light.

"But ſoft, I ſcent the morning air,
The glow-worm pales its light;
Farewell, remember me!" — it cried,
And vaniſh'd out of ſight.

Sands, trembling, roſe, frighted to death,
Of knowledge quite bereft;
And has, ſince that unhappy night,
Nor ſenſe, nor mem'ry left!

HERVEY AND JEKYLL.

PART II.

BY SIR CHARLES H. WILLIAMS.

LD Jekyll's ghoſt in ſcorching flames
Condemn'd to faſt by day,
Until the ills got in his youth
Be cleanſ'd and purg'd away:

But ſoon as night, with ſable wing,
Aſcends her ſable throne,
He quits his diſmal priſon-houſe,
And ſtalks through all this town.

To miniſters and patriots goes,
For his poor country's ſervice;
Laſt week at Sandys' feet he ſtood,
And yeſternight at Hervey's.*

* John, Lord Hervey, Lord Privy Seal, being out of this poſt on the change of adminiſtration, went into oppoſition, and made ſeveral ſpeeches in the Houſe of Lords againſt the repeal of the Gin Act.

But, oh, how different was his look
From that which Sands appall'd;
Smiling he op'd the curtains wide,
And thrice on Hervey call'd!

His lordſhip at the ſpectre quak'd,
And trembl'd in his bed;
And would moſt ſurely have turn'd pale,
But that he'd put on red.*

"Thy courtly life is all forgot,"
Thus did the ghoſt begin;
"And ev'ry treſpaſs blotted out
By talking againſt Gin.

"This over all your former faults
Shall dark oblivion bring;
O'er every tale you told the Queen†,
Or whiſper'd to the King.

"This change at once removes all doubts
That did mankind perplex;
Your character will now appear
As clearly as your ſex.

* The natural countenance of Lord Hervey was remarkably pallid.

† Lord H. had been a particular friend of Queen Caroline, and wrote the epitaph on her which is ſatiriſed by Pope. His "former faults" refer to his keeping aloof, under pretence of illneſs, when his chief, Sir Robert Walpole, was vainly ſtruggling to retain office.

"For I am ſure the Privy Seal
Could have no weight with thee;
Since thoſe * who have, or have it not,
In the ſame vote agree.

"This was a glorious turn, indeed,
Made in your nature's ſpite;
For tho' you know you're in the wrong,
I think you're in the right.

"Your head and heart were form'd for Courts,
But, ſince you're thence rejected,
You ought to like the part you act,
Becauſe it is affected.

"Oh, think how popular you'll be,
Enjoy thy new-born fame;
All men ſhall ſing thy praiſes forth,
And children liſp thy name.

"Soon *Common-ſenſe* † convinc'd ſhall all
His former works deny;
The *Craftſman* † too repentant turn,
And give himſelf the lie.

* Lord Gower, who ſucceeded Hervey as Lord Privy Seal.

† The two weekly journals under theſe titles, in which Lord H. had often been abuſed.

" Remember when 'gainſt Gin you ſpoke,
That on your magic tongue,
Beyond the force or pow'r of gold,
Such ſtrong perſuaſion hung.

" Biſhops who never hearken'd yet
Were with attention warm'd;
Nor, like deaf adders, turn'd their ears,
When you ſo ſweetly charm'd.

" Jacob for keeping Laban's ſheep
With Laban did agree,
That ev'ry party-color'd lamb
Should be the Shepherd's fee.

" Thus was the Bench your labor's price
Not one behind remain'd;
And, as your ſpeeches' juſt reward,
The whole py'd herd you gain'd.

" 'Twas you made cunning Secker * preach
Againſt this curſed bill;
'Twas you made Sherlock† pow'r oppoſe,
Tho' York ‡ continues ill.

* Then Biſhop of Oxford, and afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

† Sherlock, Biſhop of Saliſbury, and afterwards of London.

‡ Dr. Blackbourn, Archbiſhop of York. " Blackbourn (ſays H. Walpole), the jolly old Archbiſhop of York, had all the manners

"Theſe conqueſts your own hands have made,
Purſue theſe glorious ends;
You've no affections to miſlead,
No party, and no friends.

"I lov'd my country when on earth,
Her freedom ſtrove to ſave;
Thoſe cares that waited on my life
Attend me in the grave.

"Since death all worldly views deſtroys,
You may my words believe;
Attend then to the laſt advice
That ever I ſhall give.

"Sometimes with Tories give a vote,
Sometimes with Whigs agree;
So ſhall you live, like me, eſteem'd,
And die bemoan'd like me."

---

of a man of quality, though he had been a buccaneer, and was a clergyman. He retained nothing of his firſt profeſſion except the ſeraglio. Hayter, Biſhop of Norwich, preceptor to Prince George, was his natural ſon. He, one day, talking with Queen Caroline about Sir Robert Walpole, ſaid, 'Madam, I am glad you like the King's new miſtreſs, Lady Yarmouth; it ſhows you are a ſenſible woman, your Majeſty having no objection for your huſband to divert himſelf.'" Archbiſhop Blackbourn died 1743, after enjoying the ſee of York twenty years.

THE JEWS' TRIUMPH.

A BALLAD TO BE SAID
OR SUNG TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, ON
ALL POPULAR
OCCASIONS
BY ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

[This, as well as the ſucceeding ballad, was compoſed upon the paſſing of the Jews Naturaliſation Act, in 1752; a meaſure which ſo alarmed and exaſperated the public that its unſcrupulous authors, the Pelhams, fearing to face the country at the enſuing elections, were neceſſitated to repeal it in the next ſeſſion of parliament, 1753.]

IN ſeventeen hundred and fifty-three
The ſtyle it was chang'd to Popery,
But that it is lik'd we don't all agree.
Which nobody can deny.

When the country folk firſt heard of this Act,
That old Father Style was condemn'd to be rackt,
And robb'd of his Time, which appears to be fact.
Which nobody, &c.

It puzzl'd their brains, their ſenſes perplext,
And all the old ladies were very much vext,
Not dreaming that Levites would alter our text.
Which nobody, &c.

But, Lord! how ſurpriſ'd when they heard of the news,
That we were to be ſervants to circumciſ'd Jews,
To be negroes and ſlaves, inſtead of True Blues.
Which nobody, &c.

Your wives and your daughters a ſpoil to this crew,
Deſpiſ'd by all nations, but courted by you,
A curſt ſet of Locuſts, excepting a few.
Which nobody, &c.

By tricking and ſharping they treaſure have got,
And have cunning enough to keep out of a plot,
But if they get money they care not a jot.
Which nobody, &c.

That money, you know, is a principal thing,
It will pay a Duke's mortgage, or intereſt bring;
And in voting, 'tis plain, it leaves no great ſting.
Which nobody, &c.

That Jews have the Mammon all Chriſtendom knows,
But are not to be truſted but juſt as that goes,
For as gold's to be got they are both friends or foes.
Which nobody, &c.

Are theſe then the people that's mark'd with the brand,
That the Clergy have preach'd ſhall inherit no land,
Which now they have gain'd againſt God's command.
Which nobody, &c.

Why the biſhops were mute at what they have preach'd
Is beyond comprehenſion, and not to be reach'd,
Except Jew's preſentations reverting to each.
Which nobody, &c.

Great Phelam, the Dives, the prince of the tribes,
Who underſtands Courts and the nature of Bribes*,
Found his way to the helm that the man of war guides.
Which nobody, &c.

But 'tis hop'd that a mark will be ſet upon thoſe
Who were friends to the Jews, and Chriſtians' foes,
That the nation may ſee how deiſm † grows.
Which nobody, &c.

* It was notorious that the Duke of Newcaſtle had reſorted to bribery in order to carry his Bill through the Lower Houſe.

† Referring to the recent publication of Bolingbroke's ſceptical works.

Then cheer up your ſpirits, let Jacobites ſwing*,
And Jews in our bell-ropes hang when they ring
To our Sovereign Lord great George our King.
Which nobody, &c.

* Alluding to the execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron (a political agent of the Pretender), whoſe unhappy fate excited very general commiſeration, even amongſt the Loyaliſts.

THE JEWS NATURALISED;

OR,

THE ENGLISH ALIENATED.

A BALLAD.

UR Rulers have dar'd the decree to revoke
Which was in Judæa ſo frequently ſpoke,*
T' incorporate with us that fugitive Tribe —
But what is it Britons won't do for a bribe?
Sing Tantararara, Jews all! Jews all!
Sing, &c.

Such barefac'd Simony plainly confirms
That Chriſtian and Jew are ſynonymous terms:
But what do I ſay? Are not all the world Jews?
Pray where is the man who a bribe will refuſe?
Sing, &c.

Thoſe vagabond knaves, that are now naturaliſ'd,
Are thus univerſally characteriſ'd;
A people to all blackeſt vices addicted,
The hiſs of all nations, as hath been predicted.
Sing, &c.

The firſt that ſtood up in the Church's defence
Alleg'd it contrary to Scripture and ſenſe;
And declar'd he'd with eaſe all their reaſons confute;
But oppoſ'd by a purſe he was inſtantly mute!
Sing, &c.

The ſecond harangued (as with juſtice he might)
That ſuch a baſe act was invading our right;
And with patriot zeal did much eloquence uſe,
But the charms of a bribe—oh! he could not refuſe.
Sing, &c.

The third he expon'd, with great Chriſtian zeal,
The direful effects poſterity might feel;
Declaring, with warmth, what his conſcience dictated,
But a little gold-duſt ſoon his paſſion abated.
Sing, &c.

The fourth that roſe up did, with great exclamations,
(Producing for evidence Scripture quotations)
Declare ſuch proceedings would draw on a curſe,
And would have ſaid more—but was dumb'd by a purſe.
Sing, &c.

Thus all in conjunction were tongue-tied by pelf,
And each paſſ'd his vote—pray for whom?—for himſelf!
Such actions as theſe moſt apparently ſhews,
That if Jews are made Engliſh, the Engliſh are Jews.
Sing, &c.

THE UNEMBARRASSED COUNTENANCE.

A NEW BALLAD.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

[This cutting ballad was ſuggeſted by the extraordinary courſe purſued by Pitt at the meeting of Parliament in Nov. 1755: when, although a member of the Newcaſtle miniſtry, holding the office of Paymaſter of the Forces, he (together with Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer) voted with the Oppoſition in the memorable debate on the addreſs, and vehemently declaimed againſt the propoſed ſubſidies to the Czar of Ruſſia and the petty German princes, who were to provide troops for the better ſecurity of Hanover during the anticipated war with France. "He ſpoke (ſays Walpole) at half-paſt one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes; there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldneſs, in ſhort, more aſtoniſhing perfections, than even you, who are uſed to him, can conceive. He was not abuſive, yet very attacking on all ſides; he ridiculed Lord Hillſborough, cruſhed poor Sir Geo. Lyttleton, terrified the Attorney-General, laſhed my Lord Granville, painted the Duke of Newcaſtle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke of Cumberland." * It was on the ſame night that Gerard Hamilton

* Walpole was ſo delighted with Pitt's marvellous eloquence upon this occaſion, that he paraphraſed Dryden's well-known epigram after this faſhion: —

Three orators in diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt,
The next in language, but in both the laſt:
The power of nature could no farther go,
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

delivered that ſingle ſpeech from which his nickname was derived, "Whoſe eloquence (ſays Macaulay) threw into the ſhade every orator except Pitt." The amendment moved by the Oppoſition was rejected by a great majority (311 to 105), and Pitt was inſtantly diſmiſſed by the irritated King.]

To the tune of "A cobbler there was," &c.

TO a certain old chapel, well-known in the town,
The inſide quite rotten, the outſide near down,
A fellow got in who could talk and could prate —
I'll tell you his ſtory, and ſing you his fate.
Derry down, &c.

At firſt he ſeem'd modeſt and wonderous wiſe,
He flatter'd all others in order to riſe:
Till out of compaſſion he got a ſmall place*,
Then full on his maſter he turn'd his ——.
Derry down, &c.

He bellow'd and roar'd at the troops of Hanover,
And ſwore they were raſcals whoever went over;

* As Groom of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, whom he deſerted, in 1744, to ſupport the Pelham miniſtry.

That no man was honeſt who gave them a vote,
And all that were for 'em ſhould hang by the throat.
Derry down, &c.

He always affected to make the Houſe ring
'Gainſt Hanover troops and a Hanover King:
He applauded the way to keep Engliſhmen free,
By *digging Hanover quite into the ſea.*
Derry down, &c.

By flaming ſo loudly he got him a name,
Tho' many believ'd it would coſt him a ſhame:
But nature had given him, ne'er to be haraſſ'd,
An unfeeling heart, and a front unembarraſſ'd.
Derry down, &c.

When from an old woman*, by ſtanding his ground,
He had got the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pound,
He ſaid he car'd not for what others might call him,
He would ſhew himſelf now the true ſon of Sir Balaam.†
Derry down, &c.

* Sarah, Ducheſs of Marlborough, who left Pitt a legacy of 10,000*l.*, in conſideration of "the noble defence he had made for the ſupport of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country."

† Alluding to the character of Sir Balaam in Pope's *Moral Eſſays* (Third Epiſtle):—

"Behold young Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his getting to his parts and merit."

See the whole paſſage included in lines 339 to the end.

Poor Harry*, whom erſt he had dirtily ſpatter'd,
He now couch'd and cring'd to, commended, and flatter'd;
Since honeſt men here were aſham'd of his face,
That in Ireland at leaſt he might get him a place.
Derry down, &c.

But Harry, reſentful, firſt bid him be huſh,
Then proclaim'd it aloud that he never could bluſh;
Recant his invectives, and then in a trice,
He would ſhow the beſt title to an Iriſh *Vice.*†
Derry down, &c.

Young Balaam ne'er boggl'd, but turn'd his coat,
Determin'd to ſhare in whate'er could be got,
Said, I ſcorn all thoſe who cry impudent fellow,
As my front is of braſs, I'll be painted in yellow.‡
Derry down, &c.

* Pitt's great rival, Henry Fox, with whom he coaleſced when the Duke of Newcaſtle, upon the death of his brother Henry Pelham, in 1754, paſſed over them both and ſelected Sir Thomas Robinſon for the vacant office of Secretary of State and leader of the Commons. "Sir Thomas Robinſon lead us!" ſaid Pitt to Fox: "the Duke might as well ſend his jack-boot to lead us!"

† When Pitt firſt joined the Pelhams in 1744, he was made Vice-Treaſurer of Ireland, in order to keep him as diſtant as poſſible from the King, to whom he was perſonally obnoxious.

‡ Alluding to the liſt of thoſe who had voted for the Hanover troops, which had been printed in *yellow* colours. Pitt at firſt oppoſed, but afterwards voted for the troops, declaiming on both occaſions with equal vehemence.

Since yellow's the color that beſt ſuits his face,
And Balaam aſpires at an eminent place,
May he ſoon at Cheapſide ſtand fix'd by the legs,
His front well adorn'd, all daub'd over with eggs.
Derry down, &c.

Whilſt Balaam was poor, he was full of renown,
But now that he's rich, he's the jeſt of the town:
Then let all men learn by his preſent diſgrace,
That honeſty's better by far than a place.
Derry down, &c.

THE CONVERTS.

ADDRESSED TO SIR G[EORGE] L[YTTLETON], CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

[Upon the ſtrange defection of Pitt and Legge (*vide* introductory note to the preceding ballad), and their conſequent diſmiſſal from office, and the voluntary retirement of the two Grenvilles, brothers-in-law to Pitt, the Duke of Newcaſtle was not only compelled to call in the aid of Henry Fox, but alſo to ſhare with him the patronage of the government. In the remodelling of the Cabinet that followed, Sir George Lyttleton, to whom this ballad is addreſſed, and who had in the preceding year (1755) broken off all political connection both with Fox and Pitt, and at this time belonged to the Newcaſtle faction, was, no leſs to the aſtoniſhment of his friends than to that of the public, nominated ſucceſſor to Legge, the firſt financier of the age. The ſatiriſt not only expoſes Sir George's ſingular unfitneſs for ſuch an office, but alſo reprehends him for his deſertion of his former political connections, imputing his *converſion* to ſordid motives. Horace Walpole thus notices theſe miniſterial changes, and the manner in which they were effected: "The holidays are now arrived [21ſt Dec. 1755], and now the changes are making; but many of the recruits, old deſerters, old caſhiered, old fagots, add very little credit to the new coalition. The Duke of Newcaſtle and his coadjutor, Mr. Fox, ſquabble twice for agreeing once."]

I.

SIR George! put off that ſtrange diſguiſe,
What with your peruke's monſtrous ſize,
Your gown, and band, and purſe,
I ſcarcely knew you,—in your dreſs,
In credit, too, perhaps, not leſs,
You 're alter'd for the worſe.

II.

Had you a call? or was't a light
From Court, that ſhone upon your ſight,
Made you a politician;
Ordain'd to teach, and propagate
The doctrines and the creeds of State
By miniſterial miſſion?

III.

Of taxes, your three children dear,
'Tis hard you only one can rear,
One in its birth died quickly,
The laſt, which came before its hour,
Tho' nurſ'd by Bedford's changeling pow'r,
Is ſtill lean, poor, and ſickly.

IV.

The former iſſue of your brain,
Songs, eclogues, odes*, a hopeful train,
Smil'd lovely at their birth;
And now grown up, in credit thrive,
Still flouriſh, and will long ſurvive,
When you're laid low in earth.

* Sir G. Lyttleton publiſhed a volume of poems in 1732, under the title of *The Progreſs of Love*.

V.

Had'ſt thou not better ſtill have play'd
With Hagley * muſes in the ſhade?
They oft with rapture heard
Your younger voice in gladſome lays,
Reſounding matchleſs Delia's praiſe,
And bleſſ'd the tuneful bard.

VI.

Of you conceiv'd they better hope,
Charm'd with the ſtrain to Poyntz and Pope,
And pleaſ'd with Letters Perſian †;
But all in tears, alas! they burſt,
And mourn that fatal hour when firſt
You meddled with Converſion.

VII.

Converſion favor'd by the great,
Encourag'd both in Church and State—
How wiſely, who can ſay?
For dealers in that ſhifting trade,
Who their *old* friends have once betray'd,
May *new* ones, too, betray.

* Hagley, in Worceſterſhire, the family ſeat of the Lyttletons.

† Alluding to his popular *Letters from a Perſian in England to his friend at Iſpahan*, 1735.

VIII.

But whether Converts, true or feign'd,
Or place, or penſion, all have gain'd:
You know, Sir, there are many
Who've ſerv'd, at leaſt, their private ends;
And inſtances among your friends
May do as well as any.

IX.

How many have, like fawning Bower*,
Of late renounc'd the papal power,
For George, our Faith's Defender?
An Engliſh Biſhop Johnſon's† made,
And Stone‡ and Murray have betray'd
The cauſe of the Pretender.§

* Archibald Bower, the converted Jeſuit and author of *The Hiſtory of the Popes*. Lyttleton was one of his greateſt friends.

† Dr. James Johnſon, Biſhop of Glouceſter, and ſubſequently tranſlated to Worceſter.

‡ Andrew Stone, private ſecretary to the Duke of Newcaſtle.

§ Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, 4th March 1753, aſks: "Have you got any wind of our new hiſtories? Is there any account at Rome that Mr. Stone and the Solicitor-General [Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield] are ſtill thought to be more attached to Egypt than Hanover? For above this fortnight there have been ſtrange myſteries and reports! the Cabinet Council ſat night after night till two o'clock in the morning. . . . At laſt it came out that Lord Ravenſworth, on the information of one Fawcett, a lawyer, has accuſed Stone, Murray, and Dr. Johnſon, the new Biſhop of Glouceſter, of having had an odd cuſtom of toaſting the Chevalier

X.

Old Horace*, too, believes or dreams
'Tis right to forward Treaty ſchemes,
Converted by a Peerage:
An honour, ſure, full dearly earn'd,
To lick that hand which overturn'd
His brother at the ſteerage.

XI.

Now, whether Fox † to Hardwick ‡ grave,
Or he to Fox, is turn'd a ſlave,
Let that ſtill reſt a doubt;
They hate each other, yet agree
'Tis better far IN place to be,
On any terms, than OUT.

---

and my Lord Dunbar, at one Vernon's, a merchant, about twenty years ago." The Council reported that the accuſation was falſe and malicious. "The heats upon it (adds Walpole) are great; the violent Whigs are not at all convinced of the Whiggiſm of the culprits, by the defect of evidence; the oppoſite clan affect as much conviction as if they wiſhed them Whigs."

* Horatio Walpole (brother to the Earl of Orford), created Lord Walpole of Wolterton, in 1756. Horace Walpole thus remarks of him: "My uncle's ambition and dirt are crowned at laſt; he is a peer!"

† Henry Fox (firſt Lord Holland), who, in coaleſcing with Newcaſtle, obtained the ſeals of Secretary of State in ſucceſſion to Sir Thomas Robinſon.

‡ Lord Chancellor.

XII.

You think ſo too, then be *tranſlated*,
I fear you'll elſe again be baited,
By wits and ſneering ſcoffers:
For quiet, and *for ſalary-ſake*,
You can't do better than retake
The charge of Houſehold coffers.*

XIII.

Your talent not in figures lies†,
Leave eſtimates, accounts, ſupplies,
Not worthy your regarding,
To wiſer heads, not his who rules
The Treaſury, but his working tools,
Money ſlaves, Weſt‡ and Harding.§

* Previous to his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer he had been Cofferer.

† Sir George Lyttleton, it was ſaid, never could comprehend the commoneſt rules of arithmetic.

‡ Gilbert Weſt, the poet, and one of the Treaſury clerks. Lyttleton addreſſed his celebrated eſſay on the *Hiſtory and Converſion of St. Paul* to him.

§ Nicholas Harding, clerk of the Houſe of Commons.

XIV.

'Tis vain relying on his Grace*;
Secure to keep you in *this* place
Beyond his pow'r and art is;
He, mounted up ſo high of late,
Is a mere ſhuttle-cock of State,
Kept up by adverſe parties.

* Duke of Newcaſtle, the Premier.

THE LETTER OF A CERTAIN ADMIRAL.

[On the 5th April 1756, Admiral Byng, who had juſt been appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, ſet ſail with ten ſhips of the line and a ſmall body of troops to reinforce the Engliſh garriſon at St. Philip's Fort, which protected Port Mahon, Minorca. Upon reaching his deſtination (18th May) he found that place inveſted by 16,000 French troops, ſupported by a fleet of thirteen ſhips of the line and four frigates. The two hoſtile armaments immediately formed in order of battle, and continued to manœuvre, without diſcharging a ſhot, till night ſeparated them. In the afternoon of the following day the two fleets again met, when, after a partial engagement, Byng ſuffered the French admiral to get away without bringing him to cloſer action, whilſt he himſelf, abandoning the prime object of his miſſion, the ſalvation of Minorca, retired to Gibraltar. The rage of his countrymen at his ſuppoſed want of courage, and at the exultation of the French, who claimed a victory, knew no bounds; the Newcaſtle miniſtry, which had ſelected him for the command of the ill-fated expedition, was driven from office, and the unfortunate admiral, after having been caricatured, lampooned, and burned in effigy in almoſt every town in England, was finally tried by court-martial and condemned to be ſhot "for not having done his utmoſt." He ſuffered heroically 14th March 1757. The above *Letter* is a parody upon his deſpatch to the Admiralty, containing an explanation of his conduct; a compoſition which was more calculated to confirm than remove the popular prejudice againſt him. The account of Byng's indeciſive action is ſummed up in the following witty epigram of the day:—

We have lately been told
Of two admirals bold,
Who engaged in a terrible fight;
They met after noon,
Which I think was too ſoon,
As they both ran away before night.]

MR. CLEVELAND*, I pray, to their Lordſhips you'll ſay,
We are glad, and rejoice above meaſure:
When you have read what is writ you, you'll laugh till it ſplit you,
And ſo give me joy of *my pleaſure.*

We'd a wind, you muſt know, as fair as could blow,
And therefore in days juſt eleven,
We had ſail'd from the ſhore full ten leagues or more,
And ſaw nought but the *ocean* and *heaven.*

Then ſeventeen ſhips came licking their lips,
And crying out, "*Fee, faw,* and *fum;*"
Bigger each than Saint Paul; guns, the devil and all;
And, egad, looking wondrous glum.

But no matter for that, who ſays pit-a-pat?
We tack'd, and we ſtood to the weather;
We tack'd quite about, right and left, brave and ſtout,
And ſo we were ſideways together.

Souls five ſcore and two, maugre all they could do,
We took in a tartan alive;
Six hundred did ſail in the veſſel ſo frail,
But *our hundred* had cut up the *five.*

* Secretary of the Admiralty.

But of this by the bye; for now we drew nigh
To each other—quite cloſe—nay, 'tis true:
Six times two of the line, large, grand, bright, and fine;
Five frigates! but look'd rather *blue*.

Fair Honor, quoth I, in thy arms let me die,
And my glory burn clear in the ſocket;
Not an ounce more of powder, or a gun or note louder,
So the d[irections?] I put in my pocket.

Brave Weſt* led the van, I follow'd amain;
Such *cloſing*, and *raking*, and work,
With *foreſails* and *braces* all flutt'ring in pieces,
'Twould have melted the heart of a Turk.

But the devil, in ſpite, to blaſt our delight,
Got aboard the Intrepid†, his daughter,
Made her jump, fly, and ſtumble, reel, elbow, and tumble,
And drove us quite *out of the water*.

---

* Rear-Admiral Weſt, the ſecond in command, who ſucceeded in driving ſeveral of the enemy's ſhips out of the line, but, being unſupported by the reſt of the Engliſh fleet, was compelled to return to his original poſition.

† The admiral's own ſhip, which, ere the action had commenced, got entangled with the next in poſition, and became for awhile unmanageable.

And now, being tea-time, we thought it was the time
To talk over what we had done;
So we put on the kettle our tempers to ſettle,
And preſently ſet the fair ſun.

Our council * next day, in ſeemly array,
Met, ſat, and debated the ſtory;
We found that our fleet at laſt might be beat,
And then, you know, *where is the glory?*

Moreover, 'twas plain, three ſhips in the van
Had their glaſſes and china all broke;
And this gave the balance, in ſpite of great talents,
Againſt us,—a damnable ſtroke!

Without fear of reproaches, as ſound as your roaches,
Of glory we've ſav'd our whole ſtock;
'Twere pity, indeed, to loſe it, or bleed,
For a *toothleſs old man* † and *a rock.*

* The day after the indeciſive action with the French fleet under Admiral de la Galiſſonière, Byng called a council of war, and, after repreſenting to them the bad condition of his fleet, and the ſuperiority of the enemy in men and guns, announced his determination to abandon Minorca and return to Gibraltar.

† Blakeney, who commanded the ſmall garriſon at St. Philip's Fort, which protected Port Mahon in the iſland of Minorca.

ON THE SECRET EXPEDITION OF 1757.

[One of the earlieſt meaſures of the Newcaſtle-Pitt adminiſtration was to deſpatch (in the month of September 1757) a ſecret expedition, conſiſting of a powerful fleet under Hawke, and a proportionate number of land forces under the joint command of 'Generals Mordaunt and Conway, to ſweep the coaſts of France and to occupy Rochefort, which had been deſcribed to the Engliſh miniſtry as ill-prepared for reſiſtance. Upon reaching their deſtination, however, the Britiſh commanders found that any attempt upon the place was impracticable. After various controverſies and diſſenſions the generals and admirals agreed that the beſt thing to do would be to return home, as the bad ſeaſon was approaching, and the French were collecting a great army along the coaſt. Accordingly the expedition returned on the third of October. The public mind in England was greatly agitated by this inglorious reſult, following ſo ſoon after the diſgraceful capitulation of the Duke of Cumberland at the head of 50,000 Hanoverian and confederate troops. Walpole, writing to his couſin, 12th Oct. 1757, reflects the public feeling at this time: "I ſhall write you a ſhort letter for more reaſons than one, — there are you bluſhing again for your country! We have often behaved extravagantly, and often ſhamefully; this time we have united both. I think I will not read a newſpaper this month, till the French have vented all their mirth. If I had told you two months ago that this magnificent expedition was deſigned againſt Rochefort, would you have believed me? Yet we are ſtrangely angry that we have not taken it! The clamour againſt Sir John Mordaunt is at high-water mark; but as I was the dupe of clamour laſt year againſt one of the braveſt men [Admiral Byng], I ſhall ſuſpend my belief till all is explained. Explained it will be ſomehow

or other; it ſeems to me that we do nothing but expoſe ourſelves in ſummer, in order to furniſh inquiries for the winter; and then thoſe inquiries expoſe us again."]

(*Recitative.*)

NO more let Fame diſturb our ears
With Britiſh feats in ancient wars;
I ſing, O Britons, join the lay,
The glories of a modern day.
Thy trump, O Fame, with repetition,
Shall ſound the ſecret expedition.

(*Hoſier's Ghoſt.*)

Come, and liſten to my ditty,
All ye friends of Britain bold:
Foreign nations lend your pity,
As we've often lent you gold.
Do not ſcoff at our condition,
Nor indulge your little ſpite,
For the Secret Expedition
Once ſo dark is come to light.

(*There was an Old Woman, who liv'd on a Moor.*)

Now 'twas in the month of June or July,
Seventeen hundred and fifty-ſeven,
A ſcheme was adjuſted duly and tru-ly,
And orders to fit out a fleet were given.
Tol de Rol, &c.

This great fleet was fitted out;
To frighten all France was their intention,
Which they might have done (I'll bet ten to one),
Had n't been for a d—d Convention.*
Tol de Rol, &c.

(*Chevy Chace.*)

How this Convention came about,
Attend, and you ſhall hear;
And ſoon you'll ſmell the humbug out —
A humbug 'twill appear.

(*Fair Kitty beautiful and young.*)

There was an old man † had a Houſe,
A very fine Houſe ‡ had he;
As fine a Houſe as ever was,
Or is in Germany.
Some ſcurvy Frenchmen came that way,
Who full of wrath and ire,
They ſwore they'd plunder all his land
And ſet his barns on fire,
And ſet his Houſe on fire, &c.

* The diſgraceful convention of Cloſter Seven, concluded by the Duke of Cumberland with Marſhal Richelieu, by which he agreed for himſelf and army not to ſerve again againſt the French during the war.

† George II.

‡ The Electorate of Hanover.

(*Chevy Chace.*)

This old man he had ſent his ſon *,
A mighty man of war,
To thraſh theſe raſcals ev'ry one—
But oh! he did not dare.

(*Ally Croker.*)

Now this hero, they valu'd not a pin, Sir,
They ſoon found out means for to block him in, Sir; †
Then they began to bluſter and to vapor,
Which frighten'd the hero to put pen to paper:
Alarm'd with fear and apprehenſion,
He ſign'd the Hanover Convention.

(*A Llanth lever on a holiday.*)

Don't you thenk, my goot friend, hur was in a pitiful plight,
When hur had time neither to run nor to fight;
When the Houſe of hur father was poſſeſſ'd by a ſtranger,
Don't you thenk, look you now, 'twas in very great danger.

* Duke of Cumberland.

† The Duke was driven from the banks of the Rhine and of the Weſer, as well as from Hanover, by the French under Marſhal D'Etrée, and ultimately confined within a corner between the river Elbe and the German Ocean, where he capitulated.

Oh !' the Houſe of his father, his father's fine Houſe,
Which a *million* a year out of England did chouſe,
And made the *lean* Briton * * * * as ſmall as a mouſe;
Look you now, was it not a pitiful Houſe?

(*Recitative.*)

Britannia now aghaſt beheld her fate;
But, as the Deuce would have it, 'twas too late:
For, ah! the Fleet ſo lately fitted out,
To ſcour Rochelle and all the coaſts about,
Now found itſelf too weak, the French too ſtout.

(*Abbot of Canterbury.*)

But the cauſe of this weakneſs is eaſily gueſſ'd at,
Which may very well ſerve for all Europe to jeſt at:
Straight a ſloop was deſpatch'd for to call back the fleet,
For fear they ſhould ſtay till they'd nothing to eat.
Derry down, &c.

Then ſtraight they put back in a deviliſh hurry,
Which put the rough tars in a rage and a fury;
And while we at home dream'd of blood and of wounds,
They all arriv'd ſafe and ſecure in the Downs.
Derry down, &c.

What joy it muſt be to a nation like Britain,
To ſee ſuch a Fleet return ſafe and unbeaten!
What leſs can be done on ſo great an occaſion,
Than a Day of Thankſgiving, and joy thro' the Nation?
Derry down, &c.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO. NEW-STREET SQUARE.

00046722

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Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016